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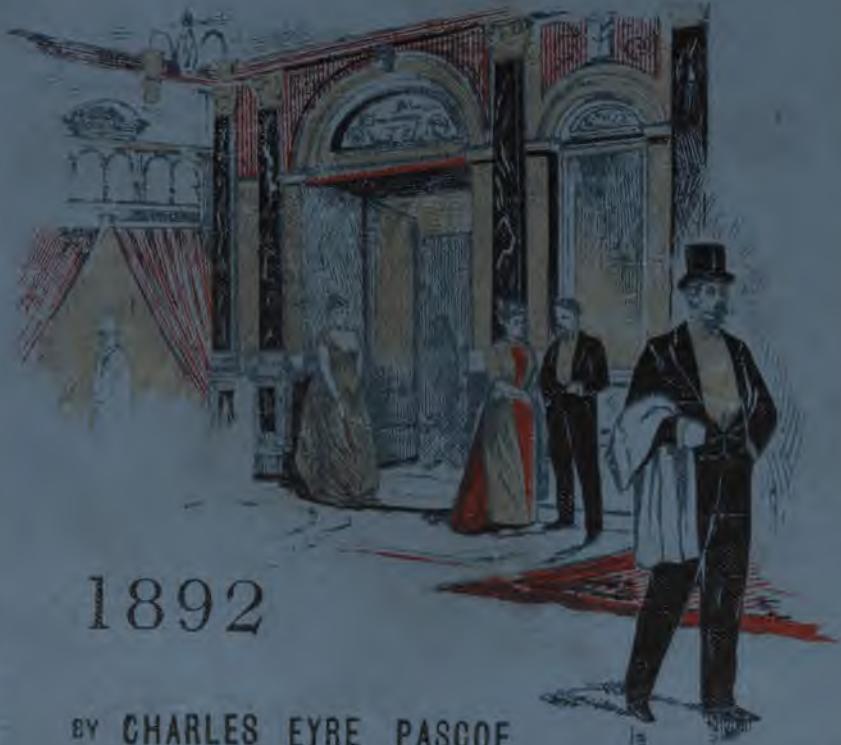
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1892

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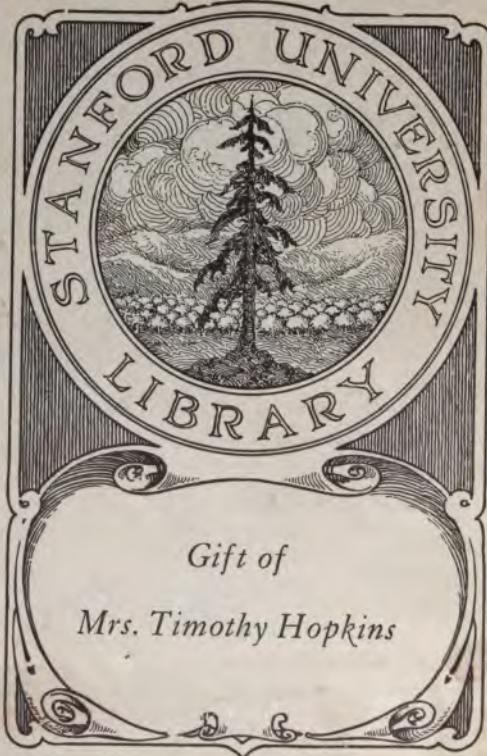
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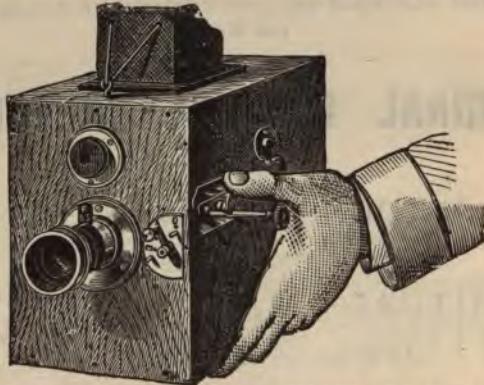
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*AN ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK
FOR THE SEASON,
1892.*

BY
CHARLES EYRE PASCOE.

*The Eighth Annual Edition, revised and in large part
re-written, and comprising additional Illustrations.*

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NOTE TO THE EIGHTH EDITION.



THE earlier and some other Chapters of this book have been, as heretofore, re-written. Other new matter and Illustrations have been added; and the whole has been revised, and as far as possible brought up to date. In several particulars, this book differs from most works of its class published. Practically, it is a new-made book every year.

Though originally planned solely as a guide to Visitors, a purpose it still principally fulfils; in reality it is somewhat more. It is in part also a record (in so far as limits of space will allow) of all that seems most worth noting in the life of London of To-Day, as presented to the view, that is, of the average Londoner. No one knows better than its author in how many respects it falls short of his wishes and intentions. Such as it is, it is once more offered to the public, in the hope that it may serve some useful end as Guide to the Pleasure-Seeker, Friend to the Stranger, Philosopher to the Londoner, and a gossipy Companion to all who may chance to dip into its pages.

CHARLES EYRE PASCOE.

LONDON: *March 1st, 1892.*



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"THE LANDLUBBER LONDONER DISPOSED TO BE HELPFUL, AND
COMMUNICATIVE" (p. 4).

PREFACE TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

IT may seem a kind of trifling with the Reader's patience, that I should begin a book on London with a chapter on an Atlantic journey. But during a recent visit to Boston to revive old time associations with that most pleasant of cities, and to shake hands with old friends, it was frequently suggested to me, that this book might be made more acceptable to Americans, contemplating a trip to London, if an American edition of it were prepared.

In order to do this in a satisfactory way, it was advisable that I should consider the case of the American, travelling London-ward, from the outset of his journey. The plan which suggested itself as the most convenient was, that (with his good leave) he and I should start from New York or Boston in company, so to say, our purpose being to reach the English capital with as little delay as possible and see London of To-Day together.

Meanwhile, becoming mutually acquainted (let us hope to the advantage of both), we might not unfitly occupy the time, by chatting together as friends chat, and I might tell him all he would care to know of matters preliminary or pertaining to the journey as its prospects opened up. Not that these matters nowadays are of any great importance; for as an American friend incidentally reminds me, "Atlantic travelling to-day is pretty nearly like crossing a ferry." Still, there are large numbers of good people on either side of the ocean to whom that fact is, as yet, not made plain.

In London, this book has now reached its Eighth Edition Without unduly extolling its usefulness (of which the Reader

Preface to the American Edition.

must be the more competent judge), I may perhaps be allowed to say, that its merits, whatever they may be, have heretofore been more generally recognised in London itself, than in America, with an eye to whose travelling public, however, LONDON OF TO-DAY was originally written.

Being pardonably proud of my own bantling, and naturally desirous for its success, I have not seldom put it to myself, why does the American, proposing a holiday trip to London, apparently know so little of this not undeserving (as I am informed) member of the literary family—a sufficiently extensive one in truth, but yet having many unobtrusive members worthy, methinks, at times, the more generous recognition of the public.

Whenever the author has crossed the Atlantic, in the always agreeable companionship of American cousins (it is Uncle Sam who keeps the North Atlantic ferries agoing; gainsay that if we can?); whenever he has been passenger in their company, it has occurred to him that not the least useful member of the friendly little community on shipboard, Eastward travelling, is the landlubber Londoner, disposed to be helpful and communicative. It must be confessed that such qualities in any man, landlubber or seaman, New Yorker or Londoner, are nowhere thrown away.

It was but the other day he found himself honourably installed as a kind of "general utility man," from the ship's gangway in Liverpool to Euston Terminus in London, with the approval of quite a gratifying majority of the saloon passengers; exchanging courtesies in their behalf with Liverpool Customs' officials; hailing landing-stage porters; bullying cabmen; "tipping" railway servants; securing seats in the cars; pointing out the picturesque parts of the journey; extending a friendly eye towards baggage; discussing the relative merits of London hotels; enumerating the major attractions of the London Season; directing each one of the party on his way—he hopes with results satisfactory in every case.

Considering the cheerful, ever-ready courtesy, nay more than

Preface to the American Edition.

that, generous hospitality usually extended to Englishmen in America, it is not to be supposed, that a Londoner, himself greatly beholden to Americans for similar friendly acts in their land, should not try to repay them in some degree, whenever he happens upon strangers from America travelling in or towards London, a route and city familiar to himself as the proverbial A B C.

But what if the Londoner should have published a book, carefully revised every year, and within the possibilities of all for a modest fee (but a third the price, mark you, of a hack fare from the Hotel Brunswick, to the "White Star Line" or "Cunard" Dock in New York); what if he has written a book, in the which the uninitiated are told all that they probably need to know whosoever they may be led holiday-making Londonwards? May he not reasonably hope that such book will fulfil its proper purpose, and reach the hands of those for whose help and information it was originally expressly written? It is not published, believe him, save at the yearly cost of much labour, and a liberal expenditure of money, seeing that in itself it seems so small an undertaking.

It embodies an experience in London extending over forty years. It is in some sort, a personal record. Further than that, it is a record only once broken by the author's residence for two years in America itself. That gave him the opportunity, while making many American friends, he is proud to say, of learning somewhat also of American ways, customs, and institutions, a lesson he has since taken the opportunity of making himself more familiar with, and studying to his profit.

He ventures to hope that the fact of his having done so will not be found unprofitable to the American Reader himself, to whom LONDON OF TO-DAY is unknown: a city which is almost a world in itself, and presenting so many intricacies to the stranger, that to have a guide at hand to point the way, is hardly less necessary, than to engage a pilot to direct the mail-steamer's course through the intricate channels of the Mersey or Solent.

The American Edition of

Such a guide, in respect of the open paths and by-ways of London of To-Day, the Author hopes may be found in this book ; trustworthy, gossipy, interesting, disposed to make itself generally useful, and now offered, with every respectful tribute of friendly regard and esteem, for the acceptance of Americans coming to London in 1892.

THE PASSAGE.



THERE is a fashion in Atlantic steamships as in most other things. Strange, indeed, it is to note with what eagerness we all make for the new. As Tom Hood humorously said: "There are three things for which the public clamours, sooner, or later, Novelty — novelty — novelty." Novelties, in fact, catch the

people every time.

I was, lately, somewhere reading of an American hotel-keeper who, becoming very prosperous in his business, bethought him of opening a new hotel within a few "blocks" distant of his older house. Presently, he found all his old customers, who had hitherto expressed themselves as so well satisfied with his treatment, daily deserting him. Inquiring the reason for this unseasonable exodus, he found that they were going over to

The American Edition of

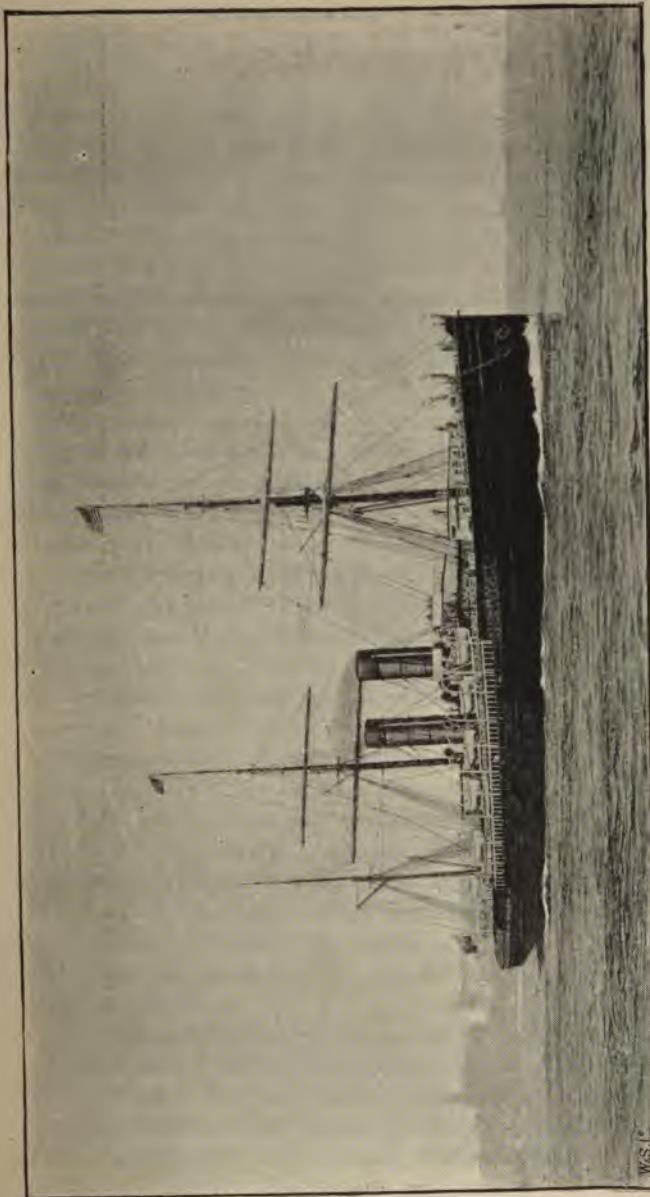
try the new man, of whose rooms and table they had received many excellent accounts.

It is thus in respect of ocean-steamers. The last new ship attracts the trade—at all events until another new ship is launched. No matter how sufficiently good the old may be, curiosity must needs test the new. And perhaps curiosity is in the right.

However that may be, and although as between the ships of many of the favoured Atlantic lines there is little indeed to choose, every line has its champions among Transatlantic travellers, and in few cases have the champions no foundation for the faith they profess. "I always go by the White Star steamers," says one. "I stick by the Cunard," says another. "Give me the German boats," says a third. While yet a fourth will hear nothing to the detriment (and very properly) of the Guion Line.

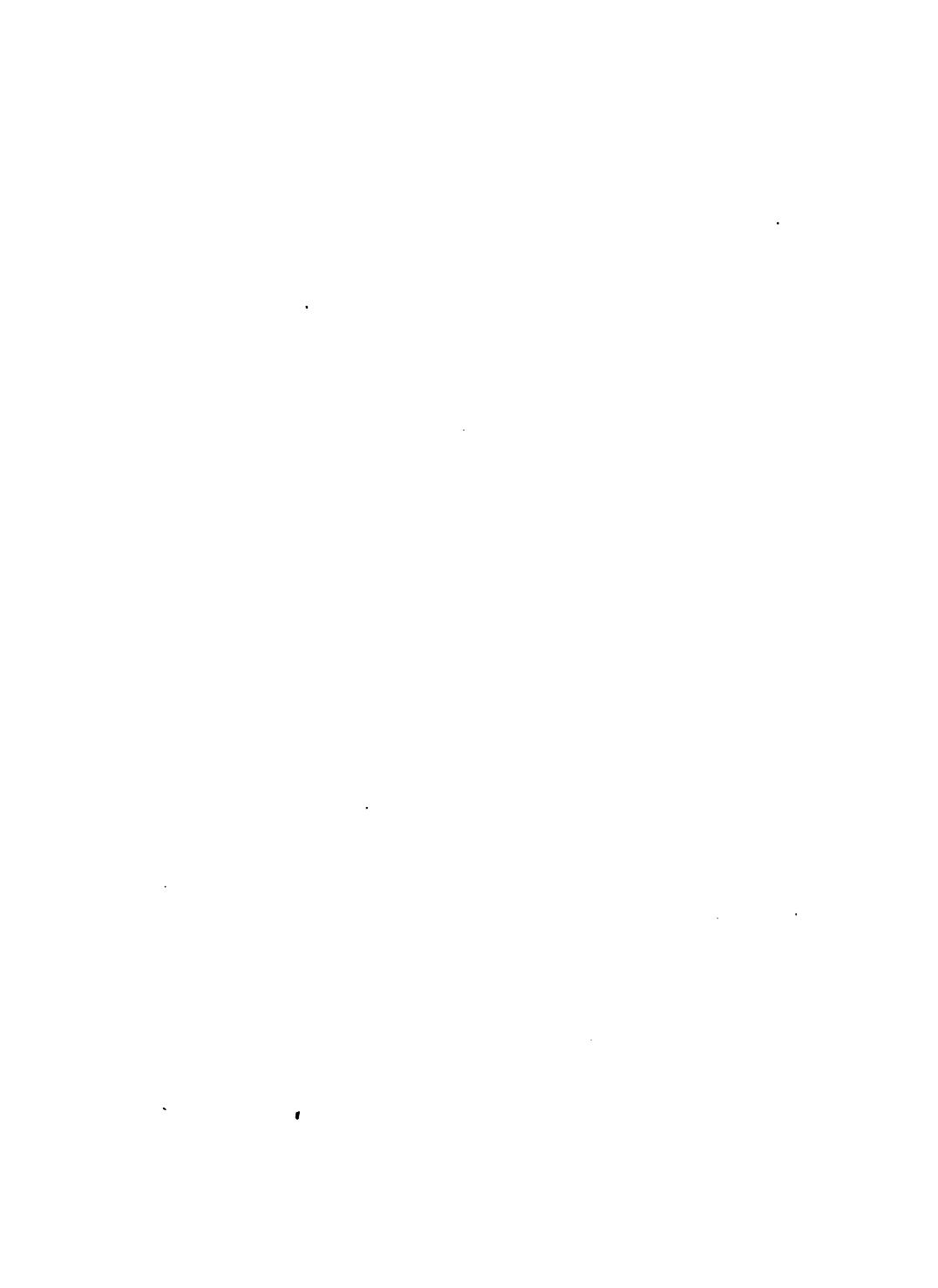
What choice can there be, as between such magnificent steamships as the *Majestic* and *Teutonic*, the *Etruria* and *Aurania*, the *Havel* and *Spree*, the *City of Paris* and *City of New York*, the *Normannia* and *Fuerst Bismarck* (none of these less than 7000 tonnage, and some largely exceeding it), as all-sufficiently representative of one class; and the *Germanic* and *Britannic*, the *Umbria* and *Servia*, the *Alaska* and *Arizona*, the *City of Rome* and *City of Berlin* as representing another class? As a matter of fact, if the object be to get through the Atlantic passage as quickly as can be, it is hardly worth considering which you shall choose of the faster ships; and if your purpose be to obtain a few days' rest and sea air, which you shall choose of the slower. It needs not to be said, that a rate of speed averaging 18 or 20 knots gets one over a journey quicker, than a rate averaging but 12. But many an old sailor and over-worked landsman will prefer the slower and less crowded boat, if only for the greater degree of mental rest and invigorating sea-air he may enjoy.

Of choice I lately crossed and recrossed the ocean in two of the older boats. As to the first, an American friend in England



"A WELL-BUILT, WELL-EQUIPPED STEAMSHIP."

W.S.L.



London of To-Day.

wished to know, why in the name of common sense I selected "an old tub like that"? As to the second, several Boston friends inquired why I chose "the slowest and worst boat on the line." Well, from my youth up I have been familiar with the sea and those that go down to the sea in ships. I have "knocked around" on the great waters of the North Atlantic, in all kinds of weather, in spring, summer, autumn, and winter, in sailing vessels and steamships, in calms, gales, and fogs. And upon that most uncertain and treacherous sea, I never can wish to voyage in more comfortable or excellent seaboats, well-equipped, staunch, and roomy—the one being "an old tub," of 5000 tons, averaging a speed of some 330 miles a-day; the other "the slowest and worst boat of the line," of 5500 tons, averaging a daily speed of some 300 miles—than the two, which happily I elected to travel by last summer. If then, most courteous Reader, we thus commend from our personal experience, the old and the slow, how much the more will others commend from their experience, the fast and the new? With your passage-money provided, you indeed have an almost unlimited choice of excellent ships in which to cross the Atlantic on your way to London.

Three essentials of Ocean-travelling, as we have been frequently told, are Safety, Speed, and Comfort. In respect of the first he would be a rash man who should say that one Atlantic "liner" is to be preferred to another. Given a well-built, well-equipped steamship, of which these Atlantic passenger ships afford the finest examples afloat, a crew in proportion to her requirements, commanded by capable and careful officers, and you are as safe on the sea as on land. We do not know but what you are safer.

There is no greater safety on or even below, the New York elevated railway; aboard one of the splendid Long Island Sound boats; in a fifth floor bedroom of a Chicago hotel; on an electric tram-car journeying from Boston to Jamaica Plain; on the English London and North-Western, or any other equally well-adminis-

The American Edition of

tered railway system, than on board an Atlantic mail steamship crossing the ocean. These boats are expressly built to withstand all kinds of weather; the risks of collision nowadays are almost infinitesimal; and the caution exercised in navigating them is generally so great that one is sometimes tempted to ask if it may not verge towards the excessive.

As to Speed—no sailor will be disposed to grumble at an average daily run of 300 miles, in the pleasant summer season. The care-worn, hard-pressed business man, the weakly in search of strength, will rejoice that it is not exceeded. No letters, papers, telegrams, bills, messages, reports, rumours, back-bitings, lyings, or slanderings, can reach the Atlantic traveller, comfortably ensconced in his cabin. He may eat, drink, sleep, and early take his rest, if not absolutely in peace, at all events with a very considerable degree of comfort.

In regard of Comfort, we may take it as settled, that the Floating-hotel is to be the accepted standard for the future. That being so, we dare not venture on the invidious task of sub-dividing the characteristics of those already crossing the Atlantic. One person likes one style, and one another. Most Americans "go for" the "good table." We have heard this topic enlarged upon to any extent. For ourselves, we have never yet happened upon the bad table on any of the Atlantic steamers. If there be less plum-pudding to be seen on some than there is on others, only an Englishman has cause for complaint. And as he, we know, is a born grumbler, and the Atlantic companies derive so little advantage as yet from his support, we may well afford to pass him by. The amazing thing to one who merely peeps in at the saloon door is, that so excellent a "table" is daily served in all kinds of weather, on the most of these steamships; for variety of food, goodness of cookery, to say nothing of cheapness, the meals in general are a long way ahead of what are to be had at very pretentious hotels on shore—at all events on the English side of the Atlantic.

We may sum up all this talk in a sentence: Having wisely

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determined upon seeing London of To-Day, do not consider it indispensable to make the ocean journey in the last new ship that beats the record. Take your passage by any boat of any line, starting at any time from or to any port most convenient, the fare by which meets the possibilities of your purse. The steamships of any company now engaged in the Atlantic trade may be considered every way worthy your patronage; whether "Cunard," "White Star," "International and Inman," "North German Lloyd," "Hamburg-American," "French," "Guion," or "Anchor," whether ten days old, or ten years old, whether steaming 300 miles a day or 500.

In choosing your state-room, it will be well to select one (the passage-money paid allowing of such choice) neither too near the engines, too near the screw, too near the steam-whistle, nor too near the dynamo generating electricity. Neither, in close companionship, is conducive to comfort. A happy medium is the wiser choice, and preferentially for'ard rather than aft; outside cabin rather than inside; and lower berth rather than upper.

THE SEASON FOR GOING.

MAY, June, and July are the months when London is seen at its best; and no one needs to be told that ocean-travelling in summer is pleasanter than ocean-travelling in winter. It is by no means unusual, however, to make as good a passage in January as in June.

When August comes around, the American visitor may have London all to himself. He will find the Hotels not so crowded; the London cabman less disposed, perhaps, to be extortionate; the Picture Galleries more open to study and criticism; the popular Pleasure resorts less frequented; the Parks freer for taking the air. August, to our thinking, is a very agreeable month to see London in. But April to October are the accepted months for the tourist who does not restrict his wanderings to London alone; and that period of the year is generally pleasanter for crossing the ocean.

The American Edition of

But nothing concerning the North Atlantic is so sure as its uncertainty in regard of weather. Its ways are proverbially fickle; and not even the most seasoned sailor can foretell what may turn up in any latitude in the course of twenty-four hours. In the which respect, the North Atlantic does not materially differ from England itself.

Sailing into New York bay some winters ago in a ship under command of an American captain, and being boarded by the ubiquitous *Herald* reporter, the first question he put was, "What weather, captain?" "The usual Atlantic weather," tersely replied the skipper. That phrase implies most varieties of weather. Considering the distance a ship on the ocean traverses between Sandy Hook or Boston outer light and Queenstown, it would be strange indeed if it did not meet with the like varieties of weather one usually meets on land. Within the limits of the United Kingdom these are sufficiently remarkable.

Leaving London by train in a stifling pea-soup fog, and arriving within an hour and a half at Brighton, on the coast line of Sussex, a distance of less than fifty miles, I have emerged from thick fog into brilliant sunshine with balmy breezes. Now a fast Atlantic liner will steam ten times that distance in the course of a day. What wonder, then, if she do not always meet with the same kind of weather, longer than twenty-four hours at a stretch, and but rarely through her whole course of some 3000 miles.

To find "the sea like a millpond all the way" is about an equal chance with that of encountering heavy seas all the way. Gales, as we know, are more frequent in winter than in summer. In the month of May, the chances of a gale in certain latitudes of the North Atlantic are about as 1 in 7. In June, July, and August, the probabilities will be further reduced. Even in winter it is not usual for gales to be continuously blowing. They will blow themselves out, as sailors say, in due time somewhere.

Who knows the abiding place of Fog? There may be fog here, fog there, fog everywhere, fog even in Chancery Lane, fog in the court of the Lord High Chancellor of England himself, as

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in the days of Jarndyce and Jarndyce of time-honoured memory ; and yet no fog off the Banks of Newfoundland on the Atlantic Ocean. Six times have we passed those Banks, in the months namely of April, May, June, October, and November, and only once did we meet with fog of such density as to necessitate the blowing of the steam-whistle.

On the other hand, we have found fog sufficiently dense in other places ; and notably in London, where, in "a reg'lar London pea-soup partic'ler," we once walked round and round Hyde Park to strike a path we had walked over every morning for five years.

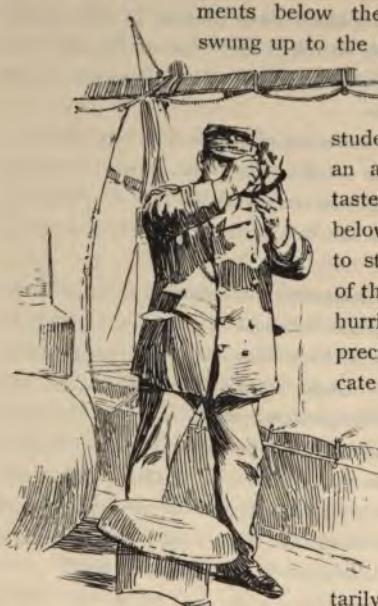
As to Ice, having very frequently, if furtively, examined the extremely useful International Nautical Magazine's Code published by Mr. F. Wyneken of New York, to say nothing of the Washington Hydrographic Department's monthly charts (the most interesting and carefully-prepared publications of the class issued), we have come to the conclusion, that the most desirable kind of ice to meet with on the Atlantic is neither polar, field, pack, nor berg ice ; but a well-frozen mass of strawberry and vanilla ice-cream. In default of that, light field-ice in the shape of a bottle of the Widow Clicquot's champagne *frappée*.

ABOARD THE 'BOAT.

I THINK it is Thackeray who points out the superior advantages of a healthful dulness, and cheerful insensibility, in comparison of a too-exitable temperament and lively imagination, in combating the commoner tribulations of life. There is no doubt, that an active imagination plays the very havoc with one's peace of mind on shipboard. In this business of travel, a cheerful insensibility is the temperament most to be encouraged. The people who know they are "going to be sick" before the voyage has well begun, and while the sea all around them is yet like a millpond, are among "infectious diseases," to keep quite clear of whose influence is the immediate duty of all healthily

dull stomachs. The man in the smoke-room who knows all about collisions and their general effect on water-tight compartments below the "load-line" should be

swung up to the yard-arm *pour encourager les autres.*



The weather-wise student, with a too keen eye for an aneroid barometer and a taste for decimals of an inch below 29, should have liberty to study both in the stoke-hole of the engine-room. Of gales, hurricanes, fogs, ice no man precisely knoweth the intricate manœuvrings; but that passenger, commercially speaking "in the know," might be permitted to calculate the chances of all four, by taking "sights" solitarily at the fore-topmast head.

Better, indeed, the deep sea lead were hung about his neck and he were cast into the depths of the sea, than that he should have licence to make all men miserable by his prognostications.

You may take this as a well-ascertained fact, that the physician is as yet unborn who has found a real remedy for sea-sickness. Like the children's whooping-cough, "it will have its way," as most mothers know to their grief. I have seen people seasick with the sea quite calm, showing that nervousness, or a predisposition to that complaint, had made them so.

Sea-sickness is a capital leveller of rank and condition. King, queen, princeling, governor, duke, lord, bishop, priest, deacon, democrat, republican, socialist, land-grabber, the loveliest actress, the most conceited actor, are alike subject to its attacks; and the

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loftiest soul may be brought so low as to implore the loan of a trumpery bit of crockery. The proudest millionaire may find it desirable to place himself in the hands of a steward at a weekly wage of 25s., and to rest on his advice. I believe you might even quell a South American revolution by enticing the leaders aboard a too-lively "liner," and leaving them to settle matters in a south-east gale in the Devil's Hole off the west coast of Ireland.

But touching this same sea-sickness there are no better remedies than a kindly stomach, fresh air, an even keel, and a spirited hopefulness. Time, too, works wonders. You may be moping melancholy one day, and as lively as a kitten the next. At all events no one on land will be safe in making statutory affidavit offhand that he is "going to be sick" at sea.

You should purchase a Deck-chair—don't forget that: rugs, wraps, any hat but a new one or a tall one, and a deck-chair. On one ship aboard which I lately travelled no deck-seats of any kind were provided other than cross-legged camp-stools. These being fashioned for land-use, have a tendency to pitch you feet foremost or head backward on to the ship's deck at every unseemly roll she makes. The deck-chair's sprawling limbs may be restrained by rope-yarn. No rope-yarn will restrain the vagaries of a camp-stool. It goes if not "by the board," by its crossed legs upon the slightest provocation and launches you upon the deck or into your neighbour's lap with a precision that sufficiently illustrates its inadaptability to personal comfort.

Topics for talk usually comprise those we have incidentally touched upon, a tolerable familiarity with which may serve to promote a talkative man to the dignity of Sir Oracle of the upper-deck or smoke-room. An Englishman not too pronounced in his manner, well-versed in all the various types of weather of which his "right and tight little island" affords innumerable examples, and with some knowledge also of life aboard ship, hydrography, meteorology, "reckonings," compasses, sextants, lights, headlands, pilots, and, last not least, of the curiously intricate daily ways of captains (to dodge the captain into his

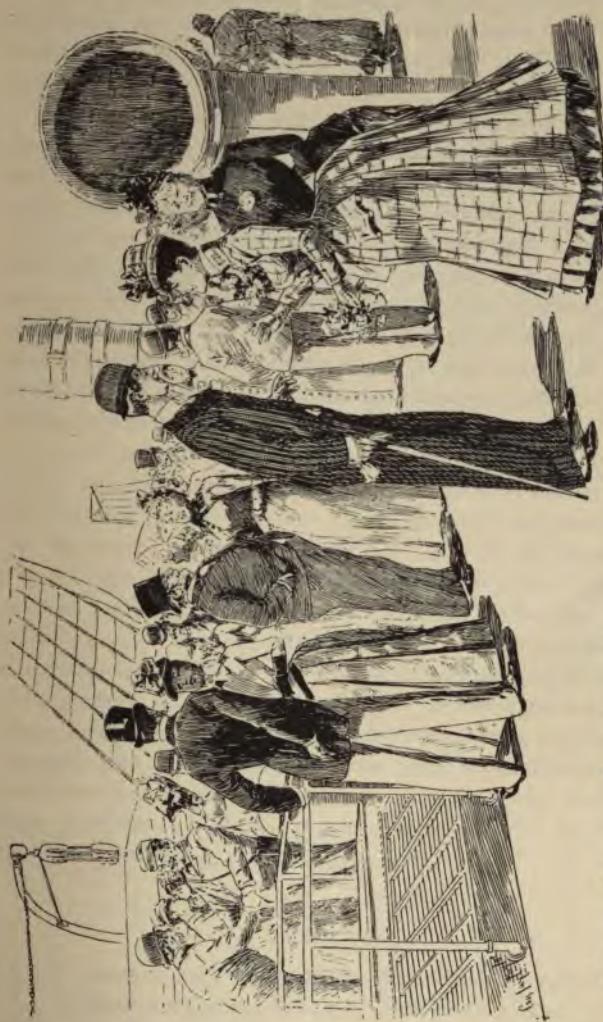
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cabin before dinner affords fine scope for exercising the faculties); an Englishman thus endowed will stand fair chance of nomination, by the smoke-room sections, to the knight grand commandiership of the illustrious order Oracular.

Ladies generally look with more favour on your thorough-bred man of the Town (especially going eastward), your Londoner, New-Yorker, Bostonian, etc., who to a pleasing acquaintance with the amenities of "high-life" on shore joins a practical knowledge of the art of flirtation on ship-board. A pretty young fellow, with Mr. McAllister's universal code of high-toned etiquette at his fingers' ends; and may we add sufficiently read also in the principal parts of Pascoe's *LONDON OF To-DAY*, should be in a position to dictate terms as to the arranging of a lady's wraps and pillows, perhaps even so far as the privilege of attending her all day at her deck-chair. Eligible young men contemplating passage to England may find points in their favour, by providing themselves beforehand with a copy of *LONDON OF To-DAY*. Its possession gives evidence of taste; and evidence of taste in the choice of current literature of the day is seldom wholly thrown away on those who peep over the shoulder.

To arrest our too-selfish thoughts, let us finally consider the unselfish question of "the Tip." "I don't feel like being under any special obligation to any of these men aboard the 'boat,'" said a genial American fellow-passenger on our leaving at the end of a voyage. His estimate of all obligation on his part to the two stewards (bedroom and saloon), who had waited on him on ship-board, was represented by two shillings English a-piece.

That seems to us, all things considered, sufficiently low. The stewards are among the hardest worked men in the ship. For the most part, they are very civil and obliging men. Whether they are adequately paid, or not, by the steamship companies is clearly no business of the passenger. That they are anyhow entitled to gratuities from the passenger is not admitted by the management. There is an express order against their demanding



"LADIES GENERALLY LOOK WITH MORE FAVOUR ON YOUR THOROUGH-BRED MAN OF THE TOWN."



London of To-Day.

gratuities in any form. But, arguing from our own experience of Atlantic travelling, the steamship stewards seem to us more fairly entitled to a gratuity, than any of their profession who look for the "tip" on land.

The "tip" on land is more often than not a petty exaction, the levying of which (generally well known to hotel-proprietors and restaurant-owners) is frequently to be resisted, as when a waiter receives no salary from those who should be expected to pay him one. The "tip" at sea is a voluntary gift to a man, who early and late is at your beck and call; who attends to many minor details which largely add to your comfort; and whose "sea-legs" not seldom take the place of your own rickety members and help you to get to your meals, or your meals to come to you, and who on ship-board generally aids and advises you in various ways.

We are inclined to think, that a matter of half a sovereign, (\$2·50) to the bedroom steward, and the like sum to the steward who personally waits on you at table, are gratuities not ill-earned or ill-bestowed at the end of the journey. "Boots," too: the man who daily cleans your boots is fairly entitled, we think, to the sum you would pay in the like case ashore; say half a crown (75 cts.) to him. And a frequenter of the smoke-room will not be disinclined probably to give the same gratuity to the attendant there. Sea-sick passengers, taking their meals on deck, may possibly think "the deck-room steward," who at once deftly balances luncheon- or dinner-tray, and his body and limbs at the same time, on a slippery, slanting deck, with the sea abeam, is not unworthy his fee for such practical illustration of sea-going gymnastics.

QUEENSTOWN.

THE distance from Mizen Head (S.W. coast of Ireland) to Queenstown harbour mouth is about seventy miles. The distance from Liverpool to Queenstown is some 243 miles.



Going eastward, you will probably deem yourself fortunate, if you see no more of Queenstown Harbour than the lighthouse at its seaward entrance. If you do not sometime enter the Harbour, you may be considered unfortunate, for it is the finest in the United Kingdom, and certainly one of the most picturesque. If the opportunity offers, it might be pleasant to take a run ashore, and either drive by the banks of the beautiful river Lee to Cork, or go there by rail, a distance of fourteen miles.

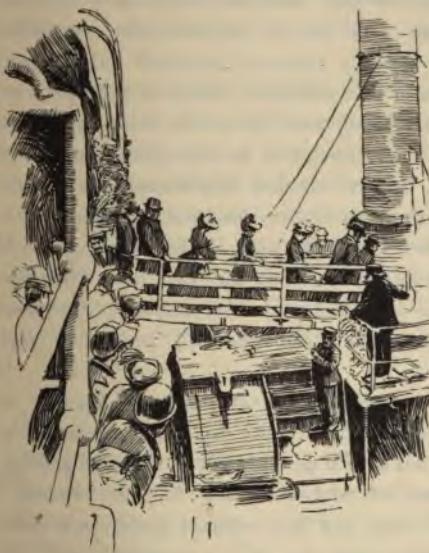
We have stayed for some days in Queenstown, and take leave to say there are few pleasanter spots in Ireland. Of Cork, as a city, it will be downright scandalous to say, we hold no very high opinion. It is less interesting than many cities, and save on its upper outskirts, not very inviting to the stranger. Killarney, be it remembered, is some three hours' railroad journey from Cork. Cork has one or two good hotels, "The Imperial" among the number. "The Queen's" is the leading hotel at Queenstown; though, save on "steamboat nights," we have been comfortable and well lodged at "Kilmurray's," facing the esplanade.

LIVERPOOL.

THE captain, when he is in the humour; the purser at all times, when you can find him; the doctor, most conveniently perhaps after dinner; any intelligent member of the ship's company off duty, will tell you all you may care to know about Liverpool, and perchance much more.

We may at once admit that our knowledge of Liverpool is but scanty, and is chiefly confined to excursions away from it: to Llandudno on the Welsh coast; to Chester, some one hour distant by rail; and to picturesque parts of Liverpool's suburbs. For the rest, we know the Landing Stage; Lime Street, and the Midland terminus; the North Western and Adelphi hotels; "the Bear's Paw" and Bold, Lord, and Water Streets. In

a word, being a Londoner and having an extensive knowledge of that city, and generally being on the road thither, we care little for acquiring an intimate knowledge of the city of Liverpool; nathless, it is possessed of fine docks, fine buildings, fine streets, fine parks, and of course a fine race of public-spirited citizens, with lots of money.



The American Edition of

To us, the pleasantest of all sights in Liverpool, is the last view of its Landing Stage.

Now touching this same Landing Stage, to which we are now arrived, Londonwards travelling; of its several superstructures, the Baggage-room of the Customs will probably first catch your eye. Perchance your eye, being gifted with a kind of "search light" at sea, may have already taken in the following interesting document aboard the boat "for'ard": "NOTICE. Any person smuggling Tobacco, Spirits, or other Contraband Commodities, from America into England, is liable to Imprisonment for six months, or to a Fine of £100. Any person giving Information of Tobacco being concealed in this vessel will receive a reward of £30 on conviction of the offender, to be paid by the agents."

Here you have, in a paragraph, all that concerns you to know of the English Customs; saving and except this: Do not attempt to "smuggle through" American reprints of English *copyright* books. How you are to discover what are legal "reprints," and what honestly come by goodness only knows. With some knowledge of this particular branch of commerce on both sides the Atlantic, having acted for nearly twenty years as literary correspondent in London of an American Publishing Firm, we should say, that red-cloaked Mephistopheles himself alone could unravel the mystery of American dealings with English authors on the one hand, and English dealings with American authors on the other. But the Liverpool Customs' officer has a powerful magnifying eye for detecting American copies of English *copyright* books, so keep your own eye bright and clear.

With such exceptions, the official examination of Baggage is courteously and briskly done. Your trunks and travelling paraphernalia are set out in a long room for the officers' survey, under the initial letter of your surname. If you "declare" any cigars, the duty is 5s. per lb.; tobacco, somewhere from 3s. 4d. to 4s. 10d.; spirits, about 10s. 5d. per proof gallon.

London of To-Day.

Porters are in waiting to carry your baggage to the Liverpool cab or "hack" near at hand. Sixpence per package (if heavy) is a fair sum to pay; otherwise 4d. The cab fare to Lime Street or Midland Station is 1s. 6d.; but *heavy* baggage should be taken into account at the rate of say 4d. per package.

As to Liverpool hotels, the principal are the Adelphi and the London and North-Western. The old-time Adelphi, so long and favourably known to Transatlantic travellers, is now become the New Adelphi. It has been born again so to say; modernised throughout, and made interiorly one of the handsomest hotels in England. The Midland Company has energetically taken it in hand, and propose that it shall more than regain its place in the estimation of travellers. Every one who has had experience of the Midland Company's hotels will wish good-luck to this, its latest enterprise. An hotel of moderate tariff, centrally located, opposite the Pro-Cathedral in Church Street, is the Compton. It is spacious, convenient to the best shops and Public Buildings, within easy reach of the Landing Stage, and well spoken of by visitors.

At the railway dépôt, "an excess of" baggage is sure to be pounced upon and weighed; and any beyond the regulation limit—viz. 120 lbs. for 1st class passengers; 100 lbs., 2nd class; 60 lbs., 3rd class, will be duly charged for.

The rates of fare to London (Euston, North-Western; St. Pancras, Midland) are—1st class, 29s.; 2nd class, 21s. 9d.; 3rd class, 16s. 6d. No second by Midland. Refreshments are best had at the station before starting, unless travelling by saloon or dining cars. The time occupied in journeying to London is about 4½ hours.

SOUTHAMPTON,

AT which the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American steamers touch, is but two hours distant by railroad from London. The fares are—1st class, 15s. 6d.; 2nd class, 11s.; 3rd class, 6s. 6d.

MIDLAND RAILWAY



(Of England).

EXPRESS TRAINS

BETWEEN

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON

(CENTRAL STATION)

(ST. PANCRAS),

THE

Midland Counties & West of England,

BY THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE THROUGH THE

PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE AND VALE OF MATLOCK.

Drawing-Room Saloon Cars & Lavatory Carriages

By the Principal Express Trains.

EXPRESS TRAINS ARE ALSO RUN BETWEEN

LIVERPOOL (EXCHANGE STATION)

AND

SCOTLAND.

THE MIDLAND ROUTE, to and from Scotland, is full of interest, including the LAND OF BURNS and the "WAVERLEY" DISTRICT; and passengers to and from the North of Scotland pass over the WORLD-RENNED FORTH BRIDGE.

AMERICAN TRAVELLERS can have their BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH between Hotel, Residence, or Pier, in New York or Liverpool, and Hotel, Residence, or Railway Station in London.

Any information required by intending passengers as to the Midland Company's Arrangements can be obtained on application to Mr. W. L. MUGLISTON, Superintendent of the Line, Derby; Mr. JOHN B. CURTIS, 21, Castle Street, Liverpool; or at the Midland Co.'s American Agency, 261 & 262, Broadway, New York.

Derby, 1892.

JOHN NOBLE, GENERAL MANAGER.

ADELPHI HOTEL, LIVERPOOL.

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LONDON ITSELF.

CHAPTER I.

LONDON OF YESTERDAY AND LONDON OF TO-DAY.



THE sight of yonder familiar dome, standing out bold and clear-cut against the sombre sky, tells us that we are in London. Happy augury of our coming, if the sun break through the clouds and shine down gladly on the golden cross that surmounts it. There shows prominently the great landmark of London of Yesterday no less than of London of To-Day: in olden time, in the days of old St. Paul's, so-called, the daily trysting-place of the intellect, the wealth, and the fashion of the Town, and not a little, also, of its poverty, its folly, and its vice; to-day the world-famous Metropolitan Cathedral whitherward most Englishmen, and all strangers to the City, sooner or later direct their way: a spot hallowed by many interesting memories

of the past, replete with passing incidents of the present, and suggestive of hopeful expectancy of the future.

The great maelstrom of London life upon which we have now entered, eddies around and about that ever-familiar landmark.

I had it in contemplation some time since to add one more book to the literature of London, and wrote to a Publisher (when and where?—no matter) proposing that we should presently enter upon the business of producing it. It was planned on entirely new lines, as a matter of course; and written from a standpoint never before, as far as I knew, occupied by previous workers in the same field. In brief, it was to be *the* book destined to fill the one space on the bookshelf as yet unfilled, in the already (we may at once frankly admit) amply-stored section of literature descriptive of London. One never seems to tire of proposing new books—even on London. As to writing books after they have been proposed, that is another matter. To my suggestion, the publisher's answer was brief and explicit: "I think," said he, "the public already knows all it wants to know about London."

Truly, the public but rarely wants to know more than it already knows. Try the public on any conceivable topic outside fiction, fashion, scandal, and the newspapers, and see what answer the public has to make to your offer to add to its information.

If there be any one subject in the whole range of conceivable subjects with which it might be supposed to be familiar, that subject is London. The General Alphabetical Catalogue of Printed Books in the British Museum Library comprises nearly 3,000,000 entries, and fills 2,000 large volumes. Of those entries, excepting, we believe, Shakespearean and perhaps one or two other subjects, by far the larger number of entries have reference to London. Its history, topography, and the everyday life of its citizens in the past and the present, should be as familiar to the public as the outlines of its own Metropolitan Cathedral, every day of the year, and almost every hour of the day, gazed upon by thousands of people.

It might be so, but that the public does not buy books. Mr. Besant, indeed, avers that the ordinary middle-class Englishman neither reads nor buys books. That he borrows them, alas! we know. That he too frequently borrows and as seldom returns, we also know. He will sometimes pout and grow cross with the poor devil of an author who, finding himself with but one poor copy left of his own apportioned few, is unable to gratify the ordinary middle-class craving for unbought copies. An unbought or borrowed book is as dear to the average well-to-do man (and woman too), as a free and complimentary ticket to the theatre. The more open-hearted the giver and lender, the more frequent are the solicitations of the borrower and beggar. Buy books generously the public will not; indeed, it scarce buys at all. And thus it happens that the public, seeming already to know all it wants to know about London, is in reality possessed of but scanty information concerning that city of cities, an aggregation of humanity (as Mr. Disraeli once reminded the House of Commons) that has never been equalled probably in any period of the world's history, ancient or modern.

No; not even the aggregation of humanity within its own borders "begins to know" London, if we may be allowed the vulgarity. Benjamin Disraeli's old political rival, John Bright, once told Birmingham that he had spent six months in London every year of his life for forty years; and yet he knew nothing about it. "A good many of you have been in London," said he, addressing his audience, "and yet you know nothing about it." Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, when Chief Commissioner of Public Works, invited the House of Commons to go with him to the Tower of London, to view some improvements there in progress. Of 500 members of Parliament who accompanied him, not even 100 had ever seen the interior of that historical fortress! Of the thousands of strangers who enter London every day, not a hundredth part get beyond the 4-miles radius from Charing Cross. The head of a large firm of Excursion Agents once told the writer that, of the trains full of excr-

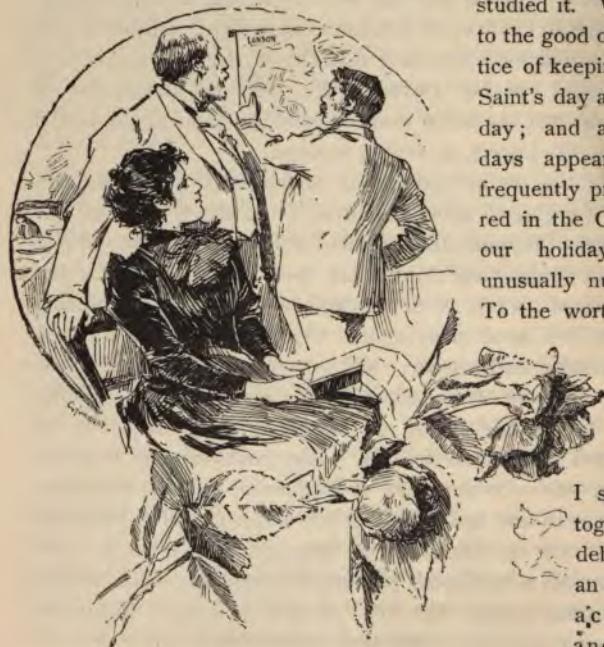
sionists he brought up from the Provinces to London every year, a very considerable number did not get beyond the vicinity of the Railway Terminus at which they arrived.

Why, here are we—— But why this irrepressible, irresponsible editorial “ we ”? Why not the plain, correct, amenable “ I ”? Let us use the “ I,” even though it seem egotistical. Here am I, who entered this city forty long years ago, as boy-scholar of one of its oldest Foundation schools (a school, by the way, which takes us back to the pre-Reformation times of the Grey Friars and of Edvardus VI. Dei Gratia, Rex, Fundator, of blessed memory), still occupied in learning my London. As a scholar for seven years of that monastic seminary, I studied my history of London as few boys have

studied it. We held to the good old practice of keeping every Saint’s day as a holiday; and as those days appear pretty frequently printed in red in the Calendar, our holidays were unusually numerous. To the worthy com-

memor-
ation
of so
many
Saints

I stand al-
together in-
debted for
an intimate
acquaint-
ance with



the Tower of London. At the age of ten, I spent more dinnerless days roaming in and about that sombre building, than at any previous or subsequent period of my life. I have entered it at least a score of times and read most of the books relating its story.

As a boy I learnt to love London, to traverse its streets alone, to dive into its intricate byways, courts and alleys (the most of these now improved away), to trudge many a weary mile to Hampstead, Highgate, Greenwich, Woolwich, and through its country places and suburbs, and to know each one of its public buildings and treasure-houses, as one may say, by heart.

After an interval of two years I came again to London; and with that brief exception, most of my life has been spent in it. The story of all its later changes are known to me, having been witness of them. My memory not unpleasantly recalls the days of the old London "tavern" (then so-called), and the yet older London "coffee-house"—the latter days of the old "Bedford," the "Tavistock," the comfortable old "Albion," the "Cock," the "Cheshire Cheese" (and its beef-steak pudding nights), "Simpson's" and its old-time "Knights of the Round Table" before Limited Liability took it by the hand; "Dolly's" (when Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, used to eat his chop there), "Sam's," the ancient Chapter Coffee-house and its sanded floor, and the old London Coffee-house on Ludgate Hill. Limmer's Hotel, in Conduit Street, was then a relic of the early part of the century; the Golden Cross Hotel was a house of no mean repute; the "Tavistock" in Covent Garden was perhaps the most popular hotel in London; Claridge's, in Brook Street, sheltered Kings, Princes, and governors; Long's Hotel, in Bond Street, still kept to the old fashion of the days of Byron and Sir Walter Scott, aforesome among its guests.

The Play began at 7 (there was half-price about 9); and the "bill" generally offered a farce, a comedy or melodrama; and an after-piece—four good hours' entertainment. After the play

some of us went to "Evans's" ("Evans's" was an honest place of public resort), to eat grilled chops, "devilled" kidneys, and baked potatoes; and to hear a good old English glee well sung; others sat up till 3 o'clock at the "Albion," next Drury Lane; others again went home "with the milk in the morning" from a West-end thoroughfare where the chimes at midnight merely heralded the ante-meridian frolic. There is hope for the very worst London reputation, if the example of the Haymarket is taken to heart. Its name in days gone by was a by-word. It is now one of the most respectable thoroughfares in London.

I have listened to the "twang-twang of the melodious catgut" at "Gatti's" when "Gatti's" adjoined old Hungerford Fish Market, and Charing Cross Railway Station was not yet built; the five fiddlers fiddling away at "Tancredi"; the company sipping its coffee and chocolate; Mr. Gatti the elder (generally in his shirt sleeves), doing "odd jobs" and civilly attending to his customers. The Adelaide Gallery, where his sons now carry on their flourishing business, was, in those days, a dancing-saloon. The Solferino, in Rupert Street, was the popular French restaurant; "Verrey's" and Kuhn's, in Regent Street, the only two of any reputation among diners about; and "Simpson's," the dining-rooms of London. All four survive.

Clubland was not so extensive then as it is now. "The Garrick" was but an unpretentious low-windowed dwelling-house in King Street. The Parthenon was in existence next the German Reed's Gallery in Regent Street, where the inimitable John Parry nightly sang his amusing songs. Albert Smith was ascending Mont Blanc nightly; Gordon Cumming was exhibiting his lions' skins and other trophies of the chase, and lecturing on lion-hunting, where now stands the Pavilion Music-hall. Lord Palmerston was still in occupation of the present Naval and Military Club in Piccadilly. None of the "junior" establishments had been thought of. The present Thatched House Club was a tavern. Not a single railway-bridge spanned the Thames. We journeyed in open-air third-class carriages by

rail to Greenwich. We paid sixpence for an omnibus ride to Hampstead.

The Panopticon stood where now stands the Alhambra in Leicester Square. Westbourne Grove knew not "the Universal Provider," and fields lay beyond. The officials of the Post Office amicably divided their chests of tea, and the dream of "the Stores" was not then realised. It seems to us, looking backward to those days, that the world went very well then.

The Sydenham Crystal Palace was the great summer rendezvous of all the town. Some of us journeyed there by 'bus. Aristocracy frequently went down there to dine, and there were no grand fireworks, but a plenty of roses. "The Trafalgar" at Greenwich was in the heyday of its whitebait fame; and the sides of the Greenwich steamboats that carried us there were painted to represent the lines of a man-of-war. Cremorne Gardens lay overlooking the Thames beyond Chelsea, and Mr. E. T. Smith, of Drury Lane, and various other theatres, there catered in summer-time to the miscellaneous wants of the pleasure-loving public.

The Law Courts were, as we know, at Westminster—the Queen's Bench, Common Pleas and Court of Exchequer. No one ever troubled about a "pass" in advance to the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons; you might obtain a seat by going into the Lobby and mingling with the Members. Strolling into the House of Lords on one occasion, I found myself one of six of the public listening to Mrs. Yelverton in person pleading her *cause célèbre* before the Law Lords. It was not difficult to secure even a seat "in the well" of the Old Bailey criminal court in those times.

St. Paul's and the Abbey's doors stood open then, as now; but comparatively few strangers attended the services at either. There were no services "in the Nave." The City churches were better filled; for merchants and tradesmen were content to live at their place of business. Preachers held to the Geneva gown, and for a priest to mount the pulpit in his surplice was to



discover the sure sign of "Puseyism." To chant the Psalms was a heresy to be rebuked ; and good old Brady and Tate offered to most of us a sufficient hymnbook. The parish clerk beneath his reading-desk drawled-out the responses ; and for the rest, we dozed the time away comfortably in our high-backed pews. That which Lord Beaconsfield "did" object to—"the mass in masquerade"—had not stept in to disturb the grateful repose of our London Churches. The "City Temple," and "the Tabernacle" were places of worship unknown, and the loftiest kind of contempt was not seldom shown towards "the class of

persons called dissenters," by not a few of those who now help to fill the London chapels and churches of their more eloquent and familiar preachers.

Innumerable changes have we witnessed in London in the course of forty years: old streets swept away; new streets planned and completed; grand modern buildings erected, taking the place of older structures; its hotel system almost wholly changed; spacious, handsomely - designed restaurants, such as were never dreamed of in days gone by, meeting the eye on every thoroughfare; palatial residential mansions opened for the behoof of the always-hopeful bachelor, long-time doomed to dwell in frouzy "chambers" or dismal "diggings" in the Court quarter; the theatres multiplied by nearly ten; the parks, gardens, and open spaces made available to the public, multiplied by perhaps a score; conveniences for cheap and rapid locomotion increased in every direction; "slums," alleys, and lanes demolished, and improved artisans' and workmen's dwellings erected in their stead; recreations of the people far more healthful, and liberally provided; the attractions of the town much more varied, instructive, and entertaining. In fine, London of To-Day is no more the London of Yesterday, than New York of 1851 is the New York of 1892.

Changes innumerable (as we say) we have been witness of in London: fain would we still write, but that it would be a misnomer, old London—"dear, old London," the London of our early boyhood, of our youthful days, of our maturer manhood: dear to us by many delightful reminiscences of the past, and pleasant memories of old friends now, alas! gone their way; still more dear to us for those happily yet remaining, in whose kindly companionship we tarry, and now and again gossip over



the past. One's interest in the new will never outweigh his love of the old; and one may be pardoned if he insists that such is the final experience of most men.

This city of cities, this aggregation of humanity (ever earnest, let it be remarked, in making itself heard), that probably has never been equalled in any period of the world's history, ancient or modern, is teeming with interest in every page of its story. No one has, or ever can, read every page of it. Few know more than the bare outlines of it. A lifetime would scarce suffice to become familiar with it in all its parts. A new page is being added to it every day, and that comprises but a poor *précis* of what actually transpires in London in the course of every twenty-four hours.

London of the Past some of us perchance have dipped into here and there; but who knows this London of To-Day? Not I, not you. There are localities in it as much unknown to me as the Land of the Dwarfs. Only the other day I went to one of its eastern suburbs for the first time. I had to find my way there like any other stranger. Yet have I lived in London these forty years.

This book merely sketches London of To-Day in outline. It were impossible to do more; the author could hardly do less. True, each succeeding year I have tried my best to fill in the picture, but it still rests on the easel incomplete.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes (who was but a while ago with us) says that what specially struck him about London was "a curious flavour of city provincialism." He was reminded, "that there are little centres in the heart of great cities, just as there are small fresh-water ponds in great islands with the salt sea roaring all around them, and bays and creeks penetrating them as briny as the ocean itself." London presents itself to the mind of that distinguished American man of letters as a nation of itself, containing provinces, districts, foreign communities, villages, parishes—innumerable lesser centres with their own distinguishing characteristics habits, pursuits, languages, and

social laws, as much isolated as if "mountains interposed" made the separation between them complete.

One can hardly hope truthfully to depict a world in all its various parts, nationalities, and characteristics, in all the kaleidoscopic changes of its daily life—at all events in a book of 500 pages. We can only offer the Reader what we have been enabled to accomplish in so limited a space, trusting to his forbearance to think not unkindly of our efforts. And tendering thanks to him for his courtesy, may we venture to hope that he will be promoted from the ranks of the millions who have been taught to read, but seldom read books, to the dignity of the favoured few who both buy and read them! In such way may he hope in time to become familiar with the greater history of London, in comparison of which, this handbook is but an opuscule, though not undeserving, its author trusts, his notice.

Having succeeded, I venture to hope, in this preliminary chapter in winning the Reader's forbearance and attention, if not his goodwill, I ask leave to say again, what I have herein before said, that such references to Hotels, Restaurants, Places, Persons, and Things—namely, as follow in the reading-matter of this book, are *made bona fide*, on my own responsibility, as the fruits of my own personal experience, and without consultation with any.

It is as impossible sometimes to remove a misconception, as to remove mountains. "Thou little thinkest," wrote, some three centuries ago, the learned Selden (a memorial of whom you will find in the Church of the Temple), "what a little foolery governs the world." But I prefer to rest the ultimate chances of this book's success and the gradual extension of its popularity, on a more modern and witty truism attributed (like many other witty sayings) to President Lincoln: "You can fool all the people some of the time; and some of the people all the time; but you can't fool all the people all the time."

CHAPTER II.
THE HOTELS OF LONDON OF TO-DAY.



obtaining the patronage of travellers of experience. One has generally to pay pretty dearly in finding a really good and well-managed economical hotel.

But this book, let it be remarked, is not written for travellers only. It pays due regard, as will be hereafter seen, to what may be supposed to be his particular requirements in visiting London; but its author has never lost sight of the fact, that others, besides

"GOOD travellers stop at the best Hotels," Emerson reminds us in his quaint way; "for though," says he, "they cost more, they do not cost much more; and there is the good company and the best information." And he points out that, on the like principle, Johnson, poor as he mostly was, and always economical, when he visited a place commonly had recourse to the "best shops." On the whole, this must be allowed to be sound advice, for the good hotel is invariably better than the bad, and the best hotel is usually the most successful in

travellers, have an interest in London of To-Day. In so far as the hotels of London form a part of the social scheme that develops its daily life, they properly belong to the plan of this publication, which however is only in a limited sense a guide-book. To get rid of the very common misconception that it is nothing else, it is only necessary that the person who buys this book should also read it. Perhaps this may be asking too much of any one: nevertheless it is only by that means the discovery can be made.

The purpose of the author is, as it has been from the first, to present a bird's eye view of London as it lives from day to day. In the previous chapter he has frankly admitted that the picture is as yet incomplete. But no one ever succeeded in doing anything well, but that he felt more or less dissatisfied with his work as it progresses.

The Hotels of London of To-Day, by which we mean the more important of them, represent the growth of the past thirty years. In 1859, the Great Western Company's Hotel at Paddington was the most modern and extensive place of the kind in London. Encouraged by its success, similar buildings were erected for the accommodation of visitors, in various parts of the metropolis—in Belgravia, at Hyde Park, and elsewhere, the most popular of which for many years was the Langham in Portland Place, once much frequented by Americans. Then, at some distance of time were built, in order somewhat as follows, the Midland Grand hotel at St. Pancras, one of the handsomest structures in London, the First Avenue in Holborn, the Grand at Charing Cross, and the *Métropole* its near neighbour. Later again, quite recently in point of time, the Hotel Victoria and the Savoy hotel were erected.

These large hotels revolutionised the hotel-system of London. They attracted their way the larger share of the once lucrative business of the snug, old-fashioned hotel-taverns and coffee-houses so-called, such as "the Bedford," "the London," and "the Hummums" and almost compelled their proprietors to

rebuild, or more prudently perhaps to close their doors. The Covent Garden hotel-taverns, historically so interesting, and thirty years ago so popular, have suffered with the rest. Not one of these remains in its original state. Two have been rebuilt from floor to roof; a third has been extensively altered; and the interesting literary and other associations of all three are gone.

The Gordon hotels so-called represent the most recent development of the English hotel-system. These are controlled by a company which owns three hotels in London, three at popular seaside resorts, of which the Brighton Métropole is the most extensive and most modern, and two by the shores of the Mediterranean. The success of this company would seem to be tempting promoters to a similar amalgamation of existing hotels.

Rumours are in the air of a project to that end connected with certain London hotels worked under "limited liability" control, and hitherto at some disadvantage in the severe competition for business. One sometimes wonders where all the people come from to fill all the hotels of London of To-Day? The fact is that comparatively few of them are "run" at a substantial profit in the London Season, and still fewer when that brief season is at an end. It would be hardly incorrect, we think, to say, that not much more than one-half of the large hotels pay more than current expenses.

Meanwhile, we have another class of hotels springing up in London. This is the Residential Hotel so-called, which roughly speaking combines the hotels- with the "flats"-system of living. Its principal advantage is that it gets rid of the noise and publicity inseparable from the larger hotel, and affords its guests more of quiet and privacy. In point of fact it is what may be called, in default of a better name, a home-hotel, in which each guest has his separate suite of furnished apartments, as private as those of any ordinary dwelling, the hotel-management providing service, cooking, etc., on a scale of charges generally more moderate than most hotels publish. These residential hotels

(more particularly referred to in the succeeding chapter), however, are not for the casual visitor. They appeal rather to the requirements of persons coming to London for a stated period of time, or to residents not caring for the trouble of housekeeping.

The rule of the survival of the fittest may be recognised even in the business of London hotel-keeping. There are some half-dozen old hotels which continue fairly prosperous notwithstanding all the changes which recent years have witnessed in the fashions and requirements of hotel-life. Among the best of these "Morleys" in Trafalgar Square may fairly rank.

In the general management of hotels comparatively few changes have taken place within the period we have named. All hotels controlled by company directors are at a disadvantage as compared with hotels owned by one person, and that person the proprietor himself. A committee of one is in general more efficient than a committee of three or more persons; added to which the method of management under sole proprietorship is the least expensive, and likely in the long run to prove the most satisfactory from the hotel-guests' point of view.

Hotel-managers are too frequently hampered by their directors, who for the most part know about as much of practical hotel-management, as an able seaman of the responsibilities of a regimental sergeant-major. The present success of the Grand and Métropole hotels is in no small degree due to the fact, that their respective managers are likewise directors, practical men in hotel-management answerable to none but the company's shareholders.

"In everything except where mensuration can be applied," according to the dictum of a philosopher, "travellers may honestly differ." On no subject do they so frequently agree to differ, as upon the relative merits of Hotels. This is inevitable, for one man's standard of comfort (which he always, by the way, takes especial care to carry about with him) is seldom as another man's.

An Englishman is rarely too-lavish in praise of the hotels of his country in the aggregate. He is a born grumbler. The American, on the other hand, is generally very generous in extolling the hotels of his. The Frenchman can afford to keep silence; for most hotels of any character are more or less



fashioned upon those of the European Continent over which he roams.

The very word *Hôtel* is borrowed from him. *Restaurant* is a piratical reprint. *Menu* has been stolen in the most flagrant manner by English, Irish, Scotch, Americans, Russians, Dutch, Swiss, indiscriminately. The Germans have at length relented

and now draw up their *Speisenfolge*, or list of dishes, in native German. But we find the Auditorium Hotel of Chicago, most modern of modern hotels, offering its guests "frizzled beef *a la crème*" for breakfast. Even on the Atlantic Ocean we are under considerable obligation to the French. We have in some London hotels actually exchanged the good English word "dining-room" for the absurd *salle-a-manger*.

We, in England, might with advantage borrow a fashion or two from America. We might, for example, but that our system of leaseholds and ground-rents perhaps prevents, adopt the practice of most American hotels (and some European also), of allowing a guest to hire a bed-room leaving him free to take his meals when and where he pleases. It might save time and labour both, if English hotel proprietors generally adopted the American system of electric-bell-calls in bed-rooms, thus:

Ring 1	Time for Boot-boy.
Twice	" Ice-water.
3 Times	" Porter.
4	" Fire.
5	" Chambermaid.
6	" Towels.
7	" Hot-water.
8	" Writing-materials.
9	" Bath.

We might with advantage introduce a kind of international code of electric-bell-signalling, so that all travellers in whatever country would at once know how many times to ring.

When one compares the daily bill-of-fare of a first-rate New York or Boston Hotel, with that of one of the first-rank in London or Manchester, he will be astonished at the extraordinary variety of dishes provided in the former. But then, an American critic assures us, that in the business of eating, his countrymen are "as hardy as their own pines and hemlocks, and a hundred times more sturdy than an English oak." This assertion knocks the English oak "all out of time," so to say, and leaves its former reputation nowhere. If it be accepted as fact, it may

possibly account for the American hotel-keepers offering us a hundred excellent breakfast-dishes in place of our statutory

English four of chops, steaks, eggs-and-bacon, and soles.



In the matter of Prices, we do not think there are many shillings difference to be noted in the tariffs of any really comfortable, first-class hotels anywhere. For the "upper - floor" Bed-rooms you will pay in most London Hotels 3s. 6d. per day, *plus* 1s. 6d., for attendance; in Boston or New York \$1; in Paris, Berlin, or Vienna not a franc or a mark less. One may

hire a capital bed-room in a first-class American hotel for \$2. You may do the like in a London hotel for its equivalent 8s., *plus* the inevitable charge of 1s. 6d. for "attendance." A bed-room for two persons will cost *not less* than 7s. to 10s. Taking the London hotels in the aggregate, it would be safe to say, that 4s. 6d. is the average charge for a single room. Rooms on the "not-too-high-up" floors (a sufficiently elastic phrase) are more expensive.

The charge for Attendance is as the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not—at all events in England. It is common also in other European countries. And truth impels us to add, that we have found the "tip" (another form of the attendance-charge) making perceptible headway in America.

In one or two American hotels we have found it hardly less the custom than in England. A precedent once established sooner or later becomes a custom. Personally we see no difference between the American quarter-dollar "tip" and the English shilling "tip."

American visitors do not like this English charge for attendance. Neither do we. We like it still less when, travelling with wife and children, one finds himself mulct 1s. 6d. per person, per day. This is a monstrous charge—amounting to no less a sum than £27 per head, per annum. But we can only pay and grumble; possibly curious at the same time to learn how any hotel can be "run" without the essential "help" in the first instance provided. One or two London hotels—the Midland, Grand, St. Pancras, for example,—advertise "no charge" for attendance. But the generality cling to the custom, which we in common with others hold to be unjust and indefensible.

In respect of Apartments, sitting- and bed-room *en suite*, these may be hired at many hotels for £1 1s. per day. You pay in fact according to location of rooms, higher floor or lower. For "magnificent suites," comprising Drawing-, Dining-, two Bed-rooms, Bath- and Dressing-rooms, you must be prepared to pay at any hotel as handsomely as magnificence in any direction ordinarily demands.

As to charges for Meals: 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. for Breakfast; the same charge for Luncheon: 3s. 6d. to 5s. 6s. (and as much more as you please) for Dinner. The *table d'hôte* is to-day everywhere the fashion in Hotels; but there are indications of the fashion being a fleeting one, like all other fashions. Where the hotel-table dinner is good, it is good, and where it is bad, it is bad; and that's about as much information as any one who dines about in London may gather for himself. The fare ordinarily comprises a number of English dishes with French names, some of which dishes might occasionally with advantage be exchanged for one good cut from a sirloin of Scotch beef.

The Hotels of London of To-Day might from the experienced

traveller's standpoint be classified somewhat thus: the luxuriously grand, the pleasantly private, and the generally comfortable, making no great pretence to luxury. "Luxury" has been defined as "a free or extravagant indulgence in the pleasures which wealth can procure." It is not for us to attempt to define the limits of wealth's prerogatives, in the matter of hotel-accommodation or any other. Nor need we stay to inquire what are the particular pleasures pertaining to hotel-life in the which it might be worth while freely or extravagantly to indulge. A wag has associated the palatial hotel "with all the discomforts that wealth can produce"; but his waggonery indicates the peevish mind. Thus much however is certain, that wealth has helped to make the Hotels of London of To-Day more desirable to stay-in than those of London of Yesterday. Let us be thankful then that wealth has done thus much for the unwealthy.

We who know London have been witness of the rise and decadence of many hotels. We have seen the lesser give place to the larger, and the larger in turn make way for the grander. Presently, perhaps, we may see the gradual upgrowth in London of the grandest hotel of all—a kind of Chicago "Auditorium" Hotel of the superlatively grand class, providing every accommodation that man can need: bed, breakfast, dinner, theatre, music-hall of "varieties," art-gallery, tailoring and dress-making store, church, chapel, hospital, "undertaking-establishment" all (but, a decent library of good books) placed under one roof.

But to grow to a point, let us see what London has to offer in the choice of Hotels, and note the whereabouts of each.

There are those of the Gordon Company before referred to: the Métropole and the Grand adjoining Trafalgar Square and the First Avenue in Holborn. The last-named, being somewhat distantly placed from the fashionable quarter, offers a more moderate tariff perhaps than the other two. It is due to this company to say, that we are mainly indebted to its enterprise for many ameliorations of English hotel-life; not the least among which are the conveniences to be noted in regard of the daily supplying

of meals at fixed prices and at fixed times. If the *table d'hôte* plan, even though applied to separate tables, is not agreeable to every class of persons (the diffident and dyspeptic for example), it has the merit of notifying every one beforehand definitely, as to when he may expect something to eat; and that something generally satisfactory and well-served, as the fixed service of hotels goes. Among those of the larger hotels, the Grand's



DRAWING-ROOM OF THE HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE.

daily dinner would appear to rank highest perhaps in popular favour.

The Hotel Victoria in Northumberland Avenue is another of the like class of hotels, conducted on the same plan, and affording the same style of accommodation.

Of these West-end London hotels, within view of all, it will suffice to say that they provide shelter for some hundreds of visitors. For those who have a liking for "plenty of company" as the phrase is, there are no hotels in London so eminently calculated to gratify such liking. In the London Season they are usually crowded. People incline to evening dress and "that sort of thing" at the dinner-hour; and the dinner itself is served with some taste in commodious, well-lighted dining-halls, effectively arranged, and affording convenient opportunity to the curious student of contemporary manners for getting an interesting glimpse at what some misanthropist calls dull life with the polished surface. Your bill at either will total somewhere about £1 1s. per day, being content with a low-priced bed-room.

The Savoy Hotel, in the precinct of that name, with frontage on the Victoria Embankment, advertises "the perfection of luxury and comfort." It is difficult accurately to gauge with any precision the height, depth, length, or breadth of perfection in anything, still less of perfection of luxury and comfort. There is no satisfactory standard that one can go by.

Some of us may have heard the story of poor Hodge, sick unto death, and tended by a kindly Samaritan woman who inquired of him, what he might fancy in the way of medical comforts—a little wine-jelly, chicken-broth, or what? If he might make so bold as to say so, he knew of few things so comforting as pork and cabbage, and as he was past eating that, he w'd eat "nought." The great Duke of Wellington's ultimate standard of comfort and luxury was a camp bed-stead, and a room in Walmer Castle, containing as little furniture as possible. And we have been told of a millionaire who, having tasted, as we ay suppose, of all the good things of life, finally had recourse



"PEOPLE INCLINE TO EVENING-DRESS AND THAT SORT OF THING."

to a cup of cocoa and a little toast as the most grateful, and comforting meal he could think of. All his wealth could suggest no better.

Still we are at no loss to comprehend the Savoy's management's meaning. It would have us understand, that "the Savoy" is a first-rate London hotel, some seven floors high, with large choice of accommodations, ranging in price from 7s. 6d. for a single bed-room, to 25s., 37s., 45s. and more for a suite of rooms, per day, generally well provided, furnished, and decorated, etc., according to the accepted standards of the day. And for the privilege of adapting the Savoy's standards to your own case, you must be prepared, of course to pay sufficiently well, nay even handsomely. The Savoy has the reputation of doing everything handsomely and of charging in proportion. Whatever the total bill may amount to, it is safe to say you will get what you bargain for. Its *cuisine* is, on the whole, the best of its kind in London. That we have heard said by many eminent judges.

Among other of the greater Hotels, capable of accommodating a large number of guests, we should name the following, in order somewhat thus : The Westminster Palace over against the Abbey, conveniently located, quiet and well-managed, much resorted to by members of Parliament, and others ; the Buckingham Palace Hotel, near the Queen's palace, patronised by, what are known as, "county" people, squires and others who visit London with their families in the Season ; the Midland Grand Hotel, St. Pancras (some mile or so from central Oxford Street), a splendid structure architecturally, and perhaps the most moderate in tariff of all the larger London hotels ; the Alexandra Hotel, fronting Hyde Park, of the like order as the Buckingham Palace ; the Langham in Portland Place, in time past the American hotel of London ; the Royal Hotel, Blackfriars, much frequented by travellers from the Continent, France, Belgium, etc., etc.

These hotels are generally less "fashionable" (to borrow the cant phrase of the day) than some of the others we have named ;

but they are none the less to be commended. The Westminster Palace is a good example of the London hotel, on what may be termed the English plan. You may find there good English fare,

and comfortable accommodation, albeit less luxurious perhaps than some have an eye for. As between luxury and comfort, our vote plumps for comfort, even though ours be the casting-vote and comfort itself consist of but a juicy cut from a well-hung saddle of mutton, with due proportion of well-cooked vegetables, and a glass of sound claret by way of dinner; and later a pipe, a pair of slippers, and an arm-chair.



The Midland Grand Hotel at St. Pancras, aforenamed, is a spacious hotel catering for the generality of travellers. It has large choice of accommodation, and ranks first among the English hotels owned by railway companies. St. Pancras is on the line of thoroughfare running parallel to Oxford Street. Omnibuses to that thoroughfare, Piccadilly, Regent Street, Ludgate Hill, and elsewhere frequently pass the main entrance-way. As a well-managed hotel, chiefly appealing to the patronage of the middle-class traveller in London on business, or pleasure bent, it is every way deserving his notice. And we may add that, with considerable experience of travel in England, we know of



"THE WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL IS A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE LONDON HOTEL, ON WHAT MAY BE TERMED THE ENGLISH PLAN" (p. 40.)

few hotels generally so well-supervised and comfortable as those belonging to the Midland Railway Company's system. Its refreshment-rooms too are in our opinion in many respects ahead of those of other railways: and particularly in respect of the Dining and Luncheon car arrangements.

Add to the above, the other readily-accessible Railway Hotels, such as the Euston at Euston Square; the Great Northern at King's Cross; the Great Western at Paddington; the Charing Cross at that terminus; the Cannon Street there located; the Holborn Viaduct in that thoroughfare; the Great Eastern in Liverpool Street; the Terminus at London Bridge; the Grosvenor hotel at Victoria Station.

Some of these railway-hotels are less noisy than others; but for the most part, although very convenient to travellers, they stand within too-convenient range of ear-piercing steam-whistles and railway van and cab-traffic. For the nervous, or those who need "a good night's rest" they are hardly the pleasantest resting-places in London. The purgatory of being allotted a stuffy bed-room overlooking the cab-yard, or arrival, or departure platform of a London terminal railway station, may be endured for a night; but surely joy cometh with the small hours of the morning foreshadowing present release. Truly the railway-hotel in general cannot be said to afford opportunity for "free or extravagant indulgence in the pleasures which wealth can procure"—unless it be the pleasures of imagination.

Now we come to what, for want of some fitter term, we have designated, the "pleasantly private" class of hotels. Why "Private" hotel, since all hotels (the old word was "inn") are more or less open to the public, in search of meat, drink, and traveller's accommodation, one must needs seek critical explanation elsewhere. But the word serves very well to express the distinction between the grand class of architecturally-splendid hotels, many floors high, having three or four-hundred bed-rooms, and public rooms open to all and sundry, and lesser hotels of

equal rank, receiving fewer guests, and not so accessible to the generality of the public.

We take it that the true place of the hotel in our social economy is that of a convenient substitute for home while we are abroad travelling. "Home," in the opinion of most right-minded persons, if not always embodying "the perfection of luxury," generally provides an acceptable and all-sufficient scheme of personal comfort. It follows then that the hotel which offers, as near as may be, the most agreeable alternation to home, is the hotel most likely to finger the money of the traveller whose experiences have run on the lines of most travellers, and who profitably turns those experiences to account.

The "Private" hotel, as being generally quieter, cosier, less in the way of busy traffic, and more frequently than not personally directed by the proprietor himself, provides in our experience the pleasantest kind of hotel, to those at least who contemplate a week's or more stay in London and wish for quiet.

Representation of this class, in the Piccadilly locale, is that known as Brown's and St. George's Hotel in Dover Street. We know of none better in London. It is excellently managed, not too large, complete in every department, quiet, conveniently accessible to the pleasanter parts of the town, and on the whole the most comfortable hotel we remember anywhere to have stayed in, English, Continental, or American. We know of no more excellent *cuisine* than it provides; and the courtesy and attention one receives there might well stand as examples to be imitated at all hotels.

For this absurdly "bare-faced puff" of their hotel, we are under no obligation to the proprietors; nor, indeed, are we under any obligation to any hotel-proprietor or manager whatsoever or wheresoever. For what this book may herein impart, we have begun to think that possibly not a few hotel-proprietors and managers may be under obligation to ourself. It can hardly be yearly published without a good many reading it. Not to be cynical, an hotel-bill is likely to prove a far more profitable

publication to him in whose favour it is drawn, than a book which discusses hotels as if they had been "run" in the interests of every one but their respective proprietors, directors, and shareholders. To the shrewdly-discerning such method may not commend itself; but it will to the ordinarily intelligent, as being

the one best calculated to serve the interests of the Reader who trusts to our fairness and discrimination.

Those who like Oliver Goldsmith love *everything* that's old—"old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine"—may at the Burlington Hotel, in Cork Street westward, find themselves handsomely lodged in one or other of the mansions designed by Lord Burlington, of some fame in his way, and severally occupied by Field-marshal Wade, Lord Cornwallis, Alexander Hood, Lord Bridport, and not unlikely at one



STAIRCASE OF "THE BURLINGTON."

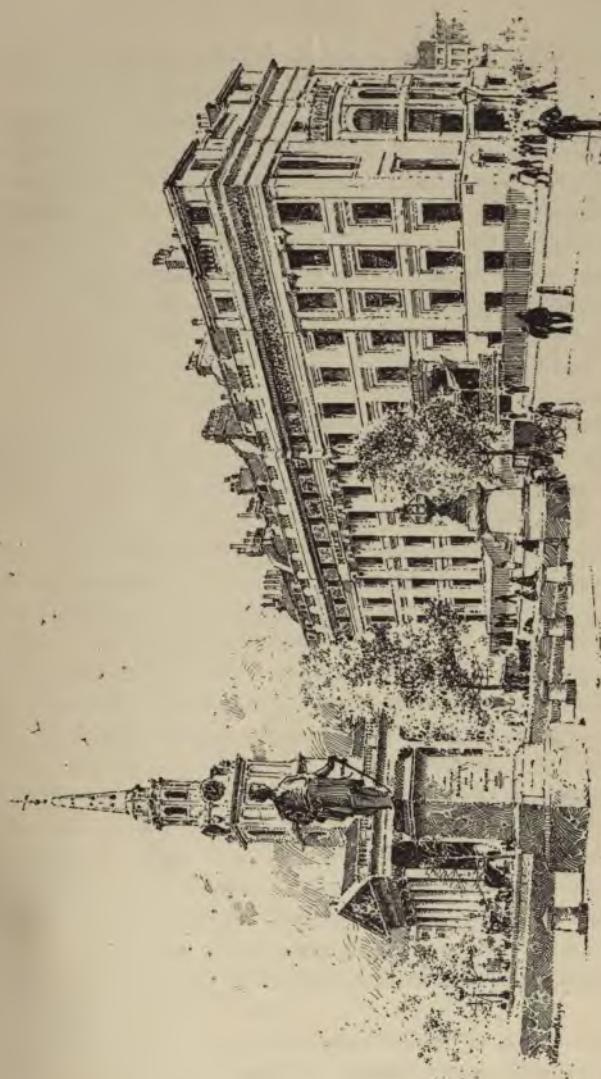
period by the husband of "Kitty" Countess of Queensberry, the friend of Gay. Interiorly, the Burlington is one of the most interesting hotels in London. Its rooms, which take us back to the early and generally comfortable period of the Georges, are quite unique in their ceiling decorations, panellings, doorways, and old carved wood work, one or two examples of which in the hotel are attributed to Grinling Gibbons. The Burlington has been only partially modernised. It is one of the "pleasantly private" hotels of London of To-Day, under efficient and painstaking management, quiet, well-ordered, and every way to be commended.

Near at hand, is "the Bristol," a somewhat expensive hotel. In Piccadilly are the Berkeley and the Albermarle hotels, of equal rank. In Conduit Street is "Limmer's," a quiet, now modern hotel, the which we well remember in its olden days before the "luxuriously grand" had taken the place of the "generally comfortable." In Bond Street is "Long's" but no longer the old Long's. The Bath Hotel in Piccadilly is a relic of the comfortable old-fashioned London house of fifty and more years ago. "Batt's," and "Mackellar's" hotels in Dover Street are well-deserving recommendation.

In Jermyn Street will be found one or two well-managed hotels on a small scale—"Rawlings'" for example. "Edwards'" in George Street, Hanover Square, has a good reputation.

Morley's Hotel in Trafalgar Square is deserving of special mention. It has been for so many years favourably known to generations of visitors to London that little new can be said of it. In the grand competition it well maintains its rank as the foremost of the older hotels of London, though occupying no inconsiderable part of the east side of Trafalgar Square, a fact which but a few years since placed it among the largest. There are few houses more comfortable, and none more conveniently located.

The Covent Garden Hotels, the Tavistock, and the Bedford, suggesting pleasant reminiscences of that once joyous neighbourhood, have each their share of visitors' patronage. The first-



"Morley's HOTEL IN TRAFALGAR Square IS DESERVING OF SPECIAL MENTION" (p. 44.)

named is resorted to by gentlemen only; the second places no such restrictions on admission to its shelter.

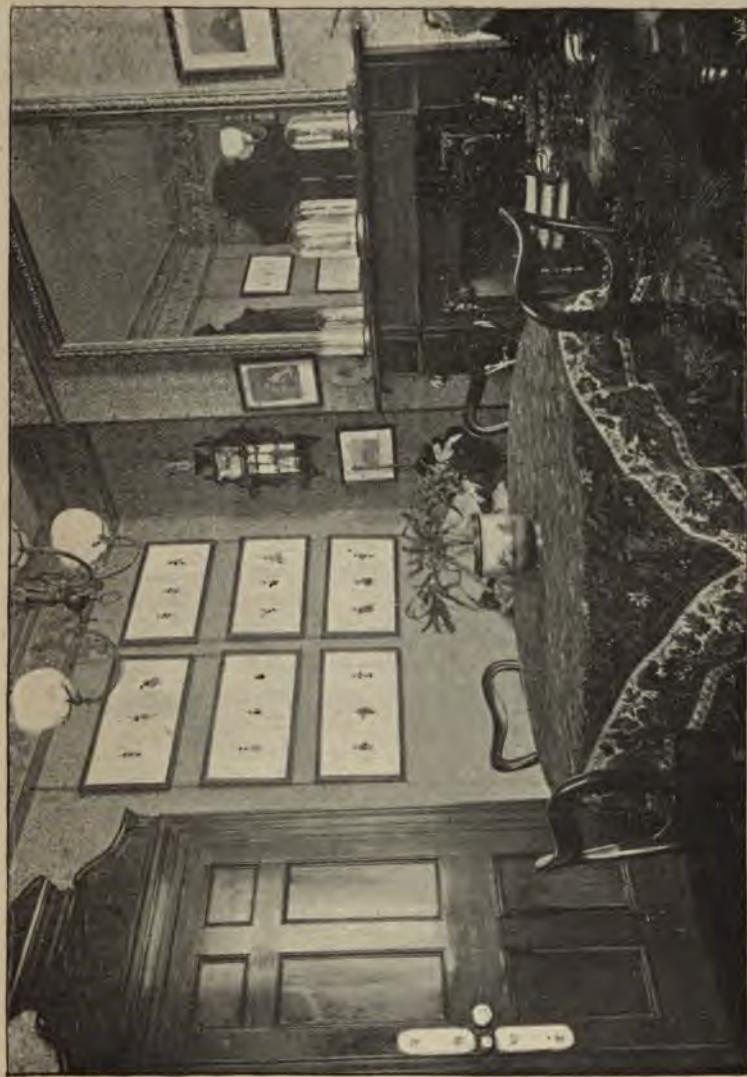
Among the more popular of hotels issuing a moderate tariff, the following may be reckoned. There are the two well-known houses in the Holborn line of thoroughfare under Mr. John Whaley's proprietorship—Wood's Hotel, namely, standing within Furnival's Inn, and Ridler's Hotel beside it. The last-named, with its familiar bow-window, is still suggestive of the days when the old mail-coaches passed its doors, and Mr. Squeers from the North lodged hard-by. Lovers of Dickens may be glad to be reminded of "Wood's," over against the "chambers" in Furnival's Inn, whence the manuscript of the "Pickwick Papers" periodically issued. This hotel treasures many interesting reminiscences of the kindly and delightful novelist; not the least interesting of which is the veritable room where many a time he dined, and which is pretty much in the same state as when he left it. Mr. Whaley has collected in it a series of water-colour sketches illustrative of favourite scenes and characters in Dickens' works which serve more familiarly to recall his associations with the place. It is needless perhaps to add that this little parlour is become a kind of shrine to Americans, who far more keenly appreciate such literary memorials than do we. If it were not for them, the quaint little parlour which Washington Irving occupied at the Red Horse Inn at Stratford-on-Avon would long since have been modernised. Wood's Hotel may be commended to the notice of all and sundry visiting London; English, Colonials and Americans alike, as a capital example of a quiet, comfortable and thoroughly English hotel, kept up in the English style, making no pretence to grandeur, serving the turbot, and well-roasted saddle of mutton as some of us were accustomed to enjoy them, in the days before the Continental fashion became the vogue in London of To-Day.

In addition to these two, note may very well be made of the Arundel, and Temple hotels in Arundel Street, Strand; of the Covent Garden Hotel in the district of that name; of the

Salisbury in Salisbury Square, Fleet Street ; of the Holborn Viaduct Hotel next the railway terminus there located ; of the Albion Hotel in Aldersgate Street ; and for those who want a clean, well-managed, and economical temperance hotel, there is the West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, conducted on Temperance principles, the largest and best patronised hotel of this class in London. It is well furnished, and affords many comforts at reasonable rates, and is located in what is generally allowed to be one of the convenient parts of central London, with cabs and 'buses at hand to here, there and everywhere.

It would be unfair to omit mention of "Anderton's" in Fleet Street, the timely, temporary home of many a hard-worked, belated journalist, and well known as the periodical meeting-place of such literary societies as the "Whitefriars" and "Blackfriars" clubs, and, if we are not mistaken, of sundry "Lodges" in Masonry. Every one who knows Fleet Street knows "Anderton's," charging moderately for the daily luncheon or dinner, and a welcome hotel to many in the busiest of London thoroughfares.

With Hotels in mind, it seems to us that the one we still lack in London is the popular "Middle-class" Hotel, spacious, airy, not too-splendid architecturally, not too splendid interiorly, a commodious, plainly-furnished, well-managed, economical hotel in which good board and lodging might be had for, say, 10s. per day, everything included. It would have to be located in a central position, convenient for sight-seeing ; the fare to be plain and wholesome ; the charge for attendance abolished ; the bed-room accommodation and furniture simple but convenient : a Hotel, in fact designed to take the place of those small, confined, and generally ill-contrived dwellings, called "Coffee-houses," of which so many examples may still be met with in London of To-Day, but which have outlived the requirements of the times. In Scotland one may meet with very comfortable, cleanly, well-managed "Temperance" hotels in which the food is good and sufficient, and the tariff moderate. We remember to have stayed in one comfortable hotel of the kind in Aberdeen, in



"THE CHARLES DICKENS' ROOM : " WOOD'S HOTEL, FURNIVAL'S INN,

another in Edinburgh, and a third in Plymouth; and to have been well satisfied with the accommodations and fare provided by each. There must be a large yearly proportion of the visitors coming to London from the provinces, who are on the look-out for such a hotel as we have in mind, and speculators might find it a not unprofitable business to give this matter timely consideration.

Far too much money is lavished on the building and decoration of modern hotels. We question whether some of it might not be more sensibly applied in the reduction of excessive charges, and the providing of, we'll not say better food, but food better cooked, and more plainly-worded on the bill of fare. Lunching, the other day, at a leading London hotel, off a morsel of not-too-inviting cold beef, a couple of boiled potatoes, and a half-bottle of light French wine, the bill came to 4s. 6d., quite 50 p. c. more than it was worth. Added to which, we paid 3d. for the table and 3d. to the waiter. Such charges drive people from hotel dining-rooms to outside restaurants, and thus managers divert a good deal of the profit which a more liberal policy should attract to the Hotel. They have only themselves to blame that the generality of the public make so little use of their dining-rooms, and so largely patronise those of the restaurants.

CHAPTER III.

RESIDENTIAL HOTELS, FLATS, CHAMBERS, AND LODGINGS.



FIRST BIRDS OF THE SEASON.

TOWARDS the end of April, London comes back to town, —such is the phrase. The Riviera swallows are flitting homeward. The trains from Mentone, Monte Carlo, Nice and Cannes—club-trains, *wagons-lit*, drawing-room cars, saloon-carriages—are crowded with those fortunate birds of passage who have found warmth and brightness on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, away from the fogs, chills, and rigours of the English winter.

Thrice welcome is their coming to less-lucky folk resident in London. Like the Rhodian children of old, they might fitly welcome these visitors in song :

" The swallow is come !
 The swallow is come !
 O fair are the seasons, and light
 Are the days, that she brings—"



ENTRANCE-HALL OF THE RESIDENTIAL-HOTEL, BELGRAVIA.



Now is the season of ingathering, which is to make amends for all the vicissitudes of the past months. The London year has begun anew. The hotel-manager has finished his "spring-cleaning"; the house-agent has revised his lists of available house-properties to let; Mrs. Lirriper and her hard-working sisterhood are on the alert for the not-too-economical first-floor lodger; the districts of Kensington, Bayswater, and Bloomsbury show considerable enterprise in advertising their several attractions to transient visitors. People out-of-town, people thinking of coming to town, people whose mind is made-up to spend a few weeks in London: Colonials, Americans, provincials, and all the remainder are considering whereabouts, at what hotel, or in what kind of a place they shall stay when they arrive in London.

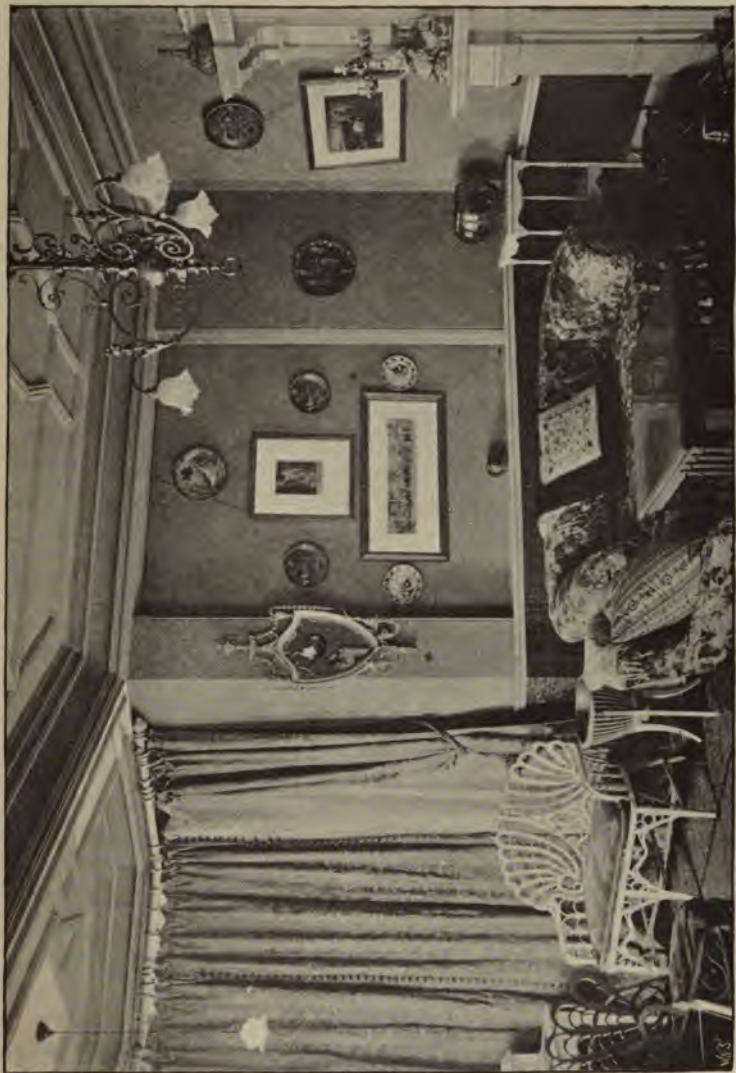
The choice is practically unlimited, ranging between Hotels of every class already sufficiently discussed in the previous chapter, and ordinary "Lodgings" so-called. Intermediately, there are the Residential Hotel, Flats, Furnished houses, and Boarding-houses.

The Residential Hotel represents, as we have said, the latest addition to the hotels' system of London. It is in fact the last new hotel. The hypercritical might find a difficulty in discovering the difference betwixt this hotel and any ordinary hotel. But there is a difference. The "residential-hotel" offers much greater privacy. It lets out its rooms only in suites. At present the only example of its class is the Hotel Belgravia standing at the Belgravia end of Victoria Street, Westminster. It was planned, built, and organised under the direction of Mr. Thomas Tucker, one of the first practical authorities in hotel-building in London; an enthusiast in the business of constructing, fitting-up, sanitary equipment, and domestic management of residential-flats or hotels—"Homes without a household care" as he describes them. One might be pardoned the desire to at once enter one of these homes, if only to experience the luxury of shifting all one's "household care" on to the shoulders of some person alike able and willing to bear it.

This Hotel Belgravia combines in itself somewhat of the "flat," with somewhat of the hotel. That is to say the rooms are let off in furnished suites, with the always-desirable outer-door, and complete in every detail of domestic convenience within. If we miss the decorative splendour of the grand class of modern London hotels, compensation is found in other directions. Greater privacy is secured to begin with, and certainly a larger measure of comfort, as we English understand comfort. Everything is "up-to-date" as the saying is—sanitation certified by competent authority, precaution against fire sufficiently considered, elevators of the most recent and approved American type, lighting electric, and so on. The *cuisine* and service are on a par with the best class of London hotels, as we can personally testify. The service however is specially arranged as the occupier's requirements may suggest. He may engage for a servant at his sole charge, in livery, or out of livery, or may arrange to share such service with another tenant.

In point of fact, the designation Residential Hotel correctly indicates the plan followed in this establishment whose projector was the first to recognise the advantage of applying the co-operative tendency of the day, to the system of collective occupation of dwellings. We have little doubt that his plan will in the future be extensively imitated. Meanwhile, the Hotel Belgravia stands open as the example to be studied, neither too large, nor too small, quiet, private, well supervised, the very place for those who object to the bustle of the larger hotels, and who purpose staying in London for a stated period and are looking around for a temporary "home," as Mr. Tucker says, "without a household care." Would that we might all avail of his offer, for a gentleman who is so much of an enthusiast in his work should be able to provide us one more than ordinarily comfortable without trouble to ourselves.

In respect of "Flats" very good examples in every degree may be found at the magnificent new building known as Hyde Park Court; in Whitehall Court Buildings, near the Hotel





Métropole; in Queen Anne's Buildings south side of St. James' Park; in Albert Hall Mansions at Kensington Gore; in Buckingham Palace Mansions, Grosvenor Gardens; and in less princely fashion, in Victoria Street, Westminster; Ashley Gardens; in and about Sloane Square; in Hyde Park Mansions, Hyde Park (north side); on the Chelsea Embankment (westward); in point of fact in almost every locality of London—"Elegant Flats," "Choice Flats," "Large Flats" (with billiard-room, etc.).

You may pay for these unfurnished, in proportion to your requirements, "all the way" from £80 to £1000 per annum. On the other hand, you may occasionally, 'out of the season, hire a furnished flat of about eight rooms on the first floor in Victoria Street, Westminster, for £8 8s. weekly. In Hyde Park Mansions, rents of suites unfurnished vary from £80 to £250 per annum: in Carlisle Mansions, Westminster, unfurnished suites of about eight rooms will command from £140 to £360 per year.

"Chambers" may be considered "flats" in small. These snuggeries are generally reserved to bachelors. "The Albany" in Piccadilly (north side near Burlington House) affords a good example of this class of residence, not modern, but still tenanted by gentlemen of position. Residential chambers in some parts of the Temple are not to be despised; especially in the new buildings overlooking the Gardens and Embankment. These are difficult to be had, as the lawyers keep an eye upon any that may fall vacant. "Chambers" in Piccadilly rent from £65 to £175 per year.

We Londoners, who shelter ourselves in houses, villas, lodges, cottages, and so on, generally trust to the recommendations, solicitations, or inducements of friends (not seldom with later regret) in the matter of fixing our abode. We generally take our respective houses, villas, etc., on lease from the landlord, for a term of three, seven, or ten years—as the prospects prove alluring.

As a general thing three years is the safer plan; but "three years" is not the safer plan until you have satisfactory guarantees as to the drainage, drain-traps, closets, water-pipes, etc., being in

good and efficient order, from the landlord. Remember that, and thank us for the warning. The perils of those who go down to the sea in ships appear to be at least equalled by the dangers which beset those who take houses in London. A member of the

House of Commons, we are told, expended £180,000 in renovating and setting in order his

town residence, situated on one of the finest thoroughfares in London. He went into residence, and the family were immediately stricken with illness. His young son fell seriously ill. Inquiries showed that the drains were hopelessly out of order.

As to rents, everything depends upon the *locale*. Choose your district, and then look about in that district for the always-present house-agent. State your wants to him; and the rent to which you propose to restrict yourself; and he will be the man to inform you of the whereabouts of the "very house" you are in search of.



Pretty suburban parts of London, with many attractive houses at rentals from £50 to £75, £80 and £120 per annum, are Streatham, Hampstead, Norwood, Wimbledon, Putney, Richmond, Surbiton, Teddington (for the boating season); and, within the omnibus routes, Kensington and Bayswater, though very much built upon and showing little enough, now, of green fields, trees, and grass as in the old times. But near the Gardens and Parks you have a goodly show of both.

"Rooms" may be classified among bachelors' dwellings: a slang survival of the college bachelor and barrack period: "Come to my rooms"; "I shall be at my rooms"; "Lunch at my rooms," etc., etc. "Rooms" may be had almost anywhere and at almost any rental—in Pall Mall, Regent Street, Piccadilly, Sackville Street, Conduit Street, Bond Street, St. James' Street, Dover Street, Albemarle Street, etc. In point of fact, "rooms" is simply another word for apartments or lodgings; but for some unknown reason or other, seldom so used when the rooms happen to be tenanted by husband and wife.

Lodgings may be met with in every part of London, central and suburban, north, south, east, and west, in the most fashionable and in the least fashionable thoroughfares.

The rent of lodgings varies with the locality. A couple of rooms on the third floor in Piccadilly, fronting the Green Park, will cost not less than £4 4s. a week, and they are not often to be had at that price. The same accommodation in Jermyn Street, in a much smaller house, will, in the season, cost about £2 2s. The drawing-room floor in a street such as Hanover Street, Hanover Square, or Sackville Street, in the season, will command not less than £5 5s. In Bloomsbury, near the British Museum, similar accommodation may be had for £2 2s. or £3 3s., and even for less out of the season. For the bachelor who wants comfortable quarters at a moderate rental, say, from one guinea to a guinea and a half, no district offers so many advantages as St. James'. In nearly all the streets east of it are to be found private hotels and lodging-houses, in which good

bedrooms may be had for £1 1s. per week. In the Kensington and Bayswater and outlying suburbs, good rooms (2) may be had for £1 1s. or £1 10s. per week. In London itself lodgings are more expensive than in the suburbs.

It should be borne in mind that these prices ordinarily cover plain cooking, use of plate and linen, attendance, but not boot-cleaning, washing of table-linen, etc., unless specially agreed at time of hiring. Nearly all lodging-house keepers display a card—not too conspicuously the better class—notifying apartments to let. At the time of hiring, say explicitly whether you dine at home or not. Arrange with the landlady that you will order in everything for yourself. Civil and obliging tradespeople are to be met with everywhere in London, who will "*call for orders*" every day without charge, thus saving the trouble of going to the shops. Bills are paid weekly; and a week's notice is the general rule before vacating apartments, except when otherwise agreed upon.

Boarding-houses, such as are common to most American cities, and many English watering-places, inland and at the seaside, are rare in London. The boarding-house of Boston or New York is a popular institution, frequented by all sorts and conditions of



men and women. The London boarding-house is chiefly a home for cultivated waifs, and one need not be afraid to declare that the cultivated waif is often the sweetest and most companionable person to be found on this unhappy planet. There are boarding-houses in Bayswater, Kensington, and Notting Hill, in the squares, crescents, and terraces of those districts, the residents of which are generally retired military men, with a sprinkling of colonists, ladies who have passed their girlhood without marrying (none the less cheerful, happy, and contented, for that), ladies whose lords are abroad, widows, and occasionally mothers with girls eligible for husbands. There are boarding-houses in Bloomsbury, where are to be found medical and other students of both sexes and several nationalities, American folk passing through London, literary parsons "up" for a week or two's reading at the British Museum, brides and bridegrooms from the provinces, Bohemians pure and simple, and the restless gentlemen who are "something in the City," but no one knows what.

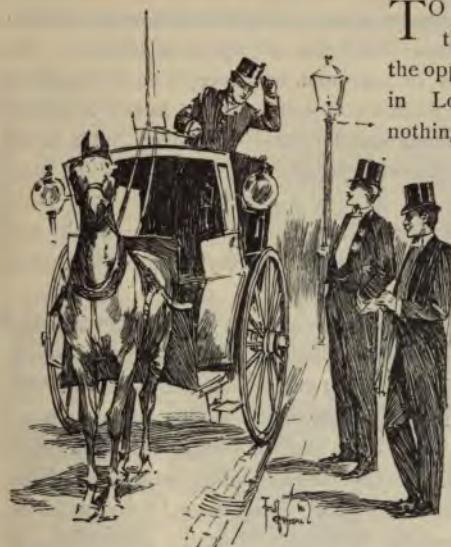
There are boarding-houses in the London suburbs—in Norwood, Streatham, Brixton, Dulwich, Putney, Highgate, Hampstead, and the like, which shelter but two or three inmates, and to gain admission to which is often the securing all the privileges, rights, and comforts appertaining to a well-ordered and pleasant English home. Lastly, there is the boarding-house eastward of Finsbury Square and the shipping district of Leadenhall, which is frequented by English and American "skippers," and occasionally their wives, and the chief mates of their ships.

In default of recommendations, the whereabouts of boarding-houses are best found by a careful study of the advertising columns of the London dailies or by publishing an advertisement setting forth what may be required in the way of accommodation and what the advertiser offers to pay for lodging and board per week. The charges per week vary from £5 5s. in the more fashionable parts of London, to £2 2s., £1 10s., and even £1 in

the less desirable places. Board in a private family may sometime be had for a guinea and a half or two or three guineas per week ; but as few visitors will be at the trouble of searching for such accommodation we need not further refer to it. On the whole there are comparatively few boarding-houses of first-rate rank in London. Kensington is the favoured district for these.

CHAPTER IV.

"WHERE SHALL WE DINE?"



TO say that many are the ways, and various the opportunities of Dining in London is to add nothing to the general knowledge. To enumerate all the ways is no less difficult, than to describe all the opportunities.

To accept of a friend's invitation to dinner is on the whole the most agreeable, if not the surest method of obtaining one. If I,

personally, might be allowed to choose my own invitation, it would be in some such fashion as the following:

"To-morrow, Piso, at the evening hour
Thy friend will lead thee to his simple bower,
To keep with feast our annual birthday night:
If there you miss the flask of Chian wine,
Yet friends you'll meet, and while you dine,
Hear strains like those in which the Gods delight;
And if you kindly look on us the while,
We'll reap a richer harvest from your smile."

Could any invitation to dinner be more graceful and acceptable than that, or entitled to more hearty response in the affirmative? Landor added to his definition of a great man this: "It is he (he wrote) who can call together the most select company when it pleases him." Not on the store of sprightly wine, nor plenty of delicious meats does the success of what has been sometimes named "the crowning pleasure of the day" depend; but upon the welcome presence of old friends and agreeable companions. And these unhappily are not always available, even to the wealthiest and most generous distributer of dinner-invitations. He must be but a hungry, or poor soul, who accepts an invitation to dinner for the sole pleasure of eating one. Better a grilled mutton-chop in a corner with no other companion but a book, than a dinner of many courses with those with whom we have no affinity.

Nevertheless an invitation to dinner is a commendable and friendly act on the part of the giver, worthy every consideration from the receiver.

In graceful pledge of hospitality that we have quoted from the classics is far and away ahead of the modern and magniloquent engraved commonplace, which reads somewhat like this: "To have the Honour to meet their Royal and Serene Highnesses the Prince and Princess Protocoli. The Marquis of Steyne requests the pleasure of Colonel Rawdon Crawley's company at Dinner — the — instant. 8.30 p.m. Full Dress." An invitation worded like that, however, is not to be hastily cast aside. It may mean the crowning ambition of a lifetime. It might mean the pleasing publication of one's name in the "Court and Fashion" column of the newspapers. It should mean a score more invitations to dine with less exalted folk elsewhere. Even the sourest democrat does not like to forego his dinner.

They dined as we know at La Force, at the Châtelet, at the Conciergerie, the while the September massacres were in progress. There is a large canvas in the Museum at Boulogne which illustrates the fact. Tall, lank President Chepy, and that terrible

Man in Gray ate of a knuckle of ham and cheese and bread, washed down with genuine *vin de Bordeaux* the while they despatched old Marshal Maille and sundry others "À l'Abbaye" whence none returned.

I have sometimes thought that a finely-illustrated *brochure* entitled "Selections from my Menus" might find acceptance with diners and dinner-givers. Quite a pleasing collection lies before us, the reading of which may be said to produce some of the stimulating effects of that popular American before-dinner tonic,



the "Martini cocktail." Here is one such *menu*, very simple in design, bordered in light blue and gold. "Dinner. H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, and H.R.H. The Princess of Wales." Oysters; clear Turtle; Soles Normande, Lamb cutlets and asparagus points; roast Pheasant; Teal; "Charlotte" of pine-apples; Baba à la crème; Tangerine orange ice. Here is another done in plain white and black with a deep golden border: "The Speaker's Dinner." It comprises 2 Soups; 3 Fish (red mullet aux Fines herbes à la Italienne, one of them); 4 Entrées; 4 Relevés (haunch of Venison among the number); 5 Vegetables; 2 Rôts (duck, and quails in vine leaves); 5 Entremets (aspics de Foie gras included); 2 Ices (one de Groseilles Framboisée). A Menu of the famous Fox Club offers no less than 40 dishes. Among which we notice, "Turtle fins, and green fat"; "Filets de soles en matelotte Normande"; Plovers' eggs in aspic; and iced Punch à la Russe.

Some of these dinner-reminiscences afford sufficiently interesting reading. Those that show the familiar City griffins, and the corporate invocation, *Domine dirige nos*, revive pleasant memories of Turtle, of which we once saw a worthy Common Councilman order two plates'-full of a waiter, to commence upon. "The Sheriff's Ordinary" recalls the Criminal Court. H. M's Judges, the "Bar" and a miscellaneous company in time past did well upon fish, flesh, fowl served in good old English fashion, with due assortment of puddings, tarts, and cheese, including also "blamanges" which discover a trifling error in spelling.

There are reminiscences of "The Star and Garter," Richmond Hill, of "The Trafalgar," Greenwich (the fame of which has now departed), of the Reform Club (one *menu* we happen to have, shows the once-familiar superscription "A. Soyer"), of not a few City Companies; of the Ancienne Maison du Café des Mille Colonnes, Paris; and last not least a *menu* of the Galt House, Louisville, Ky., thus entitled: "Merry Christmas, December 25, 1875." Some of its dishes on that day suggest strange meats, thus—"Kentucky shoat on his way to Ohio"; "broiled young

squirrel"; "wild goose and cranberries"; "saddle of antelope," "opossum and sweet potatoes"; loin of buffalo; "loin of bear, sauce Povrade"; eight varieties of wild duck; "egg-kisses" (whatever these may be); and English walnuts to wind up with, along with a glass of old Port wine.

Any kind, and all kinds of Dinners, as we have said, may be had in London—except indeed the American; and we have often wondered why not? You may dine in plain English fashion at, almost, the last of the old London taverns of thirty years ago, "Simpson's" in the Strand, or the Guildhall Tavern by Guildhall in the City: wholesome and well-served plain roast and boiled with plentiful supply of vegetables; in the best French fashion at "the Savoy" (where, however, you must discard the notion of cheapness), and at Verrey's Restaurant and the Café Royal in Regent Street; in the German way at the capital little Café de Paris (why not Café de Cologne?), supervised by an excellent German restaurateur, at the foot of Ludgate Hill, north side; in the Russian, by consulting Mr. Krehl at "Verrey's" aforenamed; in the economical Italian at any one of a hundred cheap restaurants noticeable in the leading thoroughfares; in the Anglo-Swiss-French at the popular "Gatti's" in the Strand (north side, not far from Charing Cross Railway Station): the best dishes here, we may remark (though the public apparently thinks differently), are now quite as dear as at the leading West-end restaurants. Compare, for example, the Café Royal dinner, with the sum total of the several items as set down in the daily *menu* of Messieurs Gatti, once famed for cheap refreshments.

We have eaten dishes in the Viennese manner at a dining-place in the Strand; and, in the Danish at a capital dining-room in the City, eastward of Guildhall. Delicious Indian curries were one time to be had in St. Martin's Lane at Halford's. Turtle (fins and green fat) you may partake of at the Ship and Turtle in Leadenhall Street, or at the Albion in Aldersgate Street. At Blanchard's in Beak Street (Regent Street) you may get an occasional cut of well-roast haunch of venison in season;

and Blanchard's dining-room is every way to be commended. Whitebait may be had anywhere in the spring months; but the Ship at Greenwich is the summer resort for fish dinners; the old and excellent "Trafalgar's" fame has departed. The Vegetarians' tastes are sufficiently catered for in London as any one with an eye may judge for himself: best of all perhaps city-wards, in streets off Cheapside. We have noticed, too, Vegetarian haunts in St. Bride Street by Ludgate Hill.

The one kind of Dinner we still lack in London is the American—the daily dinner offering a variety of fifty or more cooked dishes, ready at the moment of asking, such as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other American cities provide without number. How it is done is a mystery to Englishmen who have travelled in the United States. Such a popular London restaurant as "Gatti's," in comparison of, say, "Young's" in Boston, or Moreau's (is it not?) in New Orleans, is simply nowhere in respect of variety of fish, flesh, fowl, and made-dishes. Will some friendly American kindly inform us how that famous "Free-lunch" at said Moreau's is contrived?—comprising (if my memory serves) soup, fish, round of beef, salads, and a "kickshaw" or two, which in London would cost at least 3s. 6d. a head, and probably be not half so generously served, or good, and which at Moreau's may be had for nothing! At the Thordike House in Boston we have partaken of a capital lobster salad (we blush to add) for nothing. At "Sweeting's" in London, it would have cost us 2s. 6d.

How do they do it? A Breakfast *Menu* of the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, lies before us. Make note of it, ladies and gentlemen, in view of your projected visit to the 1893 Columbian Exhibition. It comprises no less than 76 separate dishes—the variety of those made with eggs alone numbering eleven. Compare this with the ordinary English Hotel breakfast fare. But our pen runs astray on these toothsome topics, and we must needs pull-up; the reader acquitting us, we trust, of being either a greedy fellow, a glutton, or an indiscriminate extoller of good



living. We do but hold the pen in the common service. Our own sufficient motto must ever be plain living and high thinking; alas, that the last should prove so unremunerative, and the former so difficult to get! When, however, the "Eight Hours' Bill" becomes law, we shall hope to be enlisted in the ranks of working men, and to "shut-down-upon" our present iniquitous system of practically limitless high-thinking in every one's service but our own.

Considering, for the moment, the case, not of the rank and file of diners-about in London, but of those who relish a really good dinner, and know when they are eating one (not a few diners-about have no discernment that way): I should be disposed to

place in the front rank of dining-places in London, as satisfying every reasonable requirement of excellent cookery, good wines (particularly those of Bordeaux), general comfort and neatness in the accommodation provided, along with, in our experience, much courtesy and attention on the part of the proprietorate: the hotel known as Brown's and St. George's (a vilely compounded appellative) in Dover Street, Piccadilly. Unluckily, however, this is not a public restaurant; if it were it would probably be not half so good. But it may occasionally be made available, by pre-arrangement, at the hotel bureau. The daily *table d'hôte* dinner here served at 6s. is, I have little hesitation in saying, the best of its kind in London. The guests of the hotel are sufficiently numerous in the season; so that due note should be made of this fact and also that the dining-room is not accessible to every one. But for a small dinner-party of those who can appreciate a good dinner, commend us to "Brown's." We have always entered it willingly and taken our leave reluctantly, especially after a glass or two of the Ford's claret, which is admitting a great deal, seeing that one's digestion has to be studied.

Two other good places in London for the dinner *absolument comme à Paris* are Verrey's (corner of Hanover Street), as we have once before said (write to Mr. Krehl to arrange the *menu*, and perhaps it might be as well, forethoughtful, to name the price), and the Café Royal in Regent Street—a capital place for a French dinner, such as the average Parisian hotel daily provides. To these two it would be right to add "the Savoy" in the locale of that name. Some indeed might place it first; but "some" is not synonymous with the majority, which generally is but ill-endowed with means for lavishing a golden piece on a single meal. The Savoy Restaurant's resources can furnish forth a sumptuous and excellent repast at almost any hour of the day, but you must be prepared to pay sufficiently in return. The management is every way capable of affording a practical definition of the adverb.

"The Bristol" in Burlington Street, and "the Berkeley" in

Piccadilly have claims to be included with the foregoing. But your "fixed-price" dinner at either will cost not less than 10s. Ten shillings per day, per annum, represents a good deal. It might stand, for example, as the one divided share of profits in respect of this admittedly readable annual publication: a free and frank admission in sooth to make. But such divided share, it is needless to suggest, may be generously and opportunely increased, if in lieu of borrowing this generally well-informed and instructive year-book, each journeying Londonwards would purchase a copy for his, or her own use, and not part with it to others. It would seem Quixotic to be continually advising every one to save five shillings a day on his dinner in London, if such friendly attention be not in some sort reciprocated by more liberal co-operation in aid of the wider diffusion of such excellent advice. But this by



the way ; merely incidentally remarking that though no apparent decrease can be traced in the prices cheerfully paid for dinners in London, a very considerable decrease is perceptible in the prices all too-reluctantly paid for books. One shilling, "twenty-five per cent. off," is the unhandsome popular price in London of to-day.

"Ah, sir ; how your Lordship knows the world !" sighed the Lord Viscount Castlewood's chaplain, talking over the affairs of Mr. Harry Warrington of Virginia. "I have lived long enough in it, Mr. Sampson, to know something of it," answered his Lordship. "'Tis sadly selfish, my dear sir, sadly selfish. Next to the very young, I suppose, the middle-aged and very old are the most selfish. You haven't the king ? I play queen, knave, and ten—a sadly selfish world, indeed. Pray don't let's discuss it."

For a matter of five shillings one may dine at the *table d'hôte* daily spread, not at one table, but at many tables in the dining-saloons of the Grand, Métropole, Victoria, and other leading London hotels, of the which most interested persons are now sufficiently informed. We all have had experience of *tables d'hôte* here or there on our travels. A certain similarity is noticeable in all ; spacious dining-rooms, effective display of table-cloth, flowers, lights, glass, and dessert ; interesting perspective of black coats, white ties, collars, and shirt-fronts, and ladies' evening gowns ; waiters hurrying to and fro with portions of this and that, duly selected from a *menu* done in French, less easily comprehended than English by the average English mind. Some of these daily dinners in point of variety and cookery are more relishing than others, a fact that might be explained, perhaps by the passing temperament of the chief of the kitchen, not less susceptible of diurnal change than one's own. On the whole these hotel dinners at a fixed price may be commended. If one does not always know beforehand what he is about to eat, he may know to a penny what he will have to pay. The appointed "dinner-hour" generally is from 6 to 8.30 p.m.

As regards popular Restaurants with a Continental flavour,

there is "Gatti's," before named, in the Strand, much frequented by well-to-do middle-class Londoners and sight-seeing provincials,



It is half café, half restaurant, and wholly well conducted. The prices charged are fairly moderate. For half-a-crown you may get a tolerably appetising meal, comprising an *entrée*, sweet, cheese and bread. For less than that you may have a cut from the joint, with vegetables and bread. But your true Londoner, who

knows his way about, would not preferentially go to Gatti's for the homely English joint, tender and well-roasted.

"Simpson's" (in the Strand, near at hand) provides this in much better fashion, "cut and come again," for half-a-crown; and for a matter of three shillings and sixpence, at "B!anchard's," in Beak Street, Regent Street, the most generous English dinner in London is to be had; though the accommodation here is limited, considering the large business done. These two places may be said to be almost the last of the West-end London taverns, so popular some thirty years ago, when continental restaurants were to be found only in the Haymarket and the neighbourhoods of Soho and Leicester Squares.

At nearly all the London Terminal railway stations the visitor will find a well-arranged dining-room, available from 12.30 noon to 8 or 9 p.m., and even later. These are mostly in the hands of those well-known public caterers, Spiers & Pond, whose principal establishments are the Criterion Restaurant, in Piccadilly, and the Gaiety, next the theatre of that name in the Strand. At either of these places, almost any class of dinners may be had, ranging in price from less than 2s. 6d. to half-a-guinea per head, or more. The East Rooms at the Criterion have a reputation for the higher French *cuisine*; and two or three years since were the fashionable rendezvous of fashionable diners about town. The "Grill-rooms," so-called, of all Spiers & Pond's numerous places provide, well-served, the everlasting chop and steak of English domestic life.

The English chop and steak are apparently destined to outlive the centuries; and when all other food fails through the length and breadth of England, the hungry stranger in our midst may be sure of finding an advertisement of that kind of meal somewhere still surviving. It is the one kind of daily food of which your Englishman never seems to tire; and he will daily take to his chop, half-raw and all-too-fat though it be, far more religiously than to his prayers. At some London hotels and restaurants, the American may "happen upon" his much-relished tender-loin, or that major cut of prime American beef, known as the "Porter-house steak."

It is needless to remark that there is always a large foreign population in London—resident or transient. At Monico's huge café restaurant, fronting the east end of Piccadilly, daily at midday and the dinner-hour, you will find no inconsiderable proportion of the better class of foreigners—French, Italian, Swiss, and others commingling. This is a good dining or luncheon place conducted in good style after the continental manner. The Tivoli Restaurant in the Strand has some claims to rank in the same class with Café Monico; though interiorly not so spacious. There are one or two German dining-rooms of a rough and ready kind in the Strand.

The Hotel Continental, in Regent Street, has attractions for gentlemen, and is credited with providing good cookery. Romano's, in the Strand (north side), is a favourite resort of actors and their friends.

One needs not to point out, what is apparent to every by-passenger in the streets, that the Italian *restaurateur* finds London to his liking. In almost every thoroughfare in and out of London, the city and suburbs alike, he may be found plying his trade of cheap confectionery, chocolate, ices, lemonade, in some instances fair



Italian wines, and tolerable cookery. Some of these restaurants are not to be despised, and we remember one or two that are exceptionally good. But the visitor will have to pay for his experience in testing the merits of such places. Try Torrino's, 45, Oxford Street; Pagani's, in Great Portland Street; and Pinoli's, in the Strand, eastward of Wellington Street. Torrino's, aforesaid (on the south side of Oxford Street nearly opposite the Music Hall), is entitled to mention as a supper-resort. Previtali's, in the vicinity of Leicester Square, may be also named.

Every one knows the Holborn Restaurant, with its splendid marble columns, rich ornamentation, attractive upholstery,

spacious accommodation, and musical dinners. It is a favourite resort of visitors and others, for whom a cheap and liberal *table d'hôte* dinner has attractions, with the additional allurement of music. The evening, of course, is the time for dining here; though the Grill-room and Luncheon Bar are very popular at midday.

Writing of London grill-rooms, which are common Luncheon resorts now, as well for ladies as for gentlemen, one of the best and most central is that of the "Grand," nearly opposite Charing Cross Post Office. It is not at all expensive: 1s. 6d., or thereabout, for a particularly well-served "chop," vegetables and bread.

You will get an English dinner, at a moderate price, at the First Avenue Hotel Restaurant in Holborn. There are also a grill-room and *buffet* attached, which, as regards the former, is well patronised by ladies to whom the Holborn shopping resorts are a source of periodical pleasure; and, as regards the latter, by lawyers and business men. The charges are reasonable.

Ladies sight-seeing westward will find comfortable dining accommodation, and moderate charges, at the St. James' Hall Restaurant; and also at the Burlington, west side of Regent Street, where the cookery is unusually good.

We should be disposed briefly to sum up the foregoing information thus: (1) For a little dinner to yourself and friends, and



or the higher French cookery, try the Savoy, Verrey's, the Café Royal (Regent Street), and the commodious Criterion East Rooms.

(2) For a dinner-party in more ceremonious fashion, certainly Brown's Hotel in Dover Street, and the Grand, or Métropole Hotels; the Berkeley Hotel in Piccadilly, and the Burlington Hotel in Cork Street; and of course the Savoy within the limitations previously suggested. (3) For the daily *table d'hôte* ladies being of your party, the Gordon Hotels in Northumberland Avenue aforesigned; and Brown's Hotel by writing beforehand. For the rest, dine where you please in London after reading this chapter: costly thy meal as thy purse can buy, not o'er-tired we may hope or in ill-temper, and not throwing away five shillings on a bad dinner when you can buy a good and sufficient one for less.

As to chop-houses redolent of literary and other memories, these no longer exist. The Cock, and let's hope the old Tennysonian quotation about the plump head waiter, have been struck out of guide-books; and the reputation of the steak-puddings of the Cheshire Cheese is no longer passed from friend to friend. Dolly's has long since vanished, and the Chapter Coffee-house is brand new. The Guildhall Tavern lives, and daily shelters many a disciple of the old fashion of English dining, which perhaps is best studied in the City, and by him whose capacity for mock turtle, turbot, beef, and port is no less admirable than the British drayman's for beer.

In general, it may be said, that the cheap and good dinner is best procured in the business parts of the town—in the City perhaps better than anywhere else, beginning with Fleet Street and ending say with the streets running north and south of the Bank. It is, indeed, astonishing with what facility, and how well a hungry man may be served, and with what sparing drafts upon his purse, in the City at midday in several of the restaurants and dining-rooms in and about Ludgate Hill, Cheapside, Queen Victoria Street, Cannon, Leadenhall, Moorgate, and Bishopsgate Streets, etc. At the West-end, you may procure a cheap dinner, but rarely a cheap and satisfactory one. In the City, an excellent

and sufficient meal may be had for 1*s.* 6*d.*, and in many dining-rooms for less—a cut from a well-cooked joint, pastry perhaps, and bread and cheese, to say nothing of a glass of ale.

The Queen Anne Restaurant, 27, Cheapside, deserves to be named as a well-managed restaurant, moderate in respect of tariff, and with good daily bill of fare. Pimm's, in the Poultry, is a first-rate luncheon place for gentlemen.

One or two out-of-town dining-places may be named here, though their fame is rather of the past than of the present. The Ship Hotel at Greenwich may be mentioned. The view on a fine summer evening at time of high water from its windows overlooking the Thames, is one of unusual interest. But for the pleasure of a seat at one of those windows one is expected to pay pretty handsomely. The time, however, is gone by for whitebait dinner parties. The fashions are changed, and Greenwich no longer does the thriving business it once did in summer, in serving that little fish to bachelors, and others, who ordinarily dined not wisely but too well.

The Star and Garter at Richmond was once in great repute. It still does a fair business in the summer season; but its dining-room is not so crowded as it used to be. The most moderate in respect of charges of the out-of-town resorts is the Wheatsheaf at Virginia Water.

On Sunday, if one should be compelled to dine away from his hotel or lodgings, he must arrange to take his principal daily meal either between 1 and 3, or after 6 afternoon. The London restaurants are closed till 1, and between 3 and 6.

As to wines (if you take wine) you may find a good bottle among other places, at Brown's Hotel in Dover Street (their clarets generally excellent); at the Burlington in Cork Street; at Verrey's Restaurant in Regent Street; at Kuhn's hard-by; at the Café Royal in Regent Street (the champagnes seem to us high-priced, but the wines generally uniformly good); at the Berkeley Hotel in Piccadilly; a good bottle of "old Port" should be forthcoming from the Covent Garden "Tavistock's"



THE HOLBORN RESTAURANT,

cellars; and of "Madeira" from those of the "Ship and Turtle" in Leadenhall Street, though such wines seem, unhappily, to have had their day. A connoisseur may doubtless get almost any wine he has a taste for (upon special order, and special payment) at most of the leading London hotels; but hardly at many of the London restaurants, the majority of whose customers are rarely too-exacting, and are content with most meats and drinks with a French name. The old and unpretentious London tavern gave us a better bottle of wine for our money, and a more appetising cut of plain roast or boiled, than one is commonly able to get to-day in the modern richly-decorated London restaurant.

So many of us being experts in wine, we need hardly to be reminded that one of the most palatable and least harmful wines to drink at dinner is good Bordeaux; and that nowadays is the most difficult wine to be bought. Half of the heady "stuff" sold in London Restaurants under various names as "claret" is no more genuine *vin de Bordeaux* (except in so far that it is exported from Bordeaux), than genuine Burgundy wine is the product of the vine-growing districts of the Rhine. France, since the prevalence of the noxious phylloxera, *imports* a much larger quantity of wine than she exports. Of recent years the *imports* have averaged 8,000,000 hectolitres, or 200,000,000 gallons a year. The greater part of this comes from Spain. It is sent to Bordeaux and Cetee, the great wine manufacturing centres of the world, and is blended with light French wines, so as to suit the taste of French and foreign customers, of whom the English form no inconsiderable proportion. Any red wine now seems to serve in London for claret.

As for champagne, a question was officially raised the other day by a firm of champagne importers about the Customs duties to be levied on a particular brand of that wine sent into England. The firm claimed that duties should be assessed on the cost value, which was declared at somewhere about 18s. per dozen. The London Custom-house was solicitous of knowing the price

per dozen at which it was to be retailed? The incident, as the French say, was closed.

If one drinks wine it behoves him to be wary nowadays in choosing his wines at a London restaurant. If "good wine needs no bush," bad wine deserves a flaming advertisement. Those tempted to drink it, generally pay the penalty in money and *malaise*. The tempters who label their bottles "Château" this, that, or the other, and "tubful reserved," well-knowing that the wine is not what it professes to be, might with advantage come under the operation of the Adulteration Act. The adulteration

of wine is hardly less a fraud than the adulteration of beer. To pay for the gold-sealed reserved *cuvée* at the rate of 15s. per bottle, when it is merely indifferent champagne, is permissible only where a youthful host is seeking object-lessons in experience. His co-students merit future punishment for allowing him to be imposed upon. "Reserved tubfuls" of champagne are rarely reserved by growers to London or other restaurants. In point of fact, there is a great deal more bad champagne drank than

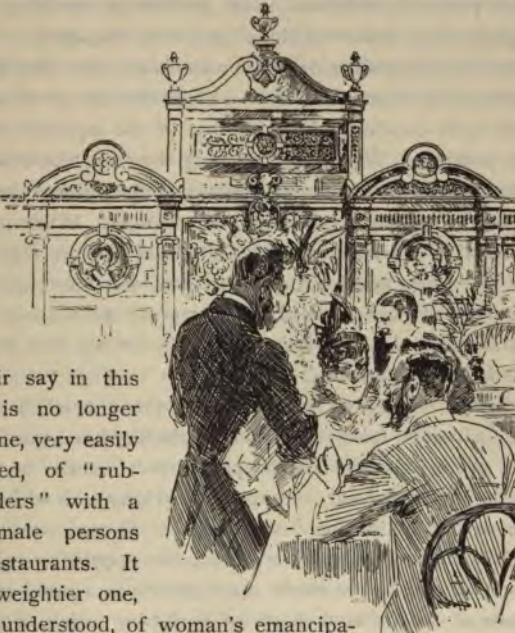


there is good champagne made. Let us always remember that, when we cast our eye over the wine list. The most agreeable alternative to bad "fiz" is good water, whether bottled and effervescent or *au naturel*, or perhaps a cup of really well-made coffee, which unfortunately is not easy to be procured in London.

CHAPTER V.

LUNCHEON-PLACES AND TEA-ROOMS FOR LADIES.

THE business of public refreshment for Ladies shows some signs of merging itself in one of national interest—international we had almost written. Common-place as it may at first sight appear, it is one neverthe less indicating gravity. Women are proposing, and very properly, to have their say in this matter. It is no longer the trivial one, very easily comprehended, of "rubbing shoulders" with a parcel of male persons in public restaurants. It is the far weightier one, less readily understood, of woman's emancipation; of the which we are told it is quite too idle to talk, till "woman" herself is prepared to give up buns and tea! Truly, buns and tea suggest no food convenient for



me ; nor indeed any very inviting variety to the English national chop, albeit served from a silver grill along with vegetables, bread, and cheese. But let that pass.

The *Daily News*—and the *Daily News* is of honourable report—says that a want of dignity and character has been discovered in the hitherto (as most of us had supposed) comforting sight of “a lot of women seated at marble-topped tables, munching dyspepsia-breeding cake, and sipping unwholesome tea from thick white bowls conventionally known as tea-cups.” The cup of tea, and stodgy bun, or pallid scone (with due modicum as may be supposed of creamless butter), are held to correspond to the male-persons’ whisky-and-soda ; and are as concretely ruinous of digestion as “coker-nut chips” and “chewing-gum.” “Contrast,” says a social-reforming lady who raises the interesting larger question of women’s diet: “contrast the dinner of the average well-to-do maiden lady, with that of the equivalent bachelor.” Ay, contrast. We are for showing the how, the when, and the whereabouts in London to contrast, if it so please the lady. By Epicurus! what a tale might we unfold. What lovely “set-scenes” at separate tables (*table d’hôte* and the rest), lit by the electric light, might we discover here and there, graced by the presence of bachelors old and young did the humour fit, and our purse respond, or the lady herself proffer her own sweet aid in the interesting adventure.

But let us seek no further contrast than that which the married-man’s London luncheon presents—the city-luncheon for example. Let us for convenience sake peep into “Pimm’s” in the Poultry at the luncheon-hour, and note the avidity with which the juicy, but costly Whitstable “native-oyster” is made away with ; the refreshing male-lobster devoured, the appetising salad of crab enjoyed, the havoc made upon game-pie, soused-salmon, cold birds of various kind, hams of Yorkshire curing, sandwiches of caviare, and so on. Contrast that kind of meal, excellent and varied in every degree, flanked by let’s say “fiz,” clarets, hocks, and ales, with that other kind of meal generally offered the

"married-woman" and her favoured freer sister, luncheon-hunting, after shopping, in London.

In this matter Ladies might well seek redress. With some few exceptions, the restaurants and refreshment-rooms specially dedicated to their use are among the worst provided in London. A good, clean, spacious, well-managed London restaurant for ladies, with reading- and 'cloak-room facilities, in a central situation, supplying good, well-cooked food at fair prices, is one of the needs of to-day. We have small faith in Ladies' Clubs (save those for Literary Ladies who know their own mind and how to govern other peoples'); and, less in "Dorothy" Restaurants. What is wanted is a restaurant set apart to ladies organised on the same scale, and providing the same variety of meats, as restaurants ordinarily patronised by their fathers, husbands, brothers, and kindred sympathetic male persons.

Meanwhile, let us see what is already provided in London in the way of restaurants generally frequented by Ladies. There are the chop-places and dining-rooms at the railway stations to begin with. The Italian restaurants, some good, some bad, everywhere to be seen in London are largely patronised, because they are cheap. Herein we mark the true unselfishness of woman who eats her own scant "chop" there, that her husband may commemorate her birthday at the Café Royal. St. James' Hall Piccadilly, and its near neighbour, the Criterion, are convenient luncheon resorts, after "doing" the art galleries. "Gatti's," in the Strand, provides a not-too-dear meal. Then there is "the Grand's" grill-room (downstairs) opposite Charing Cross Post Office, neat, clean, comfortable, and not expensive.

In Regent Street are several confectionery-shops, if you like that sort of thing, and a small, but well-managed restaurant, named "the Parisian" on the east side, almost fronting Conduit Street. It displays a sufficiently varied daily bill of fare, and its charges are considerably less than those of more pretentious neighbouring restaurants. With ladies shopping, Regent Street

way, the Parisian appears to be a favourite mid-day place of refreshment. "The Burlington" (west side) is also a ladies' luncheon and dining-place, best resorted to perhaps when a little party of four is pre-arranged. Verrey's (corner of Hanover Street, can serve the neatest little French *déjeuner*, if you don't mind a matter of five (or more) shillings. The same may be said of the Café Royal, upstairs, where ladies go. And if you have no further use for a golden piece, there is the Savoy Restaurant considered about the best of its class in London. In addition to all these, the Métropole series of London hotels advertise a *table d'hôte* luncheon for 3s. 6d.

If "Tea-in-town" has any attractions, the opportunity of gratifying an appetite for that generally refreshing afternoon stimulant is within reach almost everywhere. The ladies' shops have taken to serving it: Liberty (in Regent Street) among the number. All "the Stores" (Army and Navy, Civil Service, and the rest) follow the vogue in this respect. The Italian *restaurateurs* have



turned their attention to tea ; but one must needs have a strong stomach to avail of their samples. About the most pernicious beverage ever concocted is what we may define as urn-tea-stewed. And the worst samples of that are chiefly retailed at railway refreshment-rooms and exhibition-places.

The only safe system to have recourse to is the separate tea-pot system—though by the way, we have never as yet happened upon a Siamese-twins' tea-pot. The parent utilitarian tea-urn should be avoided, as one might avoid any ill-conditioned parent distributing poison.

The refreshment-rooms of Messrs. J. & B. Stevenson, bakers and confectioners, generally spacious, clean, and well-supervised—to be met with in many of the leading London thoroughfares—are convenient for the mid-day tea. You will find there retailed well-made bread, rolls, cakes, pastries, and so on, in large variety, and "snacks" of this, that, and the other comestible at very moderate prices. Moreover, you may have your quite separate tea-pot of "fresh-made tea" and your marble-topped table all to yourself, if you wish to meditate alone. The cost of roll, butter, and tea at these places will not exceed 6d.

Hither and thither in London, you will find these convenient confectionery shops, sufficiently numerous, arranged on a sensible unpretentious scale by Messrs. J. & B. Stevenson, and retailing the above kind of fare. A good example of Stevenson's establishments may be found on the south side of Ludgate Hill; and note may be made of the fact that they have a reputation for christening, birthday and wedding-cakes, less expensive than at the West-end confectioners.

The Vienna Café Restaurants may be commended as supplying exceptionally good coffee. Gunter's (Berkeley Square), Buszard's (197, 199, Oxford Street), Fuller's American Confectionery Depôts, are among the favourite places for ices ; and if you are Bond Street way, at the south-west corner (Piccadilly end), you will find "Stewart's," under the actual patronage of all the

English "royalties," originally established there as a "baker's shop," two centuries since when Piccadilly was in its babyhood. It has a comfortable and pretty luncheon-room, visited by many ladies of the nobility at all seasons of the year, and also much in favour with Americans tired of sight-seeing, and doing the galleries, and "just longing for a cup of tea." In Regent Street (east side), Glasshouse Street, to be exact, you will find Bonthron's, a similar kind of place, where ladies go for afternoon tea, ices, confectionery, and so on; and in Oxford Street (197-199), a few yards east of Regent Circus will be found Buszard's, a firm of first-rate repute, which makes provision for mid-day and afternoon refreshments, and offers a capital *menu* of soups, made-dishes, entrées, sweets, etc.

CHAPTER VI.

THE THINGS ONE WANTS TO SEE.



EVERY one wants to see something when he comes to London. There are the things one must see, and the things one ought to see. Among the former might be set down the various places of historic interest, if these, chiefly illustrative of fact, can be said to have any interest for the majority who read or have read, nothing but fiction. Among the latter would be included Plays, Operas, Pictures, and—are we at liberty to add?—Persons. If disposed to cynicism we might further include, as not unworthy of notice in this city of cities, the very centre of civilisation itself, various Common Objects by the Wayside, within the observation of all with leisure to study them.

It is impossible to see all the things one ought to see in London of To-Day. It has been well remarked, that at our present rate of progress in amusements alone, we Londoners all will be obliged to become mere specialists. Men and women, born to talk, will have to let it be known that they are severally answerable only for one department of social interest: new people, new plays, new music, new pictures, new exhibitions, and so on. Specialists who have gone over to the universalists may be trusted to ring the changes, a kind of triple-bob-major, on every theme of present interest, from English opera to Hospital nursing.

The number of indispensable plays yearly produced in London are legion. Half a dozen principal picture galleries, to say nothing of the supplementary "galleries" of the dealers, invite attention at the same time. Of Italian, French, and English opera we are now provided with more than a sufficiency from October to July. The concerts, classical, modern, popular, orchestral, ballad, chamber are too numerous to mention. Add to these the side shows of the Metropolitan Vanity Fair, and how can the average man or woman hope to get through his or her day's work? One must of necessity pick-and-choose his amusement, whether it be serious or cheerful.

To begin with, there are the Persons one might want to see when he comes to London. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair. "Sir, I look upon every day to be lost," said Dr. Johnson to one of his friends, "in which I do not make a new acquaintance." This might be accepted as a latter-day argument in favour of making friends of the mammon of unrighteousness while the opportunity serves. Opportunities both varied and numerous, may be found in London, but the too-adventurous may perchance find cause later to repent an over-hastiness in seeking new acquaintances. Still, a chance acquaintance will often help us to see many persons and things worth seeing.

It was by such casual aid we contrived to see the German

Emperor face to face, and to overhear a remark made to his Imperial Majesty by the Prince of Wales. True, the remark itself was not of any public interest; but it has served us since to say, that we have heard the Prince of Wales talk. At the same time we were enabled to see what London newspapers had been chosen to catch his Imperial Majesty's eye while journeying by train; and sorry were we not to discover certain of our own political favourites among them. But we did discover that only one journal had been unfolded; and it is unnecessary to reveal which that was.

Princes and governors may be met with in London even in the "off-season." Senators from all parts are seldom absent. A king is now somewhat rare, and when he comes he is seldom seen. An emperor is rarer still. But Queen and Empress happily we have with us, if not in London itself, at some periods of the year very near to it. When the Royal Standard is flying over the keep of Windsor Castle, a chance trip to that beautiful spot might perchance discover the Queen on her daily drive through the environs. In June and July you may be almost sure on most afternoons of seeing one or other of the princesses in the Park—Hyde Park that is. The Prince himself is seldom long absent from London. Without the Prince of Wales, London-Society, and all that thrives upon its innumerable requirements, would be as dead as Marley, sometime co-partner of Scrooge.

A capital spot from which to survey all the rank and fashion of the Town, if you are that way inclined, is the open space fronting Buckingham Palace on a "Drawing-room" day; and all the pomp and glitter of Naval, Military, Diplomatic, and Civil officers and functionaries, the space fronting St. James' Palace on a Levée day. Keep your eye on the "Days' Appointments" in the newspapers for the appointed day and hour of each: usually in March, April, May and June.

To track down the Lion of the London Season, you must needs have a certain enthusiasm, and love of sport. You should contrive to strike his lair, to learn at what time and when he feeds,

and in what directions he daily roams. The least roundabout way of seeing him is not to stay beating the bush ; but to ask him " pat " to see you. That involves some preliminary scheming ; but no one worth his salt is destitute of facility that way. If you fail in this, it is not impossible to get at the Lion by means of a guinea admission ticket to a public dinner. Secretaries of charitable institutions are the keenest hunters after the London Lion. By some such means you may perhaps be enabled to satisfy a legitimate curiosity as to a distinguished stranger, and at the same time relieve your mind of some part of your duty towards your neighbour, infinitesimal part though it be.

Among other Persons one might want to see are the leaders in Church, State, Law, Literature, Art, Science, and the rest.

Some of their lordships, the Bishops, may be seen most afternoons in the House of Lords, the right men in the wrong place. When Convocation is sitting at Westminster, which is but seldom, you might haply come upon the several occupants of the several Sees wending their way to the Jerusalem Chamber next the cloisters of the famous abbey-church : the fittest meeting-place as one would say for peers Spiritual.

Leaders in the State may best be seen—Commons and Lords—within the Houses of Parliament when Parliament is sitting. Information as to how and when is afforded elsewhere.

The Judges and leaders of the Bar are to be found in their appointed places at the Royal Courts of Justice in the Strand, when those courts are sitting. The galleries are free to the public. The periodical sittings of the Central Criminal Court are held at the Old Bailey, next Newgate.

It is impossible to say where the shining lights of Literature may most conveniently be seen. Authors are for the most part a solitary folk. They shun the noise of folly, and stand apart from "the madding-crowd's ignoble strife." The Society of Authors (Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields) might be in a position to render some assistance to the too-curious, dissatisfied with photographic reprints in the journals, and mean in the

matter of book-buying. But it would be well not to confess that much to the Society itself.

The Art Studios (Campden Hill, Kensington, Chelsea, and Hampstead ways) are generally accessible to a lover of art, apt in detecting the merits of a picture. One of the best of introductions to an artist is an intention to buy examples of his work.

The Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, and the several headquarters of Science at Burlington House, Piccadilly, might put you in the way of meeting scientific men. The London Hospitals, general and special, are freely open to earnest inquirers on application to the respective secretaries. The School Board system, (among others, of London of To-Day,) might be studied by application at the head offices, Victoria Embankment. For the rest, leaders in Science are rarely sought after, save by students in science; and our labours in respect of this present work unfortunately lie not on that line.

As to Places in London one might wish to see, these might be conveniently thus divided:—

Places that all wish to see, and but few can see.

Places that all may see, and few have a desire to see.

All would wish to see the interiors of the Queen's Palaces. The Lord Chamberlain's department (Stable Yard, St. James' Palace) must needs be reckoned with before that wish can be gratified. A mere idle curiosity will never suffice to gain his official permission. Buckingham Palace is a splendid palace interiorly, and contains some pictures of note. St. James' and Kensington Palaces are historically interesting, without and within. Influence in high quarters might help to obtain admission to all three; but the official permit, we may warn the Reader, is very rarely granted.

The State Apartments at Windsor Castle any one may freely see when the Queen is not in residence: as to which we say something later on. Writers never tire of saying that the Castle is a magnificent pile of buildings, most rare in its historical associations, teeming with interesting galleries and architecturally

picturesque nooks and corners, and blest with a site that may truly be termed incomparable. But very few, however, have the privilege of seeing Windsor Castle in all its parts.

Among other places in London a visitor might be pardoned a desire to see, are : the Duke of Westminster's Picture Gallery in Grosvenor Street; the Duke of Wellington's, at Apsley House; the Earl of Ellesmere's, at Bridgwater House; the Earl of Dudley's, in Park Lane; the Duke of Sutherland's collection at Stafford House, St. James': nearly all of which may be seen by influential introduction, or on polite application by letter.

In our note-book of interesting places in London, outside the ordinary category, we find the following, as at one time or other seen by us:—St. Stephen's Crypt in Westminster Hall; the Jerusalem Chamber, and Chapter House attached to the Abbey; the State Reception Rooms at the Foreign Office; the Archbishop's Palace at Lambeth, and the Library; the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons; "the Terrace" at tea-time; the Cabinet-room, and Lord Beaconsfield's restored dining-room of Sir Robert Walpole, at the First Lord of the Treasury's official residence in Downing Street; the interior of the interesting Norman Tower at Windsor, and the Waterloo Gallery; the little ante-chamber where Wellington and Nelson met for the first and only time; the Governor's room at Newgate (now done away with: what is become of the busts?); the India Office library; the "Grillon" club's meeting-place on a dinner-night; the chapel of the Charterhouse, and the dining-hall of Christ's Hospital; the German (or Lutheran) Chapel Royal, St. James', relic of the earlier Georges. All these have we in our own wanderings viewed with much interest. We note them here for the information of the universalist sight-seer.

Among "Places that all may see, and but few have a desire to see," we should be disposed to rank the several departments of the British Museum first. Not one Londoner in ten, probably, has "done" the national collection thoroughly; yet there is no

place in all England more interesting and instructive than the museum in Bloomsbury. Most persons, however, like their amusement unadulterated with instruction.

The Natural History Museum at South Kensington is less popular than the British Museum, or, as is more likely, is less easy of access for the great bulk of visitors. Last year the total visits were 355,682, of which 14,672 were for purposes of study. These splendid galleries are unique, and we advise all who have a spare day to look through them. In their particular department there is nothing equal to them, either for the value of their contents or the excellence of their arrangement. The nation may well feel proud of possessing such a place, and rejoice over the growth of the collections.

Then there is the People's Palace, in the east of London (Mile End Road): a splendid monument of philanthropic effort, every way worthy the attentive study of those, among the more earnest-minded of us, tempted to make presage of the signs of the times.

Nor, while in that direction, should Toynbee Hall and the Universities' settlements (Whitechapel and thereabouts) be lost sight of. The Show-places of Poverty are nowise to the liking of the frivolous; but perchance a sight of these may occasionally serve a useful purpose. Humanity is a rare virtue among men. Toynbee Hall, with its class-rooms, library, tennis-court, and the rest, not omitting the cheery, practical help in various ways rendered by its resident-staff to those around them, can hardly fail of discovering to the diligent seeker after truth some of the active principles of the religion of humanity.

But that the practical work of the many philanthropic associations, helping to instruct, amuse, and raise the condition of the working population of London of To-Day, shifts from place to place as convenience suggests, we might invite the Reader's attention to the several Places in and around the metropolis where "Evenings for the People" are held, comprising Concerts, Readings, Recitations, and the like.

To these might be added the Open-spaces, Commons, and Gardens, free to all, where Games may be indulged in, where healthful Recreation may be had, where the County Council of London has provided Bands for the amusement of the people in summer. And we should not omit to mention the several local Public Libraries, art-collections, and kindred institutions, quite as interesting, doubtless, to the citizen of the world, as London's Aquarium without fish, or its Music-halls reeking of tobacco smoke and beer.

For the privilege of seeing Plays, Operas, and Pictures, one must generally be prepared to pay some shillings; and reluctant as the majority are to pay any shillings at all for anything they can contrive to see for nothing, yet these are the sights that command the support of by far the most numerous body of sight-seers in London.

Accommodation is provided in the London Theatres for 65,000 of the public; and the average nightly attendance may be reckoned at 40,000. These pay probably—what shall we say between them?—hardly less than five thousand pounds, per day.

The Picture Galleries of London are legion, beginning with those reserved to the national collections in Trafalgar Square, at South Kensington and Bethnal Green Museum, and ending with the galleries of the "dealers" who charge a shilling for educating you in "the works of Living Artists" of every school under the sun.

As illustrating modern English art, the Chantrey Gallery at South Kensington Museum, is perhaps least visited of all the London galleries; and it is one of those most worth seeing. Some of the Marquis of Salisbury's friends (as he told the House of Lords) went there on a Saturday afternoon, when it is a free day, "and there was not a soul in the place"—a fact that might at once serve to suggest "the very place I want to see."

Availing of such suggestion, it might be opportune to see what is to be seen at the Imperial Institute standing near at hand in

Exhibition Road, to be opened to the public this year. A full account of the main objects of that institution was given in **LONDON OF TO-DAY** for 1891.

By the way, the restored chapel of John Wesley in the City Road has been opened to public worship since we last wrote. Erected more than a century ago by the Founder of Methodism, this chapel has attractions which are interesting to all sections of the Methodist family throughout the world. It is almost the only Nonconformist place of worship that may be looked upon as having anything approaching to a cathedral position, and for commodiousness, intrinsic excellence, and historic interest it occupies a unique place amongst Nonconformist chapels in



RECEPTION HALL, IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

London. The spacious graveyard has been laid out as an ornamental ground. An interesting incident is related of the late Dean Stanley, who, visiting this part of the City Road premises, asked the caretaker, as they stood by John Wesley's tomb, "Is this ground consecrated?" "Yes," was the prompt reply. "By what Bishop?" "By depositing in it the body of that man of God, John Wesley," was the ready rejoinder. "A very good answer," responded the Dean, as they passed into the vestry.

Mem. (not to plagiarise the convenient method of a popular writer): The Queen's Maunday, or Royal Alms, heretofore distributed at the one-time Chapel Royal, Whitehall, with appropriate ceremony, are now bestowed on Thursday in Passion week, in Westminster Abbey. Time—1 o'clock of that day.

Events run on apace. Soon Christ's Hospital, most interesting relic of the Reformation period in England, will no more be seen in Newgate Street. Why do not more visitors attend the Sunday Services at Christ Church (11 a.m.), and later see the boys at dinner in the Great Hall, one of the finest halls in London?

With dinner in one's mind, that of the "Literary Ladies," now annually held in London in the month of June should be interesting to the student of contemporary manners, if an invitation may be had. No male persons admitted. Coffee the least-harmful toast-drinking equivalent of "fiz." Cigarettes not objected to after dinner. Place of meeting, usually "The Criterion." Their brethren of the Society of Authors, nathless authors themselves are "a down-trodden and necessitous class, unable to strike, and to whom no one offers the protection of an Eight-hours Bill" (*pace* Mr. Bryce): these still find it possible to equip themselves with a guinea Métropole dinner, at all events on one day of the publishing year—commonly in the "off-season" of June.

In no other country, we are informed, are pains and money so lavishly expended upon the cultivation of Orchids (among the present *desiderata* of every well-ordered dress-coat and dinner-

gown assembly) as in England. Nowhere else is so large a capital invested in the commerce of these costly plants, of the which the largest collection may be seen in the tropical department of Kew Gardens. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's collection is, it appears, "one of the very best on the face of the earth, and probably contains more rarities than any other amateur can boast of." Baron Schröder, at Egham, has also an admirable collection of orchids, and Sir Trevor Lawrence has another. Of orchid-lovers who are not public men, Mr. R. H. Measures takes a foremost place with his beautiful collection at Streatham.

We are promised for this year in London a great International Fruit Show under royal and distinguished patronage.

The finest collection of Roses in England may be seen in the summer season at Waltham Cross, within half-an hour's journey by rail from London (Liverpool Street terminus). You will there find five acres of ground wholly set apart to rose cultivation: thousands and tens of thousands of roses, among the finest in cultivation.

Mem. The National Rose Society's yearly exhibition at the Crystal Palace, in late June or early July, is a sight among those I, for one, always want to see.

And another is that always-delightful Evening Floral Fête held in the Royal Botanic Society's gardens in the Regent's Park in early July.

Those who have gladly paid their modest twopence (chair and programme included) to listen to the Park Band Society's excellent band in Hyde Park on Sunday afternoons (4.30 to 6 p.m.) will be pleased to know that the London County Council now provides out-door music for the people in all the Parks and open-spaces in and around the metropolis. All kinds of bands are engaged in the work—regimental, volunteer, police, local, or private. One of the best is periodically to be heard on summer evenings in the Thames Embankment Gardens (Charing Cross and Temple), between 6 and 8 p.m.

There are no Public Gardens in London better kept than these.



The concrete walks are always dry enough for walking and never weedy, and the gardener so manages that from the polyanthus, pansies, and tulips of April to the chrysanthemums and Michaelmas daisies of October, there shall be a succession of blossoms.

The Parks, and some of the Public Gardens of London are a delight to the eye: to wit, that charming stretch of flower-beds on the east side of Hyde Park by Grosvenor Gate on a July morning. These are not to be surpassed, they are hardly to be equalled in floral beauty by some of the best-tended grounds in private hands.

One of the prettiest scenes that the Thames can offer in the summer time is a Venetian fête which is held occasionally at Richmond. There is one indispensable condition, however, for the complete enjoyment and success of such a scene—namely, fine weather. The visitor to London in June, and July, might keep his eye on the advertising columns of the newspapers, for announcements of these fêtes. Richmond Hill (the Terrace) is

a good place from which to view the scene on the river winding through the country at foot.

The summer Review of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade is now become an annual affair, held on the football ground, Victoria Park. Last year there were fifteen steam fire engines, four manual engines, and four hose-vans on the ground, with about one hundred officers and men. The whole brigade of course did not turn out—in fact could not. The numbers present were but a seventh of the total strength. The detachment, however, was sufficiently large, and its equipment sufficiently varied, to give the immense multitude of admiring spectators (some fifty thousand) a very fair idea of the discipline and efficiency of the force as a whole.

A sight worth going some miles to see and well calculated to excite the stranger's wonder, is the great anniversary meeting (generally in July) of the Salvation Army at the Crystal Palace. In 1891, on such occasion 62,693 persons passed the turnstiles. Seldom have the building and grounds been more crowded. No crowd, however, could have been more pleasant to penetrate. Everybody was apparently happy, and all around were smiling faces. The gathering was a very miscellaneous one: clerks, shopkeepers, agricultural labourers, and their wives, fishermen, and here and there the cultured of both sexes. Many languages were spoken in the crowd, and indeed it was the fact that members of the Army had travelled from all quarters of the globe to take part in the celebration, which is not the least interesting of the many for which the Crystal Palace is famous.

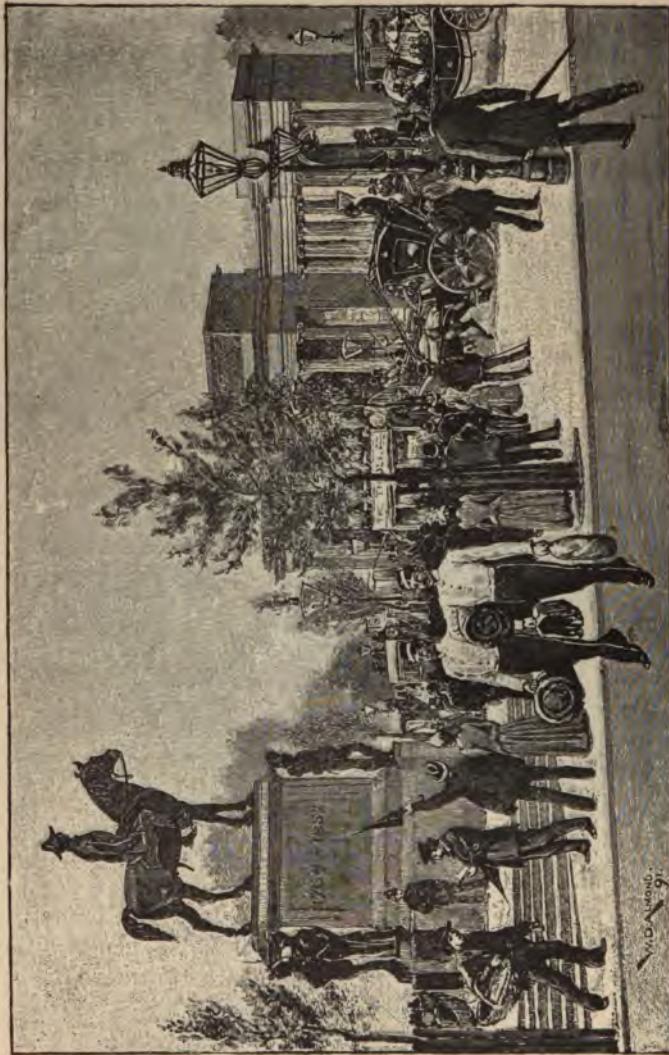
Visitors interested in "that noble animal, the horse," might like to know that the most popular of the London horse shows is that of the summer (June generally), when efforts are always made to attract the public. The most valuable from the horse-breeders' point of view are the Spring shows—namely, the Shire Horse show, and the great show of thoroughbreds and hackneys, held somewhere about March. These shows take place at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Four distinct bodies combine to

make the last-named practical and valuable—The Hackney Horse Society, the Hunters' Improvement Society, the Royal Agricultural Society, and the Royal Commission on Horse-breeding.

Such as love their own dog, no less than the dogs of others (the yelping young colley of one's immediate neighbour fairly excepted), might like to make note of the Kennel Club's Thirty-sixth yearly Exhibition, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, in the beginning of April. Some three or four hundred classes are provided, and prizes to the amount of £3,000 offered.







“HYDE PARK CORNER DESERVES MENTION” (p. 99).

W. D. & Sons.
1891.

CHAPTER VII.

SOME PLACES OF FASHIONABLE OUTDOOR RESORT.



MRS. DELANY, in a letter to her great friend the Duchess of Portland, remarks, "What company is in town you are sure of meeting in the Park." And what was true of her day remains true of our own. To find out "who's in town," meaning to engage in the occupation of critically surveying from an open carriage the youth, beauty, celebrity, and wealth of the town, is one of the earlier pleasures of the London season. This may be enjoyed to most advantage in the parks, but especially Hyde Park, where the upper classes of the English fashionable world congregate between 5 and 7 o'clock, partly to take the air, but chiefly to see and be seen. There is no finer sight in London than "the drive" on a June afternoon. The most stately mansions in Mayfair, Belgravia and Tyburnia, contribute to the gay throng of distinguished personages who, for the space of two hours, in stately procession, two carriages deep, drive round and round the Ladies' Mile. In the morning, between 11 and 1, the ride called Rotten Row—a wide avenue flanked by trees extending along the southern boundary of the park—is crowded with ladies and gentlemen on horseback, representatives of "the upper ten." The singular name of this thoroughfare, we may parenthetically remark, is sometimes said to be a corruption of *Route du Roi*, or King's Road; but Timbs mentions that it is derived from the word *rotteran*, meaning to muster, and

that its origin is traceable to the military reviews which used to be held here. The name is libellous and displeasing, and might well be changed for another that would do justice to the delightful avenue; some name that might reflect the soft, translucent foliage that borders it in summer, or the beauty of the flowers which are bedded in rich masses along its walks, or the distinction that belongs to its frequenters.

Rotten Row is the entrance-way of the London fashionable world. Nowhere else is the assemblage so aristocratic, so little diluted with the streams of inferior humanity. Shabbiness never ventures here. Seated in one of the chairs along "the Row" at the proper hour of the day, one may catch a glimpse of the most notable people in London: now of a Cabinet minister; now of a famous ambassador or foreign prince; now of a popular bishop; now of a leading Radical M.P.; some member of the Royal Family; now of a City magnate and ruler of the financial world; now of some famous artist, actor, or popular author. The dress of the riders is faultless as the horses they ride. For aught one can discern in Rotten Row on a Midsummer morning, all the world is prosperous, dignified, well-tailored, and well-groomed. There is no such thing as poverty, and no such thing as work; all the world is bent on pleasuring. Occasionally the music of the band of a regiment of Life or Horse Guards, stationed at Hyde Park barracks, lends strength to the illusion.

Royal and aristocratic wealth and state, whatever other results they may have had upon English growth and society, have at least conferred upon London its chief embellishments and adornments; and chief among these are its Parks. Had not Henry VIII. desired a park within reach of Whitehall, in which to lounge away an idle hour, and to hunt the deer, this magnificent possession of four hundred acres would probably long since have passed into the energetic hands of the builder. Hyde Park, indeed, remained a royal park, to which none but the Sovereign and the Court people were admitted, for centuries after Henry had for ever done with beheading wives and defying Rome. The

people, however, in time acquired the privilege of wandering at will over the royal domain; and it now, as every one knows, belongs to the people who, truth to say, the fashionable *habitués* of "the season" notwithstanding, find ample enjoyment in its unfenced meadows and beautiful walks. The restrictions which confront one in many pleasure-grounds are here absent; and the purpose of public recreation is not defeated by arbitrary warnings against going this way or going that.

KENSINGTON GARDENS.

A drive down Piccadilly, past Hyde Park, as far as the Cavalry Barracks, places one within ten minutes' walk of Kensington Gardens.

These gardens, which lie contiguous to, and practically form a part of, Hyde Park, and for which the public is indebted to the taste of William of Orange, Queen Anne, and Caroline, the complacent queen of George II. have been a favourite resort of Londoners for more than a century and a half. "The ladies of Queen Anne's days here loved to display their rich brocades and glossy damasks, while the wits and politicians of the Augustan age exchanged polished sarcasms on Stuart or Hanoverian, according to the political likings of the speaker's party." What was at that time the close

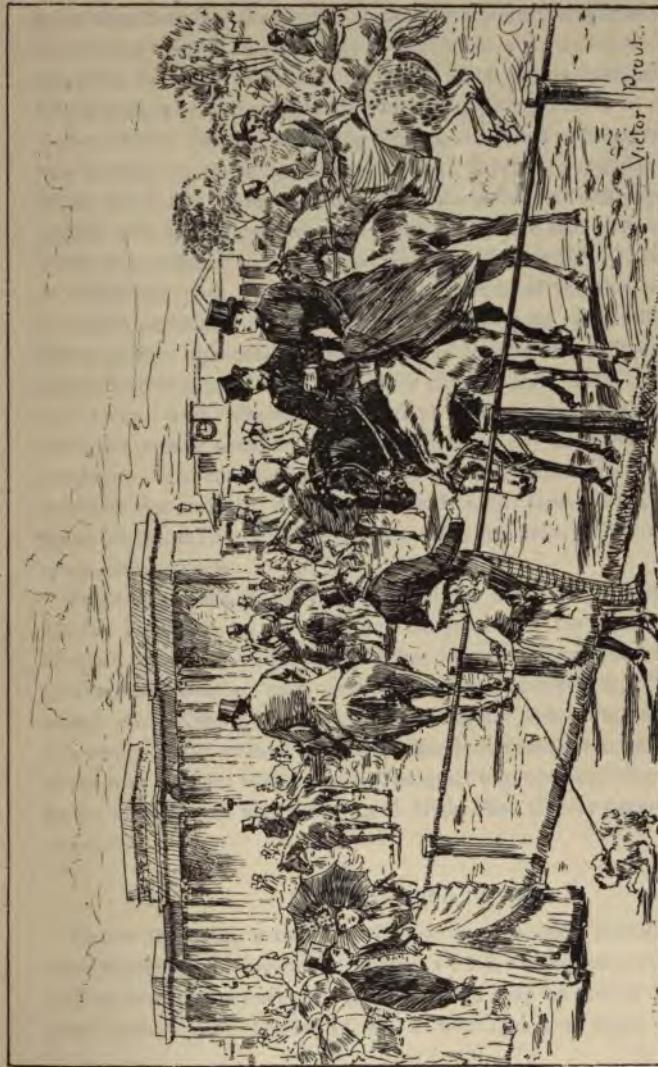


preserve of the Court and aristocracy is now a public park for the people of Bayswater and Kensington. Nursery-maids and children in the morning, and their elders and betters in the afternoon, have taken the place of the Court ladies and the wits of the "Augustan age." "The Gardens," separated from "the Park" by a sunken wall and a bridge across the Serpentine, are a triumph of the landscape gardener's art. The trees

are planted with discrimination, and the foliage is luxuriant. The surface undulates, and the paths wind now along the shore of a lake, now under a leafy archway, and now into an open space, bedded out with flowers of brilliant hues. Kensington Palace, which adds somewhat to the picturesqueness of the Gardens, was originally the residence of the Earl of Nottingham, and was purchased from him by William III. Within it Queen Mary, the consort of that king, died; and Queen Anne subsequently occupied it, giving those splendid fêtes, which were attended by all the great world of London, attired in "brocaded robes, hoops, flycaps, and fans." She, too, died within its walls; and in it also died George II., who, with Queen Caroline, had spent most of his time in it. It became the home of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, to whom, on the 24th of May, 1819, was born Alexandrina Victoria, her present Majesty. It was here that news was brought her of the death of William IV., she receiving the messengers just as she had left her bedroom, "in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified." The Broad Walk in Kensington Gardens used to be—we do not know whether it may be so now—the fashionable promenade of the wealthier inhabitants of Bayswater and Kensington on Sunday afternoons, between four and six o'clock. Within five minutes' walk of Kensington Gardens, adjacent to the Royal Albert Hall, on the southern side of the unfortunate Horticultural Society's garden, the imposing structure of the Imperial Institute of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and India, has been raised.

ST. JAMES' AND THE GREEN PARKS.

It was Henry VIII. who unconsciously endowed the inhabitants of London with what promised at one time to be the prettiest of all the parks—that which takes its name from St. James' Palace. But there is nothing here, remarks a recent chronicler



"ROTTEN ROW IS THE ENTRANCE-WAY OF THE LONDON FASHIONABLE WORLD" (p. 96).



of London, "to fill a man with envy by reminding him of the unequal distribution of the world's honours and riches ; whatever his poverty may be, he can find rags to match his own ; and if he be spleenetic, he may, as Goldsmith says, meet companions with whose groans he may mingle his own. The pinched faces of the 'lower orders' (as the labouring classes are called in England), may be seen as often as others ; and the hands are not dainty which share the contents of wicker luncheon-baskets and paper parcels with the water-fowl on the lake, which are said to be the direct descendants of those introduced by Charles II." This is so within the park, no doubt, though at times of the day and at certain periods of the year it makes some show of gentility. Being on the high-road to the clubs and Government Offices, a steady stream of "swells" flows daily through the "Mall" ; and on "levée" and "drawing-room" days it is thronged with gay carriages, whose occupants are proceeding to pay their respects to royalty. To the student of contemporary manners, the hour between one and two, afternoon, passed in St. James' Park on these occasions (the daily papers announce the dates) will bring some entertainment.

The Green Park, in the very midst of the aristocratic quarter, adjoins Piccadilly on one side and St. James' on the other. It consists principally of greensward, but there are some fine trees in the north-western part, and some pretty flower-beds. The broad road crossing the park to Buckingham Palace is called Constitution Hill, at the top of which stands the equestrian statue of the first Duke of Wellington. The great improvement effected by the enlargement and widening of Hyde Park Corner deserves mention.

REGENT'S PARK.

Unlike the noble series of parks we have noticed, extending from Whitehall to Kensington, Regent's Park, north-westward of Oxford Street, was never a royal resort, and may be said to date from to-day. The largest of all, it was laid out under the

direction of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., in the year 1812. It was formed out of crown lands, and derived its name from the title of the royal gentleman who gave it to the people. It is a beautiful open space, enriched with lakes, plantations, shrubberies, and beds of flowers. North of it rises the broad, gradual slope and cone-like summit of Primrose Hill, worn bare these many years by the feet of the multitude, having scarce any foliage, but with a look-out over London from the top which might have delighted the contemplative eye of Professor Teufelsdröckh. The park is surrounded by extensive ranges of buildings, forming terraces, variously designated. On the western limit is the cosy and pleasant district of St. John's Wood, with its little secluded cottages and villas. On the opposite, eastern, side of the park is that land of semi-suburban lodging-houses and comfortable retreats, Kentish Town; and a little farther off the somewhat more prosperous Camden Town; while just north of these are the picturesque heights of Hampstead and of Highgate, redolent of memories of Coleridge, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Keats and Shelley.

THE BOTANICAL GARDENS

are situated in the Regent's Park, occupying the chief part of the space within the inner circle. They are supplied with a rich collection of exotic, as well as native, plants; and hither, at certain seasons of the year, on certain days (duly advertised in the daily papers), come a multitude of fashionable folk to the exhibitions and flower shows of the Royal Botanic Society. The Spring Exhibitions of Plants and Flowers usually take place on Wednesdays in the last week of March and April; the Summer Exhibitions of Plants, Flowers, and Fruits on Wednesdays in May and June. The great attraction of the year is the Evening Fête and Floral Exhibition, which takes place on Wednesday early in July. There are also "special exhibitions" during May and June, and "promenades" every Wednesday, from the first

Wednesday in May to the first Wednesday in August. Admission by strangers is obtained through the courtesy of Fellows of the Society, and on special occasions by payment. The first page of the *Times*, or the fourth of the *Daily News*, will afford information on this point during the season.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

occupy a triangular space of about fifteen acres at the northern end of the Broad Walk, and along the Regent's Canal. This place has long been the pride of London, and no expense or care has been spared to make it the most interesting and complete zoological exhibition in the world. The "Zoo" in time past was as favourite a fashionable resort as Rotten Row. It was the custom of the "upper ten" to resort thither on Sunday afternoons, and promenade in its pleasant avenues enlivened by the sights and sounds of a bewildering variety of the animal world. As admission to these Sunday rendezvous was only to be had by permits from a Fellow of the Society, the general public were excluded, and the "best people" had the spacious grounds to themselves. In later years the "Zoo" has become less fashionable on Sundays, though this day is still set apart for the admission of Fellows and their friends.

In striking contrast with these exclusive gatherings is the multitude which invades the "Zoo" on Monday, which is the "popular-price" day, when a sixpence opens the gate to the neediest. Then you may see troops of sturdy, good-natured wondering folk—men, women, and children—who come thither, not to see each other, but to stand amazed at the animal show, to ride on the elephants and camels, and see the hungry lions fed, and gaze amused at the ridiculous antics of the monkey community in their cage. On other days the price of admission is a shilling, and large crowds of people frequent the "Zoo" on Saturday afternoons, when a cavalry band discourses music near the refreshment pavilion.

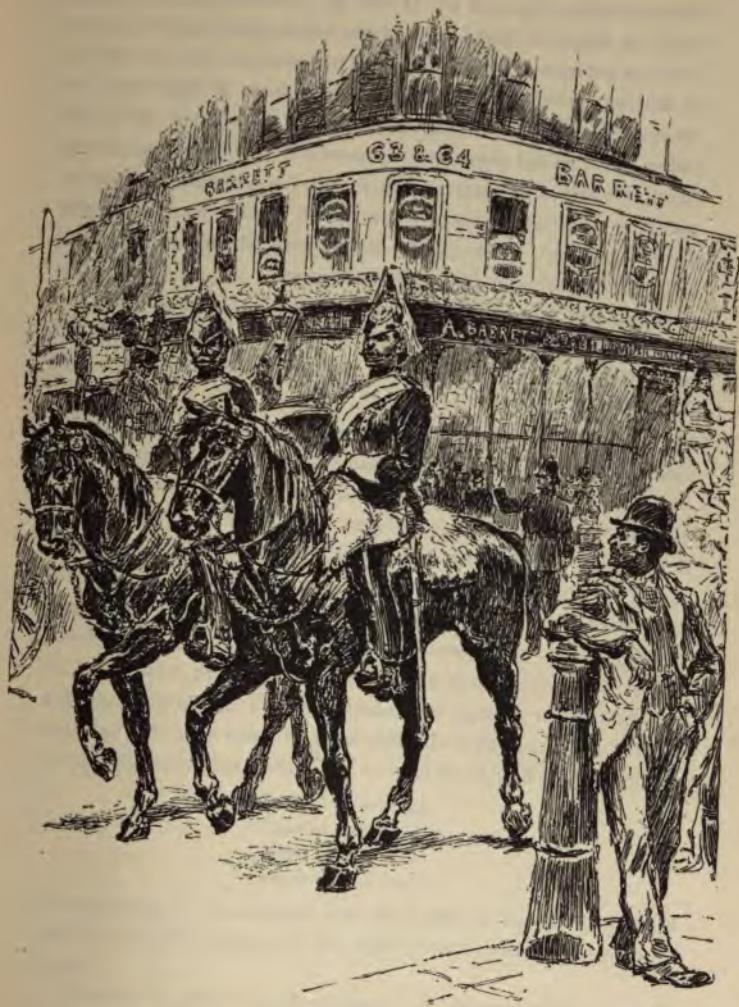
CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH WE TAKE THE VISITOR BY A
ROUNABOUT ROAD TO COURT.

the world.

But not to seem hypercritical, let us for a moment turn to the Study and Use of History by Henry St. John Viscount Bolingbroke, a sufficiently well-known and imposing authority. "I have read somewhere or other, I think in Dionysius of Halicarnassus," he writes, "that History is Philosophy teaching by examples." The English aristocracy being by privilege of birthright placed as it were on the "Foundation" of the great Public School of English Manners, has taught the English middle-class "oppidans"

"A PART from the Aristocracy," writes an observant student of English manners of to-day, "it has always been a subject of wonder to me, that caste should be so strong among the middle-classes in a country like England, which owes her greatness to their commercial and adventurous spirit." Since the very phrase "middle-classes" in itself implies an order or caste, this should be no such subject for wonder. It is but natural that the "caste" to which England stands indebted for her greatness should seek to preserve some evidences of its existence and proclaim its usefulness to



AFTER THE QUEEN'S "DRAWING-ROOM;" ON THE WAY HOME,

less favourably provided for, that there is nothing like caste for helping a man along in the world. And that as castes go, there is none so well calculated to drive him along at express speed to the goal whither most of us would willingly arrive, as that to which the hereditary English aristocracy belongs. History instructs us thus much. Philosophy goes a step further. It teaches us that, in "this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England," this London of To-day if you will, the ripest fruit first falls into the hands of him that happens to stand nearest the tree. Which things may be an allegory, or not, as the Reader listeth. But for good weighty well-grown fruit that bursts with very ripeness and drops of itself, needing no effort of plucking, commend us to that which generally falls to the share of the English aristocratic caste.

What wonder then that the English "middle-classes," being of a "commercial and adventurous spirit," and on the whole tolerably keen-witted and sagacious, should likewise join hands, and themselves form a caste, if only with a view of occasionally picking up some of the windfalls lying around, and seeing to it that the lion's share does not always fall to the lot of the sleeping-partners in the world's concerns. In union, as we know, lies strength. The aristocratic caste has, however, got a long start of its rivals, who must be content for the present to work in the suburbs only of the Elysian Fields, and pick up where and how they can. It may come to pass that all rivalry in social pretensions will everywhere some day be abolished, and that all will be

"Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage ;
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free"—

only striving to be admitted into the ranks of the Aristocracy of Intellect which shares all its riper fruits with the world at large.

That the English "middle-classes" do, in one way or another, contrive nowadays to pick-up a good deal, it would be foolish to

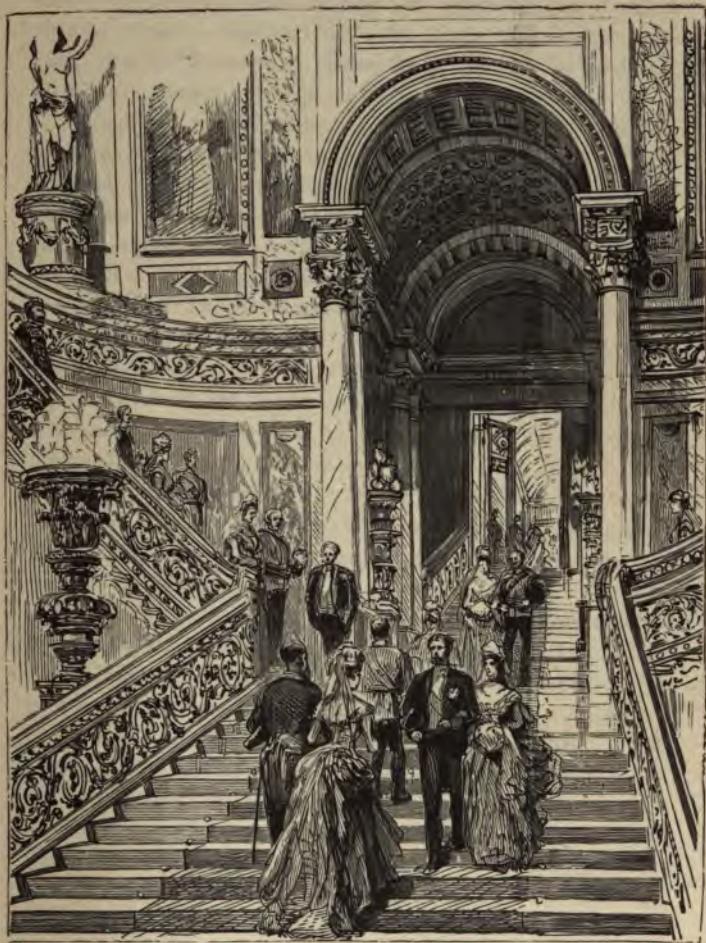
deny. But the most they lay hands on comes to them in the shape of money. Money is not everything in this world, as the saying is. Content seldom follows fortune in that shape ; though some of us (we allow ourself to be of the number) might be prepared to show to the contrary. Rank, office, station, title, distinction hereditary or otherwise, a seat in the House of Lords, on the Treasury Bench of the House of Commons, a Church Estates Commissionership, a Secretaryship of Presentations, a

Yeoman-Ushership some of us might like to have ; and if, as seems too probable, the immense majority of us will obtain neither, why let that majority be well content in basking for an hour or so in the sunshine of the Court, showing its fealty to the throne, and affectionate respect for the Royal Lady who occupies it.

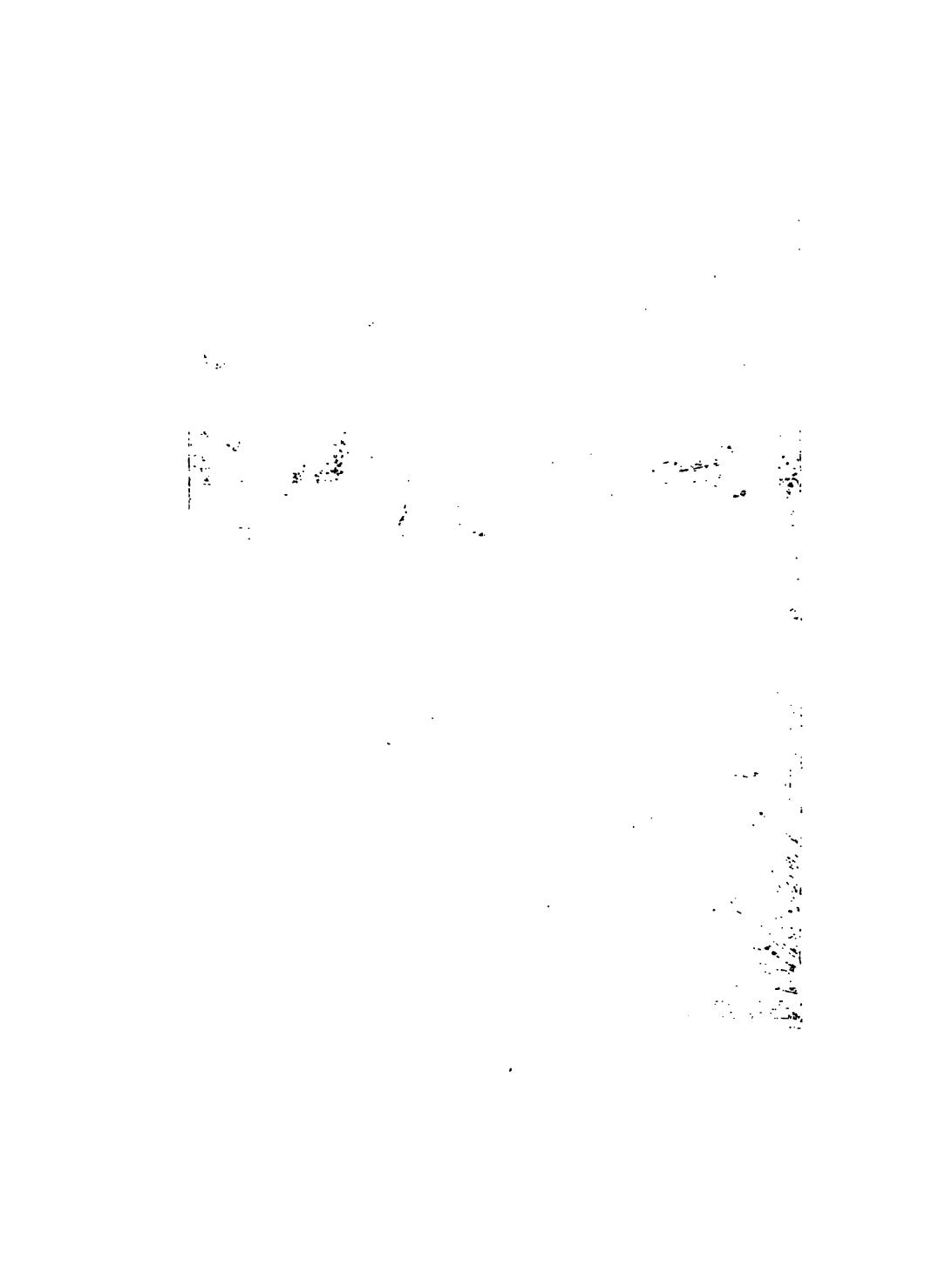
Time was, when it was not difficult to enjoy a little of such sunshine ; but Court-regulations and State-ceremonials have somewhat obscured its rays—at all events to the middle-classes of society. In the reign of some of her present gracious Majesty's predecessors any well-dressed person possessed of no other merit save that which a handsome coat conferred might walk into the gallery of the king's palace at Whitehall and look around him.

Louis the Fifteenth was accustomed to dine in public on Sundays, to the great edification of the Parisian cockneys of his day. He was very expert, we have been told, in a number of trifling matters which seldom occupy attention but for want of something better to employ it : amongst others, in the art of knocking-off the top of an egg-shell at one stroke of a fork. We may see this very dexterously done to-day in any London hotel with a knife ; but the nice execution of a boiled egg with a





THE GRAND STAIRCASE, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



fork must require some neatness of method. The Parisian citizens were so delighted with the king's skill in this particular, that his Majesty, to please them (like a wise king that he wasn't), always ate eggs when he dined in public.

If kings and princes did but know how small an act of similar felicitous condescension contributed to the happiness of their subjects, with what profit might they study the example of the illustrious Louis Quinze, whom it is now so much the fashion to copy in other domestic matters. Every housewife might then be occupied in raising eggs. Life in the English villages would be worth living. The exportation of eggs would be a losing game, and their importation made more profitable. In London the whole fashionable world of Belgravia, Mayfair, Tyburnia, the old Court suburb, yea, even the suburbs of Clapham, and Brixton itself, men and women both, following the vogue, would be daily occupied in knocking-off the tops of eggs with forks! The Americans would be certain to follow the fashion. Birmingham might profit by the introduction of a patent decapitating egg-fork; and the Potteries by designing some tasty new dish for receiving the tops of the eggs.

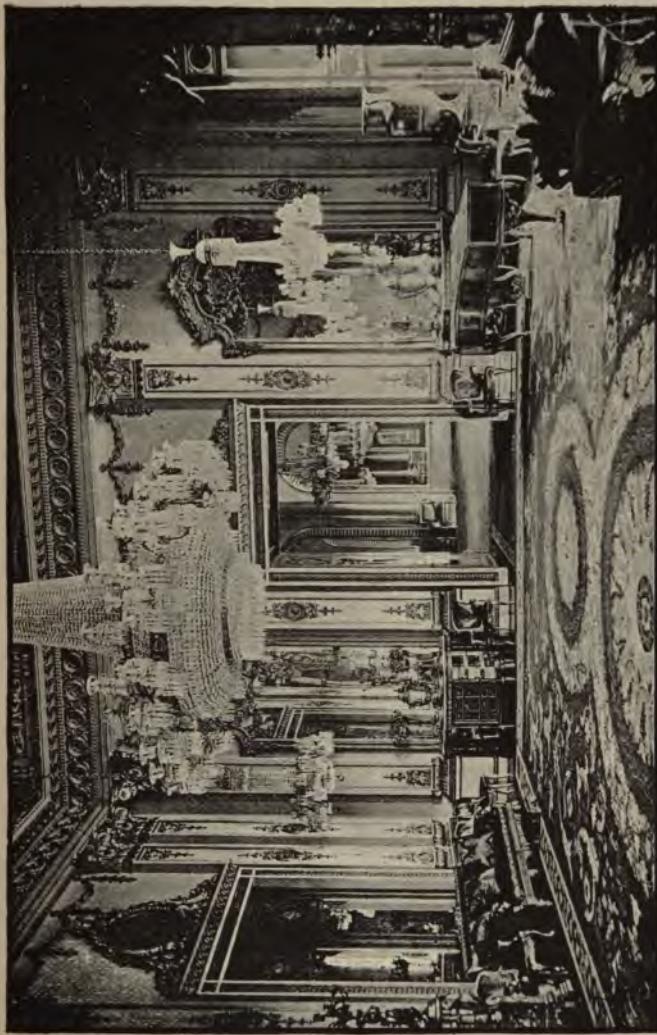
No mere vulgar curiosity to see a king dine, suffices to open the gates of the king's palace anywhere nowadays. And no one would have the impudence to thrust himself, or herself, into the presence of a queen or any other lady unasked. *Le jeu du roi*, the king's card-table, has long-time been abolished. "The queen's toilet," such as was accessible to certain members of the queen's court, under certain rules of etiquette, even so late as the days of ill-fated Marie Antoinette, now belongs only to the pages of French history. In England, the comparative freedom of intercourse which formerly existed between sovereign and subject, down to the reign of George the Second, has been greatly diminished. In that king's time all persons properly dressed, and as we may suppose named and presented by some officer of the Court to the gentleman-usher of the card-room, were admitted on most evenings of the week while the Royal Family

amused themselves at cards. By degrees this privilege was abolished. After the death of Queen Caroline receptions were held at the palace only twice a week; and later the king gave up evening receptions and held his State earlier in the day, a practice confirmed by George IV. and continued ever since.

The Queen's Drawing-room so-called, now held at stated periods (four every year), early in the London Season, at Buckingham Palace, is a survival of one or other of these old court-customs; as the Prince of Wales' Levée, held, at intervals during the like season, at St. James' Palace, is a survival of the king's practice of receiving persons of rank while he was in his dressing-room.

There is an unpretentious, low-pitched building on the west side of St. James' Palace, over against the sumptuous mansion of the Duke of Sutherland, on the door of which building the curious by-passers may notice a small brass-plate with the words "Lord Chamberlain's Office." From that little office are issued the Regulations to be observed by those desirous of attending the Queen's Drawing-room; and these may be had on application.

All who may be desirous of attending the Queen's Drawing-room are not necessarily admitted. It is for the Queen herself, in whose Palace the reception is held, to say who she is willing to receive there. Well-known ladies of title, and others of social distinction, generally may be said to enjoy the preference. And none are admitted without some sort of introduction. That is to say, the Queen herself first of all has the names submitted to her of those ladies who might wish to be presented; and such ladies are required to be introduced by others who have already had the distinction of presentation at Court conferred upon them. Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers Plenipotentiary enjoy what is known as the privilege of the *entrée*, and make presentations, either in person or by their wives, of such ladies or gentlemen from abroad, staying in London, whose applications to them direct have been favourably considered. In brief, it is at the English Court as it is elsewhere



THE WHITE DRAWING-ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



in the polite world—at all events where ladies reign supreme. One must be properly introduced; and to that end should have some one at hand, in person or by deputy, willing to make the introduction. Having once been presented, that favour confers the privilege of introducing others. Paying due regard to the official regulations in this matter provided, being once presented to the Queen, a lady may attend her Majesty's Drawing-room again, without going through the ceremony of presentation.

It is unnecessary to say that Court etiquette demands that Court Dress shall be worn by ladies and gentlemen both, paying their respects to Royalty. The regulations in respect of such dress are issued by the Lord Chamberlain's Department; but are sufficiently known to any leading dressmaker or Court-milliner at the West-end of London—Kate Reily (in Dover Street) for example, Debenham & Freebody (Welbeck Street), Marshall & Snelgrove (Oxford Street), Redmayne's (New Bond Street), Lewis & Allenby's (Regent Street), etc., etc. Any leading London tailor will inform you upon the dress expected to be worn at the English Court by gentlemen. Dresses for the Queen's Drawing-room usually exhibit all the more attractive talents of the silk merchant, the dressmaker and milliner—the most beautiful tints in the way of colours, the costliest and richest materials, the newest and most approved fashion in respect of shape and make. In fine, to see the dresses at the Drawing-room is only secondary in point of interest to seeing the inside of the Palace itself.

To have the honour of being received at the Court of Queen Victoria by her Majesty herself is one that all her subjects regard with feelings of the liveliest gratification, no matter to whatsoever "caste" they belong, or from whatever country they come. Social pretentiousness is the least of all claims to that honour. To have earned it by some honourable act of duty, worthily performed, is perhaps the best; albeit it is the rightful privilege of women to enjoy precedence in all matters of ceremonial etiquette, whereof presentation at the Queen's

Drawing-room may, in England, be considered as the most imposing.

Levées are conducted somewhat on the same plan as that of the Drawing-room, but are confined exclusively to men, who wear uniform or Court dress, and the presiding Royal personage is now H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and the place of the Levée St. James' Palace. The Levée is principally attended by officers of the Navy and Army: these comprise the large majority of those present. Civilians are not many, save those of the Queen's service and diplomats. The old Court dress, sometimes seen now, comprised shoes with buckles, satin or velvet breeches, a cloth coat, with that curious appendage a bag wig, and richly embroidered waistcoat with lace ruffles, a cocked hat, and sword. About fifteen or sixteen years ago the Lord Chamberlain announced that dark cloth trousers of the same colour as the coat, with narrow gold stripes down the sides, might be worn at Levées, but breeches are, we believe, part of the full

dress for Drawing-rooms. The coat is of a form known as a *dress coat*, single-breasted, with gilt buttons, and a straight collar, embroidered, as are the cuffs and pocket flaps. A white *waistcoat*,



white tie and cocked hat, and sword complete the suit. It may be in velvet or in cloth. On certain days of the year, the so-called "Collar days," high diplomatic and distinguished personages wear the collars and badges of the

Garter, Thistle, St. Patrick, Bath, and other Orders of Knighthood.

Two State Concerts and two State Balls are ordinarily held every year at Buckingham Palace, and comprise the principal State festivities of the London Season. A "command" to either should place an enterprising and ambitious lady on the high road to invitations for any number of lesser functions organised by individual members of the aristocracy. The *Times* newspaper after the event advertises the names of the invited in full so that he (or she) that runs may read. When the Season is in full swing, that *Times* advertisement should be worth considerably more than its weight in gold. The *Morning Post*, true to its old-time policy of mainly recording the doings of Royalty and *haut ton*, is another valuable vehicle of communication as to who's invited where. When the "where" is the Palace, it is needless to say that the names of the "whos in" are keenly scrutinised by the "whos" left out. Though, by the way, the invited to State ceremonials are mostly limited to those with some official claim to appear at them. Ladies on such occasions wear ordinary full evening dress, but gentlemen appear in Court dress or uniform.

The State Concerts, at which the best professional singers perform, are held in the grand concert-room of the Palace. A fine organ is at one end, with huge standard candlesticks in front; the Royal Family occupying an alcove at the opposite side of the apartment. All the rooms are thrown open, and in certain of them refreshments are served. All the high Court and State Officials and Yeomen of the Guard are in attendance. An invitation is deemed "command," and the company are supposed to be in their places before the Royal Family enter. At the Balls, Royalty begins the dancing with a quadrille at the upper end of the room; afterwards it becomes general. There is always on these occasions a magnificent display of dresses, flowers, and plate. The lighting is very effective, and the rooms of course brilliant in every degree. A State Ball is a splendid

sight, once seen not likely to be forgotten; though to those invited, outside the charmed circle of the best society it may be a dull affair.

The Prince and Princess of Wales generally give a Ball in the Season at Marlborough House, when the list of guests includes "the cream of society" and those famous in all branches of the polite world, excepting "the world of Polite Letters." The popular and beautiful Princess of Wales receives her guests, and both host and hostess dance most of the evening, and enter into the entertainment with spirit. One of the last events of the Season usually is a Garden Party at Marlborough House. The grounds and the house itself are very charming, and well arranged. The Prince and Princess also in most years give a "Royal Picnic" at Virginia Water, at the conclusion of the festivities of the Ascot week. Many of the chief balls of the London Season are honoured by the presence of princes.

It is hardly necessary to add that the London Season of 1892 is likely to find many of these royal functions and festivities largely curtailed, if not altogether abandoned, owing to the lamented death of the Duke of Clarence, which has lately everywhere attracted so much public and private sympathy and regret, spontaneously and respectfully tendered Her Majesty the Queen, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Princess Victoria Mary of Teck. How much London would have rejoiced over the marriage that was to have been every one knows. How deeply and sincerely it laments the woeful and abrupt termination of all its joyful anticipations is unhappily still fresh in the memory of all.

CHAPTER IX.

"SOCIETY."



IN this chapter I shall endeavour to introduce my friendly acquaintance, the Reader, to so-called Society in London of To-Day, including the very best. But I must warn him, or her, beforehand, that he, or she, must be prepared to find the money. I have only a sufficiency for present needs, which is always the way with persons with brains. Some people as we

know have the brains, and some the money. One hardly knows which commodity is best. Most people prefer their due proportion of each, which is a kind of endowment much to be desired.

There are degrees of Society with the capital S, as there are of society with the less conspicuous initial letter. There are "ordinary Society"; Society of the high-tone (and its antithesis of course); Society without much distinctness of tone; and lastly the very best Society. Sub-divisions of each might be noted, as for example, "the very best set," the political coterie, the "social nobodies" (of whom, quite naturally, we know nothing), the circle of "smart people" (whom it is our special privilege to know), the theatrical set, the artist gang (no offence is intended; 'tis but a vulgar Chelsea phrase), the society of literary swells, the Stock Exchange lot, and so on, and so on. You find your money, and you take your choice. But money you must be provided with, and that, too, in an agreeable measure if you wish to get into "Society."

A lady, who dates her letter from one of the favoured West-end squares, assures me that if I am to write anywise correctly on this interesting topic, I must be sure to lay due stress on the money side of the question. "The recognised social duty of to-day," she writes, "is Money-getting." My correspondent proceeds somewhat cynically, copying the approved pessimistic style, thus: "Our loves, our friendships, our acquaintances do not pretend to last till death parts us; but only so long as we may be possessed of the money that entitles us to affection, friendship, acquaintance, and social position. Money in itself, as you well know, does not confer social position; but it is far and away the most potent means of acquiring it. The possessor of money, desiring to be in what, for want of a better term, we call 'the best Society,' must be prepared to part with it pretty freely, and to engage in advance the services of some sponsor, energetic, apt, discreet, and enterprising, who will for a consideration, material or otherwise, agree to accept the office of introducer to whatever 'set' may be selected."



I am reminded by my correspondent that, in starting this little game of getting into "society," one cannot afford to be squeamish. You must put your pride and self-respect in your pocket. There's my money, you say to yourself: now fire away: let's see what can be done. Fail! "In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there's no such word as fail." Nor manhood nor womanhood need trouble itself much about failing. The thing is to play your game and win it.

To begin at the beginning: Ordinary Society is provincial and suburban. You may easiest become acquainted with that, by renting a furnished suburban villa, and journeying backwards and forwards by rail. It is a pretty poor enterprise to embark upon; but such as it is it may prove entertaining. Dress is the most convenient passport to suburban society. Copy the Fashions of West-end London. By showing some originality of gown or hat (we address ourselves to the ladies) you may have the satisfaction of exciting envy.

"Base envy withers at another's joy
And hates that excellence it cannot reach."

But it may be that envy will turn about, and essay to make

friends. Then make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that they may receive you into their houses. "At homes" are the glory of the London suburbs—"At Home, first and third Thursdays in the month." A little cheap and pleasant kindergarten training can do no one any harm, and may serve to pave the way to higher things.

The secondary schools of Society with the "high-tone" are to be found in Kensington and Bayswater: spacious mansions, every convenience, staff of professors, man-servant in livery, and so on. By hook or by crook get an invitation to an afternoon reception in Bayswater—a reception with music, promising lady-pupil of Royal Academy of Music, instrumentalists of the approved type, ferns, flowers, ices, tea, coffee, brown bread and butter, crowded stairways, alcoves and drawing-rooms. With the exercise of a little ingenuity, you may secure invitations to any number of this class of entertainments, leading up to the dinner-party and the dance. High-toned society may be said to revel in the reception and the dance. Neither involves any considerable expense. Everything may be had from "the Stores" or from "Whiteley's." In point of fact, the whole thing may be done very economically: and nothing suits the pocket of high-toned Society better. You may touch the fringe of this class for a very few shillings by subscribing to the winter dances at Kensington Town Hall, or by keeping an eye on those periodically arranged at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, or the Town Hall, Chelsea. A guinea, or a guinea and a half will suffice to gain admission to a series of three, "with light refreshments." The committee of Lady Patronesses at these entertainments is never too exacting. The Bayswater squares are the most efficient schools in London for studying society of the high-tone. Object-lessons may be had for next to nothing; and very instructive some of them are.

To be admitted to Society without much distinctness of tone, you have only to possess the requisite assurance, the necessary apparel, and to show a nice discrimination in practising the art

of begging. Ask for invitations to this, that, and the other place, as it suits your fancy. Select your place, and beg for an invitation—not necessarily from the giver of the entertainment, but from some one of his (or her) friends and acquaintances. You may even get to dine with the Lord Mayor of London that way. You may find yourself at a concert in the drawing-room of a duchess that way. You may gain admission to —— why, a good half of the London Season's functions and festivities that way. Don't be half-hearted about the means. Say to yourself, "I mean to be there," and go. Plucky people have been known to gain admission to the very best London social entertainments without any invitation at all. I have known an impecunious, though otherwise spirited young fellow, to figure at a function graced by the presence of the most distinguished personages, upon no more respectable credentials than those which the possession of a dress-coat implies: and that, alas! was borrowed.

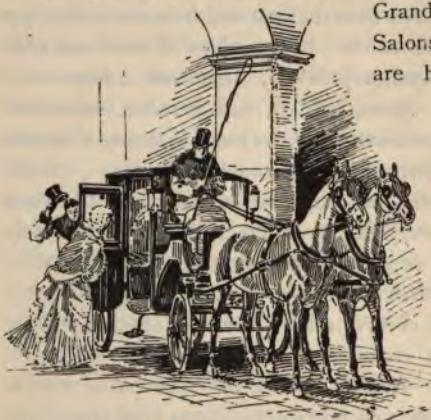
The most useful passports to a man entering Society without much distinctness of tone, are sufficient self-confidence and the necessary dress-coat. For a woman, a pretty face, a good figure, and taste in gowns are desirable, though not essential. That kind of society is gathered from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south. It comprises all sorts and conditions of people—royal, republican, aristocratic, democratic, English, and foreign. Jews, infidels, and heretics (for whose behoof the English church-catholic prays), and Japanese, Chinese, Siamese, and others (whom it uncharitably passes by), mingle with the company. And you may find included in it travellers from all parts: the loveliest Americans and the least comely Africans; possibly an occasional genteel cowboy of the Plains; warrior chiefs; Cape-diamond people; Bonanza and other princes of degree; schemers in every direction; eccentric artists; popular actors; and the most charming actresses; people who try to reform some of these classes, and others who try to reform them; writers of books, and a great multitude who never read books; fair damosels of the greenish-greyish-golden kind (Art.

at Home ladies), and others of the pink-and-white type: in point of fact, every one of passing account, and some of no account at all. It is not very difficult to gain admission to the ranks of the grand army of pleasure-loving people comprised within the circle of London society without much distinctness of tone.

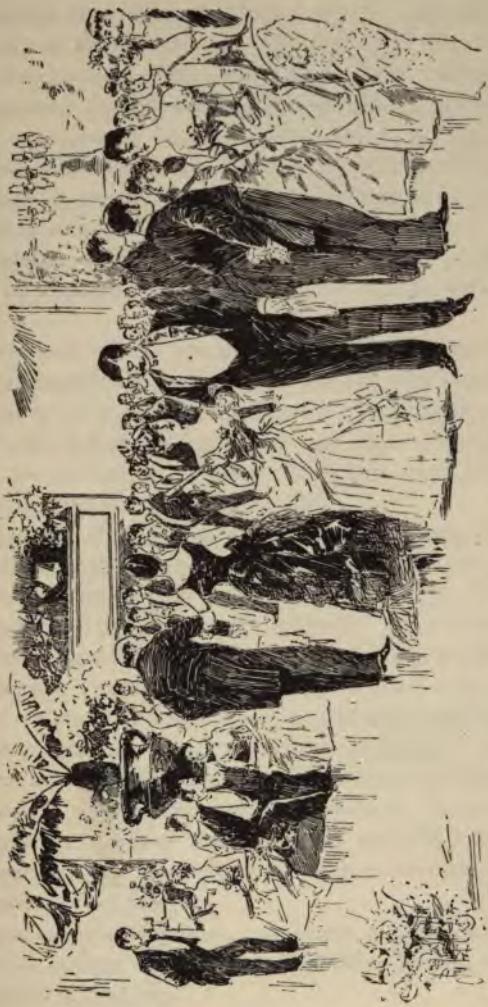
But to elude the outposts and cross the frontiers of "the very best society," is no easy matter. It requires excessive vigilance. If you are successful, you may yet find lesser zones within the greater still more difficult to enter. The very best society might be represented as a maze, with as many intricate twistings and turnings as those of the Maze at Hampton Court. The innermost ring but very few succeed in reaching.

Simple folks, who are what is known as out of the world, provincial people with a taste for the genteel, and ordinary society "swells" of the suburbs, too often think, when they periodically mingle with the fine company in the "crush-room" at the Opera, or gaze upon the brilliant galaxy of bejewelled beauties in the "stalls" of the London Theatres in the Season, or as they take their seat in Ascot week in the splendidly-lit

Grand and Oak Dining-Salons of the *Métropole*, or are hard-pressed in the grand crowd at this Art Soirée or that; the uninitiated not seldom on these occasions fancy, that at last they are within the charmed circle of the very best society.



Poor, deluded, simple people, they little think how far astray they



"OBJECT-LESSONS MAY BE HAD FOR NEXT TO NOTHING."

are. The North Pole is no remoter from human knowledge and observation than the best London society. We all remember the story of Tantalus who, in olden time, was seen vainly trying to quench his thirst with a flowing stream, which ebbed whenever he approached it. He is always present with us—in Paris, in New York, in London of To-Day. He is now in great spirits: thinks he shall bottle the wave. Alas! it has gone from him. In the like case in greater part are they who, thinking to drink of the sparkling waters of that river which encompasseth the more sequestered regions of Belgravia and Mayfair, stand lingering upon its brink only to watch the perpetual ebbing of the incoming tide.

The frantic efforts which women, perhaps, more than men make (though men are not slack in pushing themselves forward) to drink of the waters, the meannesses to which they submit, the insults which they undergo in the vain hope of quenching their thirst, are matters of wonder to those who stand by and know beforehand the futility of their efforts.

Thousands of pounds have been known to change hands for a cupful only of the delicious waters. Quacks there are who advertise to sell; but they do not retail the real thing. That it may somewhere be had is generally believed. We have been told of persons recognised and well known in London society, who act as sponsors for rich people desiring to enter “the best set.” There are others who take upon themselves not merely the office of introducer, but who are prepared to get up balls, order music, flowers, refreshments, suppers, wines, and guarantee the presence of guests in sufficient numbers to enjoy them. The hostess herself has nothing more to do than pay the bills, and submit to the contemptuous treatment of the women who take temporary possession of her rooms.

There are gentlemen, too, not averse to this business,—professional masters of the ceremonies, Beau Nashes, as it were, of London of To-Day.

A young unmarried man with no special pretensions, save that

he is agreeable and a gentleman, may lead a pleasant enough social life in London, without either much money or very good birth. But he must be prepared to cut old acquaintances by degrees as he acquires others; to recognise gratitude only in the dictionary; to make a friend of a popular married woman as soon as he can; and to play his cards with discretion,—which means that he must be possessed of any amount of self-assurance, and learn the art of being extremely insolent when it



suits his purpose, and exceedingly complaisant when desirable. He should be worldly to the heart's core, and utterly impervious to snubs. "He ought to be able to dance well ; and if he can sing and play, lead a cotillon prettily, turn a compliment neatly, tell a story with point, and know when to keep properly silent, he need never dine at home. In the London Season he may have the best houses open to him, and take his full share of the good things which rich people provide. The fact of his presence will often be considered a compliment ; for hostesses of fashion are only too grateful to young men for accepting their invitations. A young man thus launched upon the world very soon learns to go only where they "do him well," as he says in his slangy, ungrateful fashion. Thus our friendly informant.

"The most exalted London society, *parvenus* and smart people rarely enter ; and of the highest section of all, they never become *habitués*. It is not, perhaps, the most amusing or lively,' the lady writes ; "but there is no doubt that it is the best bred, the most refined, and the most permanent. Its members do not come to-day and go to-morrow. They are among the highest-born and the oldest families of the realm, and it is only on occasions that some of its younger members mingle with the gayer and more rowdy element without.

"Many fortunes in our time have been almost made in a day. More than one notable house at which some of the gay parties of the London season are given have been built with the proceeds, it is said, of a week's successful speculation. Lightly come, lightly go. Fortunes made in a day are often lost in a day on the turf or at the gaming table. A rich man who wants to get on is pretty sure to go on the turf. It is his own fault if he bets ; but racing is a great social lever, and helps to throw the outsider among the charmed few. A good sportsman and a pretty woman have the road much smoothed for them. "*Les beaux yeux de madame*" have opened many a closed door, both socially and financially.

"Those who go warily go safely ; and the social aspirant has to

expense and still more ruinous waste of time and faculties?" The which "select Society," dear Reader, we need scarce remind you, is the right brilliant and never enervating company of "saint and sage, of the wisest and wittiest of mankind and womankind, at their wisest and wittiest moment"—in a word, the makers of the world's Literature, in comparison of whom "the very best society" (as the jargon of the day has it) is but sordid, mean, and contemptible.

CHAPTER X.

THE CLUBS.



THE Club is a nineteenth-century development of English social-life. It was first planted and raised on English soil. Its origin might be traced to the London coffee-houses which flourished in the reigns of William and Mary, and Queen Anne. Readers of Addison and Macaulay are sufficiently familiar with their history. Boswell's "Johnson" has furnished us with a satisfactory definition of the word itself. And later authorities have liberally added to our stock of information regarding the conveniences of club-life; adding thereto not a little entertaining and instructive gossip as to some of the more distinguished of those who, from the latter part of the last century to the present day, have been among the recognised chiefs of London clubland.

In no country, save perhaps in America, does the club flourish as it does in England. There is scarce a town of any importance within its borders that does not include among its more imposing-looking buildings, one or more erected, and dedicated, to club-purposes, political or social. But London itself is the club-capital, possessed of more stately edifices of this kind, affording at a moderate expense to individual members, more commodious, varied, and liberal domestic conveniences than any other city in the world. The curious visitor has but to seek the friendly aid

of some hospitable member of the Carlton, the Reform, the Junior Carlton, the Army and Navy in one class; of the Constitutional and the National Liberal clubs in another, to satisfy himself of this: the four first-named located in Pall Mall, the last two in Northumberland Avenue.

Men have various purposes to serve in belonging to a club. With some it is political ambition; with others it is social ambition. The commonest and the most reasonable is to have the privilege of mixing in the society of men of one's own status, profession, calling, tastes, or pursuits. There are clubs and clubs. The first are all-right; the second are generally speaking all-wrong. The best, it is needless to remark, are difficult to enter, for the reason that the number of candidates for election is always greatly in excess of vacancies by death or resignation.

Not many London clubs nowadays, since they are become so numerous, confer any special prestige of membership. Of the few that do, the Athenæum, the Carlton, the Reform, and the Senior United Service might fairly be named. The traditional fame of "White's," "Brooks'," and the ultra-aristocratic clubs, of the wax-candle, Queen Anne plate, and knee-breeches class, in St. James' Street has departed. The many "Junior" clubs—Junior Carlton, Junior Constitutional (a magnificent new building fronting on Piccadilly), the new Travellers' and the many others have helped to break down the old, once well-fenced boundaries of London clubland.

Everybody belongs to a club nowadays. The most of those recently-built are huge palatial structures, serving all the purposes of restaurant and hotel, the guests of which are supposed to be assorted by the operation of the club-ballot. In theory, the little black-ball is supposed to "pill" the undesirable candidate; in practice, at all events in the starting of new clubs, the ballot-box is stowed away in the secretary's room. Then's the time when the talkative-bore, the querulous, dyspeptic diner-about, the "stuffed-clothes-suit," gingerbread gentleman creeps into the club unawares,

There is scarce any Profession, or Pursuit, or any section of English society that has not its representative club-house, or that is not represented in some club, somewhere in London: the Army and Navy, the Universities, the Church, the State, Law, Literature, Art, Science, the British-Indian services, the Aristocracy, Diplomacy, the squires of the Counties, Political parties —Tory, Liberal, "Unionist," Radical, Democratic, the Stage, Journalism, Dilettanteism of various kind and degree, Bachelors, Boxers and Athletes, "Bohemians," Yachtsmen, Betting-men, condisciples of the Public Schools, raisers of the social status of Women (and their admirers), professional *gourmets*, Sunday-recreationists, and so on, and so on.

No man could give a faithful picture of all the numerous clubs of London of To-Day, major and minor, established and proprietary, political and social. If he were to attempt a true sketch of some of the least-known among the hole-and-corner "social" clubs, he would stand a fair chance of later finding his sketch in possession of the police, or himself with a broken head rolling in the gutter.

In London clubland, which may be taken to mean Pall Mall, and thereabout, St. James' Street, St. James' Square, Piccadilly (here and there), certain streets near Trafalgar Square and the Whitehall district, the most imposing of the clubs are those belonging to political organisations, albeit in the main supported by members who take but little active part in national politics. Every one knows the kind of accommodation most London clubs provide. In some this is more luxurious than in others. In all the better class it is generally more ample and splendid, and the meals supplied are more varied, than the average of men find in hotels or at home. Moreover the annual subscription is never placed too high; and the general excellence of the food and wine supplied and the civility and attention shown to members by the attendants, are such as even the most fortunate men find it difficult to meet with outside clubland.

After all, clubs are not altogether so bad a thing for family-

men. They act as conductors to the storms sometimes hovering in the air. The man, forced to remain at home, and vent his crossness on his wife and children, is a much worse animal to bear with than the man who grumbles his way to Pall Mall, and, not daring to swear at the club servants, or knock about the club furniture, becomes socialised into decency. There is nothing like the subordination exercised in a community of equals, for reducing a too-aggressive or fiery temper. It is not the influence of the colonel or the major which curbs the violence of the irascible young officer, so much as that of his brother officer, who, having joined six months before him, is already subdued to the discipline of the regiment.

Had any one the right of "administering interrogatories" (as the lawyers have it) to some well-known man-about-town, as to

his reasons for wishing to join a particular London Club, he might possibly be led to give some such answers as the following

in respect of the club named: The Carlton, for the privilege of writing

letters on club-paper; the Athenæum, for the honour of meeting with Bishops, Judges, Authors, Editors, R.A.'s., Deans, etc., etc.; the Senior United Service, because it closely identifies one's rank and profession; the

Marlborough, because it is the Prince of Wales' club; White's, for the opportunity of being seen at the

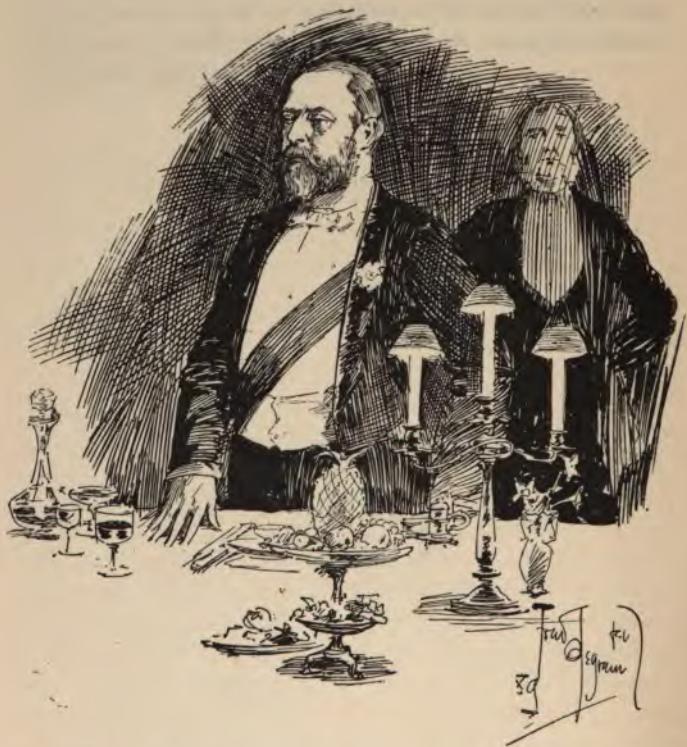
club window; the Amphitryon, to have the pleasure of meeting Lord Randolph Churchill at dinner and ordering the duplicate of his *menu*; the Grillon, for the chance of hearing the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Derby, Colonel Saunderson and Mr. Glad-



stone converse at table ; the 'Army and Navy, to learn what "the Duke " may have to say ; the Reform, to play afternoon whist, and later to play with knife and fork on a good cut of mutton ; the East India to taste of a curry ; the Union, to sample the contents of its cellars ; the Garrick, to enjoy the society of leading actors and their critics, and to add one more to the numbers of those having a "distant connection" with the professions of Literature and Art ; the Savage, to have a share in the Saturday night fun ; Hurlingham (in the season), to know "what's up" with whom, and how, when and where ; the Lyric, to know what to do on Sundays ; the Beefsteak, to ascertain what the Beefsteak Club once was ; the Pelican (now happily defunct), to meet the admirers of Slavin, Sullivan, Jackson and Jem Smith, and to hear "what's new" ; the Salon, to get into the Princes' Hall "swim" ; the Constitutional, to save on writing-materials, luncheons, and in the business of dining friends ; the National Liberal Club, to hear Lectures for nothing, to study the art of after-dinner speaking, and for the privilege of intermingling with all and sundry occupied in cementing the Brotherhood of Man.

Among all these London clubs, the philosopher would still find some difficulty in tracing the ideal one. In fact the "ideal" club does not exist. When a club reaches more than a hundred members, it ceases to be a club in the true sense of the word. Even a hundred are far too many members ; and probably the pleasantest kind of club is that formed for dining-purposes only, in which the members periodically meet, and gossip on topics congenial to the whole, the dinner itself being a mere pretext for meeting. Of such were the clubs of Dr. Johnson and his friends ; the occasional gatherings of Charles Lamb and his ; and those coteries of literary men and others who, in bygone time found in the old "Bedford," the "Piazza" (both pulled down), and other of the Covent-Garden taverns (then so-called) comfortable places of friendly rendezvous. The formation of the original Garrick Club in the neighbouring King Street

sealed the doom of those pleasant gatherings of clubable men. But there must be many an oldster living who might be inclined to doubt whether some of the old St. James' Street clubs were less inviting within, than their successors of more pretentious bearing; and we doubt not a member of the Savage Club might be brought to testify that a club-list of six hundred members does not of itself constitute a "club."



THE PRINCE IN THE CHAIR: "MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN! PLEASE SILENCE
FOR HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES."

CHAPTER XI.

DINNERS, ANNIVERSARY, CEREMONIAL, AND IN BEHALF OF CHARITIES.

THESE are of the very essence of the London Season. Without them it would, in the view of a good many, lose part of its social significance. In a useful little compendium lying before us, some pages of which are allotted to "Events of the Month" (June being the month named), I find no less than 46 out of 52 to refer to Dinners to be eaten. That is for one brief month only of the twelve. Indeed, Banquets of various degree occupy no inconsiderable share of public attention in London of To-Day.

The "Charity Dinner," so-called, might be said to be peculiarly a product of English life. Whence it took its origin no historian has told us. Probably it might be traced to the time-honoured periodical banquets of the City Companies, and to the charitable instincts of some Prime Warden, worthy citizen of a City famous for its charity. However that may be, we have the excellent authority of Menenius Agrippa, known to be a humorous Roman patrician of his day, one indeed who, loving "a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't," yet always loved the people more, and enlisted himself in their service: we have it upon his authority that,—

"When we have stuffed
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have supper souls
Than in our priest-like fasts."

For which reason he was for no injudicious approaching a man for boon or blessing the while the veins were unfilled, the blood cold, and himself unapt to give or to forgive; but after he had

been "dieted" and was in more conformable mood. That such advice has proved no less serviceable to-day than when it was written may be learnt from the following interesting contemporary evidence:—

"A Chicago lady who is collecting funds for the Woman's Temperance Union World's Fair Fund meets with extraordinary success. She makes a careful toilet, drives out in a well-appointed *coupé*, and makes it a rule always to call on bankers and millionaires immediately after they have lunched. She never calls on the same firm twice a year. It was the same lady, Mrs. Carse, who undertook to raise a million dollars for the erection of the Temperance Temple, now being built in Chicago. She succeeded. She rarely works more than three hours a day at collecting."^{*}

A million dollars is in truth a goodly sum = £250,000! Probably a good deal more than is raised in London in the whole year, even under the invigorating influence of hock and "Apollinaris."

It would appear invidious to select any one London Banquet in aid of a charity as more worthy of the Reader's notice than another. Nearly all the voluntarily-supported Hospitals and Benevolent Funds avail of this means of attracting public attention and raising money. A "Chairman" is chosen (usually Royal, aristocratic, in some way distinguished, or wealthy), "stewards" are selected, and these mostly give of their liberality. Invitations are then advertised to the general public: the dinner-tickets being usually priced at that very acceptable, but un-coined coin, a guinea. After-dinner "Toasts" are proposed; and any one has the further opportunity of adding to the secretary's subscription list. The Church, Art, Literature, the Law, Science, Medicine, all the professions in fact, join in this mode of collecting money for the several benevolent funds raised under their auspices. Examples in point, for the benefit of the curious, or benevolent strangers (and to the advantage, let's hope, of one or

* *The Daily News.*

other of the deserving charities named), are: The Stewards' Festival of the Sons of the Clergy Corporation; the Artists' Benevolent Fund; "The Royal Literary," and "The Newspaper Press" Funds; Actors' Benevolent Fund; Barristers' Benevolent Fund; Medical ditto, ditto, etc., etc. Among the Hospitals' dinners, our preference must always incline towards a ticket for a dinner in behalf of one or other of those exclusively dedicated to the relief of Children. To move one's truest and best sympathies, he has but to peep into the first ward of such a hospital as the Victoria Hospital for Young Children at Chelsea, and to remember that the little sufferers there lying are but just beginning life. And what a life it is!

"Ceremonial Dinners" are such as are distinguished by the name of "command dinners" (royalty's request being viewed in the light of a command) at Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace; or, as may be noted, the occasional special banquets



THE DUKE IN THE CHAIR.

at Marlborough House (for the most part the Prince of Wales dinners to friends and distinguished guests are informal); the Civic Banquet at Guildhall; the Mansion House banquets of the Lord Mayor as on Plow Monday (first Monday after the Feast of Epiphany), and Easter Monday, to Her Majesty's Ministers, the Bishops and Clergy, the Judges and Bar, to representatives of Art and Literature, the Chambers of Commerce, etc., etc.; the time-honoured "Grand Night" commemorations of the Inns of Court, on which occasion "the Benchers" entertain guests more or less distinguished in their respective walks of life; the annual dinner of the Royal Academy (probably the dinner most eagerly sought after in London); the sessional "full-dress" dinners of the Speaker of the House of Commons; and the Queen's Birthday banquets of the several members of the Cabinet, at which all officially invited appear in "full-dress."

"Anniversary Dinners" are such as are held, without number, at the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Métropole, at the Grand, and other well-known hotels, during the London Season, principally. These commemorate almost everything interesting worth commemorating, and possibly some few events less deserving commemoration. Nearly all the various Corps, Divisions, and Regiments of the British Army appoint an annual dinner in London, restricted to the company of past and present officers of each service—of the Royal Engineers, for example, the Artillery, Household Brigade and Cavalry of the Line, the Guards, the many Line battalions, Royal Marines' Corps, the several Staff corps, etc. The Naval banquets are not by any means so numerous. Examples of these are to be found in the periodical meetings of the Royal Navy Club, and the annual dinner of past and present officers of the Royal Yachts, and one or two flag-ships of the fleet.

In addition to the foregoing, there are the Political and County club dinners; those of several of the Public Schools, and of associations and societies not to be numbered. Lastly, there are banquets in commemoration of important military and naval victories at which old comrades-in-arms meet together to ex-

change pleasant greetings and gossip of old-times. In point of fact, if there be an event in the year's calendar that can, by any possibility, have a dinner tacked on to it, willing enough workmen are always to be found in London ready to transact the business of arranging and eating one. Some of these dinners are to be preferred to others; but on the whole, the "public Banquet" is but a poor substitute for the private dinner, which may at all events be eaten with fair prospect of peace. The purgatory of having to listen to "men's charitable Speeches," or worst of all to that kind of Speech that cannot wed itself with Thought, is but an ill-requiting of one's more generous instincts in dining away from home, in order to hand over a cheque to a public charity.

CHAPTER XII.

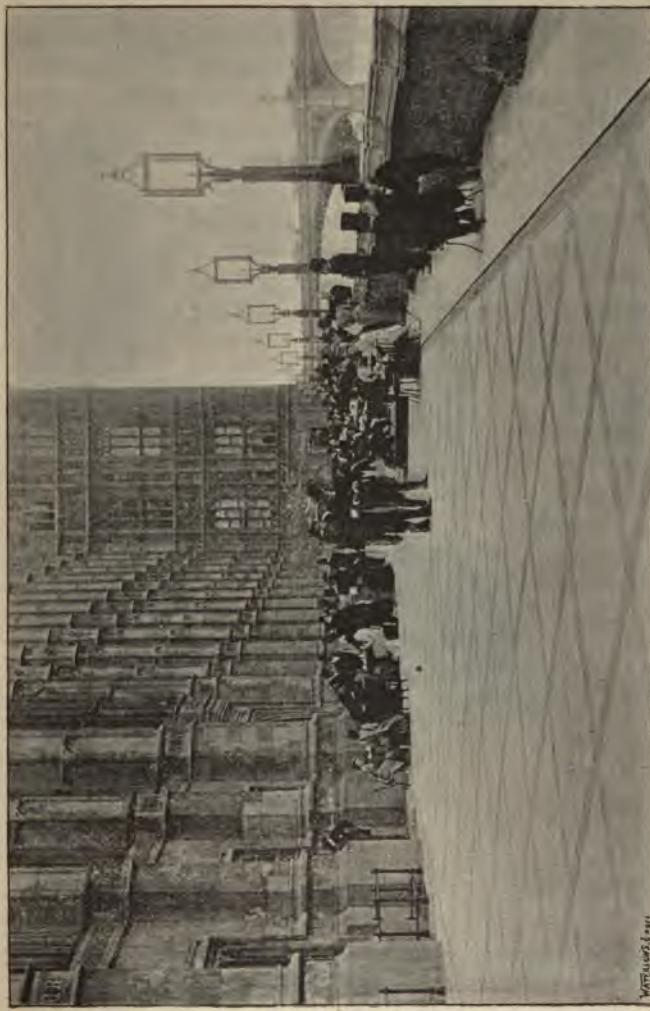
LORDS AND COMMONS IN SESSION.

ENGLAND, contrary to most other nations, holds the Parliamentary Session in the summer, or, to be strictly accurate, during spring and summer. While most persons are pining to live in the country, England's assembly of wise men prefer being



IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

cooped up in town. They devote to legislation and town life exactly that space which intervenes between the death of the last pheasant and the shooting of the first grouse, as by law permitted—that is to say, between the middle of February and the second week in August. Many visitors to London look forward to a night in the House of Commons as one of the most interesting engagements of their stay. The proceedings of Parliament, however, are, as a rule, very dull; and, except for the gratification of a pardonable curiosity in seeing the people's representatives engaged in the people's business, are hardly worth the studying at Westminster. The newspapers print more than most persons care to know of the "wordy talk" of England's legislators. As to the great majority of M.P.'s themselves, anything noteworthy in their appearance may best be studied in the



TEA ON THE TERRACE IN JULY.

(By permission of Messrs. Fradelle & Young.)



brief half-hour before four in the vicinity of Westminster Hall under guidance of a friendly policeman. It is not easy to learn beforehand when the great popular leaders may be expected to make set orations; as these are generally worth hearing, it behoves the earnest student of English men and manners to be watchful of his opportunity, and to read his newspaper. On such interesting occasions, the demand for seats by strangers is always greatly in excess of the accommodation provided. Indeed, the British House of Commons will hold only about one half of the members actually

elected to sit in it, on either side of Mr. Speaker. There are 306 seats on the floor of the House. In addition, accommodation is provided for 122 members in the side galleries,



where they can see very little, and whence, in accordance with unwritten rule, they, till lately, never took part in debate. Of the 670 members for whom the Constitution finds constituencies, only two-thirds can find seats of any kind in the House of Commons. The accommodation for strangers is on a correspondingly limited scale.

The only point of particular interest to our readers in connection with the House of Commons is the admission of Strangers to hear the debates.

The accommodation available above the Floor of the House is as follows :—

The Side Galleries are strictly reserved for Members ; but clerks and officers of the House are allowed to use the seats farthest from the Speaker.

The Peers have a Gallery of their own on the left of the clock looking towards the Speaker ; the corresponding seats to the right are reserved for Diplomatists and “Distinguished Strangers.”

All the seats above, including those of what was formerly known as the Speaker’s Gallery, now belong to the Members Strangers’ Gallery, and are practically those solely reserved to the public. Strangers (including ladies) are occasionally, for a brief time, and as a special privilege, permitted to have a view of the proceedings from the Floor ; but this privilege is only accorded to members accompanying friends, and to a very limited extent.

Admission to all the Galleries, save the Members’ and Peers’, is to be had only on the order of the Speaker, obtainable on application through a Member.

Places in the Ladies’ Gallery are balloted for a week in advance : and the competition for these places among Members is so keen that it often happens that a Member fails to secure seats once during a Session. There is a smaller private Gallery for Ladies, to which admission is only to be had by favour of the Speaker’s wife ; and at the opposite end, behind the Strangers’ Gallery are a few places at the disposal of the Serjeant-at-Arms.

Applications for admission may be made to Members for a week in advance.

On any Stranger presenting his ticket of admission, he is required to sign his name and write his address.

After 5 p.m. applications for admission to fill any vacancies are made by Members to the Serjeant-at-Arms.



THE SPEAKER TAKES THE CHAIR.



There is a so-called "Lobby List," under which Strangers are admitted to the Members' Lobby under the supervision of the Serjeant-at-Arms.

Parliamentary Agents are generally admitted to the Members' Lobby until half-past 5 o'clock.

Subsidiary to these regulations are others carried out by the police for the regulation of the admission of Strangers to the Dining, Tea, Smoking Rooms, and Terrace. But as no Stranger enters the House except by introduction of a Member, it is unnecessary to refer to these.

The House of Commons now meets at 3 o'clock afternoon; and, save when the rule is suspended for urgency, opposed business ceases at midnight. On Wednesdays, however, the sitting is from 12 noon to 6 p.m.

If after 3 p.m., or at any time during the sitting, 40 members should not be present, a "count" may be moved. A "count" cannot be moved on Wednesdays before 4 p.m.

The Parliamentary Session begins, as we have said, in February, and ordinarily ends in August, with recesses at Easter and Whitsuntide. The daily business of the House of Commons commences with prayers read by the Chaplain, who comes in with the Speaker, officially robed and wigged, attended by the Serjeant-at-Arms in Court dress, carrying the mace, which he deposits upon the table farthest from the chair. The mace remains here so long as the Speaker sits in the chair; when he vacates it, and the House resolves itself into Committee, it is laid to rest on a rack under the ledge of the table. From three till half-past seven the House is usually well attended; but during what has come to be known as the dinner-hour, which extends to ten or a little later, it is, as a rule, comparatively empty. But it does not follow that some of the more interesting proceedings of Parliament may not take place during the dinner-hour and before it. Before dinner, one may be witness of the "badgering" of Ministers, during dinner of, possibly, the farce of a "count"; after dinner of, perhaps, the excitement of a critical division.

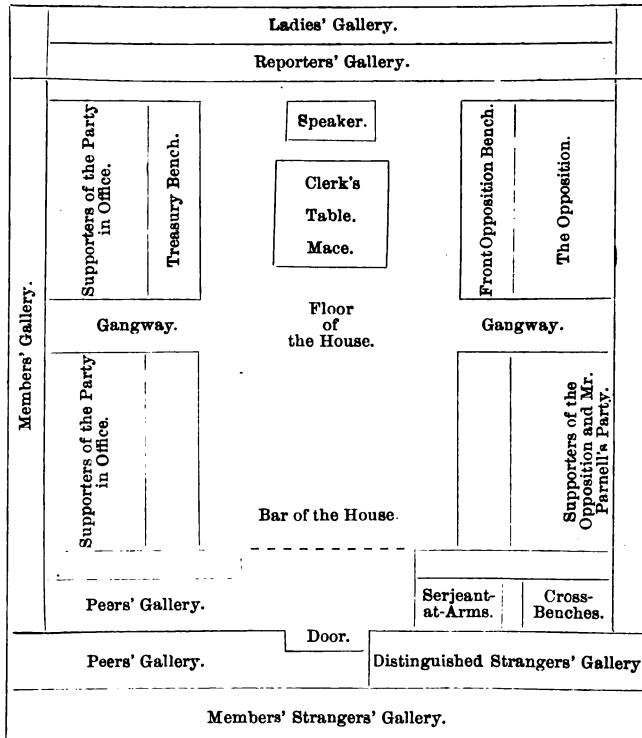
It would be well, therefore, that the stranger should be in his seat in the Gallery—if he desire to hear the best speakers and make himself acquainted with all the more interesting procedure of the House—at the hour of meeting, and be prepared to continue in it till the time of adjournment at midnight. To that end he would do wisely to refresh himself both inwardly and outwardly before going down to the House, or he may find himself somewhat exhausted in attempting to stay through the whole of the sitting. Ladies are more hospitably treated in their Gallery, in being supplied with tea and other light refreshment. Generally the more important speeches in debate—that is to say, of Ministers and the Opposition Leaders—are delivered after the dinner-hour. The preliminary work of "keeping the pot boiling" is left to bores and bad speakers, and a sufficiently dreary business it is—at least, to those not actually occupied with it. A good "square" meal and an even temper will tend greatly to alleviate the wretchedness of being wedged in tightly in the Strangers' Gallery on a hot night with all sorts and conditions of men, listening for three or four hours to the commonplace speeches of feeble orators.

Here is the character given to the House of Commons by one of its newest members: "It is too much of a mere talking shop, and not a place for a man whose chief desire is to do some useful practical work. At its best, the House is the best of all representative assemblies, while it is impossible for any assembly to be worse than the House at its worst; and it is at its worst three days out of four, and five nights out of six. It is a huge organisation for the waste of time and the dissipation of energy. Further, the House excels in all kinds of sense except common sense."

Admission to hear the debates in the House of Lords is obtained through the written order of a peer. A courteous application generally meets with a speedy answer and the requisite order. The Lord Chancellor takes his seat on the woolsack (the official seat) about 4, and the House rises on most evenings of the Session between 6 and 7. Occasionally, but not often, its

debates are prolonged to a later hour. The arrangements of the House of Lords are somewhat similar to those of the Lower Chamber. Members of the Government and its supporters sit on

PLAN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



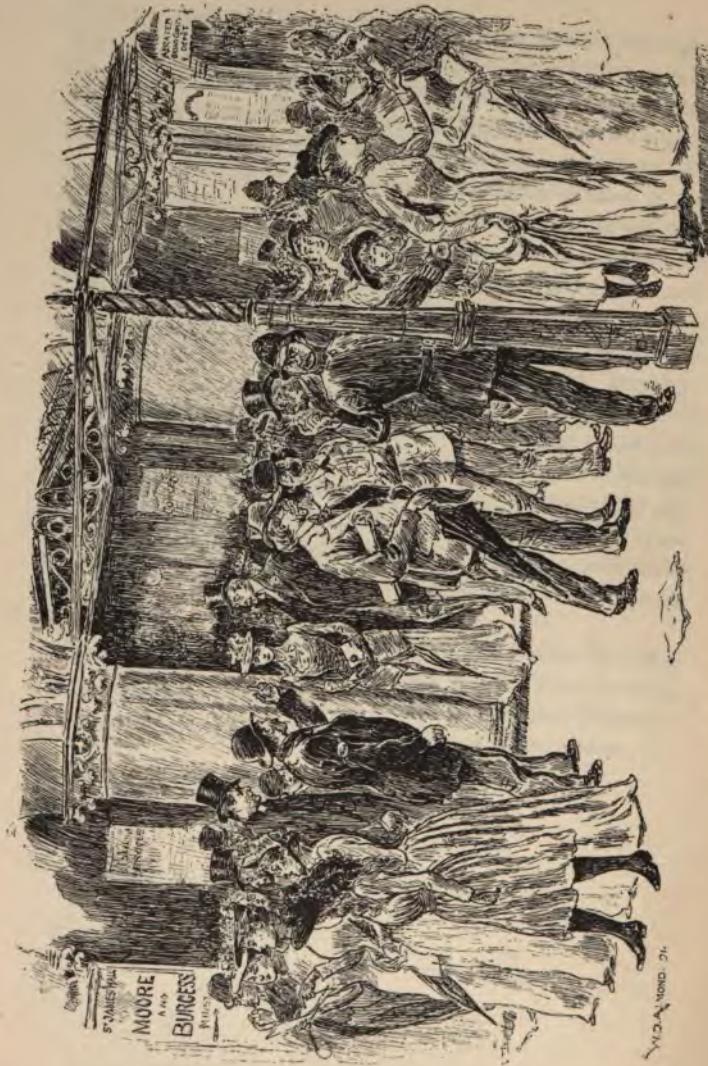
* * When the Liberals are in power the Independent and Radical members of that party occupy seats below the gangway on the right; the Parnellites seats below the gangway on the left of the Chair.

the right of the Lord Chancellor; the Opposition to the left. On the "cross-benches" below the table sit the Princes (when they are present), the Duke of Cambridge, and the more "inde-

pendent" members. The Bishops are always seated to the right of the Lord Chancellor. The doings of the Upper Chamber have little interest for the majority of the citizens of London, except when it interferes with the progress of legislation by coming in too eager conflict with the House of Commons. A stranger will find more to interest him, perhaps, in the Lords' debates in the brief space of two hours than the average Englishman will find in the course of six months. At all events a visitor should be able to gratify his curiosity by looking on the Throne, the Lord Chancellor, the Woolsack, possibly four or five Bishops in their lawn and black satin robes, and (on exceptional occasions) maybe fourscore or more elderly gentlemen of noble ancestry, seated on roomy red-leather-covered benches. The House of Lords has always contained among its members some of the most eminent lawyers of the country, a successful general or two, and a considerable number of the more wealthy landowners of the kingdom of more or less ancient nobility. A friendly occupant of a seat in the Gallery would no doubt be willing to point out to a stranger the statesmen and "men of light and leading" among these.

There is no "muddy flood of saponaceous blather" to overwhelm listeners in the "Lords." They may be lulled to sleep four evenings out of five by a trickling stream of pure Toryism—that is, when the "Lords" sit after dinner, which is seldom.

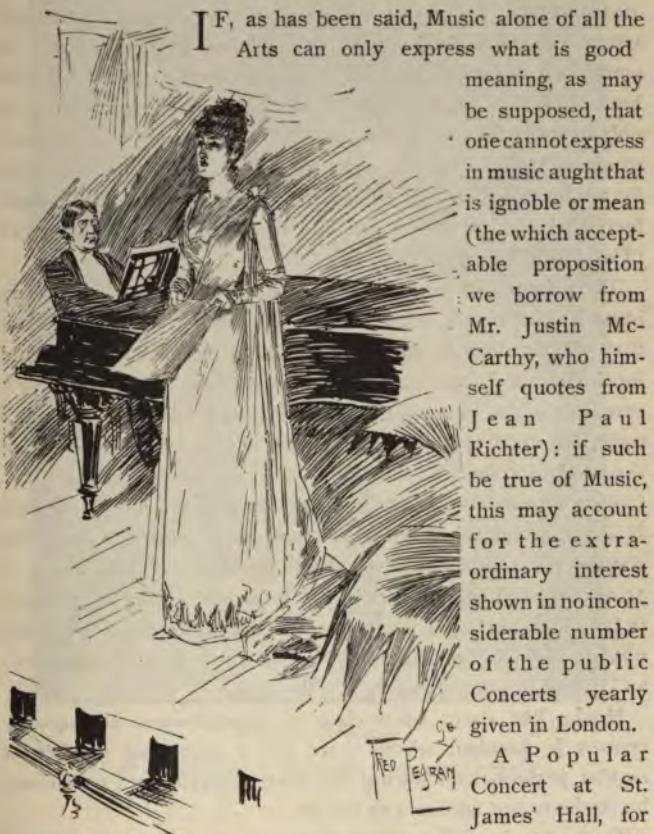




AFTER A POPULAR CONCERT AT ST. JAMES' HALL.

CHAPTER XIII.

MUSIC.



suffice to exhibit the lobby of that time-honoured rendezvous of

A Popular
Concert at St.
James' Hall, for
example, will

given in London.

in such

as may

be supposed,

that one

cannot express

in music aught that

is ignoble or mean

(the which accept-

able proposition

we borrow from

Mr. Justin Mc-

Carthy, who him-

self quotes from

Jean Paul

Richter): if such

be true of Music,

this may account

for the extra-

ordinary interest

shown in no incon-

siderable number

of the public

Concerts yearly

given in London.

lovers of music as in a state of siege. Strong men and feeble women will contest a square foot of its stone floor with as much tenacity and vigour of limb as if it had been the mud floor of an Irish cabin held against the sheriff.

A lady pleaded lately for some concession in the matter of reserved and numbered seats on Popular Concert days. "Not everybody can spend the time and bodily strength," she truly wrote, "to stand for hours on the stairs of St. James' Hall; or, worse still, to sit on the cold steps, say from 11 to 2. I myself have often paid 3s., and even 5s., for balcony seats; and had not only to stand for hours, but also, when the doors were opened, to scramble and almost to fight for a seat. As everybody sighs for a reform, but nobody seems inclined to speak about it, I shall feel much obliged if you can find room in your valuable paper (*The Daily News*) to insert this."

The reform will probably have been granted ere this appears in print; but if not, some consolation may be found in the fact that "Music alone of all the Arts" could induce a lady to stand for three weary hours waiting later to pay "3s., or even 5s.," for a seat from which to study the practice of its Professors. In sober truth, one must needs be gifted with a very exceptional love of the good to submit to that kind of preliminary purgatory. St. Cecilia herself could scarce mitigate its misery. The St. James' Hall authorities might, could, should, and doubtless will, by the simple, common-sense method of opening the hall doors at 11 a.m., if need be, and people can be found willing at that hour to take their seats. The alternative is for the crowd to block the outside pavement of Piccadilly for the three hours between 11 and 2, and the concert-goers win the trick.

Music, like every other class of entertainment in England, centres in London, where there are a surprising number of regular performances during the year, generally well patronised by students and admirers of the art.

Such are the Subscription Concerts of the old-established Philharmonic Society; the Oratorios and other special perform-



MADAME NORDICA.

From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

ances at the Royal Albert Hall and Crystal Palace ; the world-renowned Monday and Saturday "Popular" Classical Concerts given throughout the winter, from October to March ; the weekly "Ballad" Concerts of Mr. Boosey ; the admirable series of Saturday Afternoon Concerts at the Crystal Palace, at which the best classical and popular music is heard ; the excellent Richter Concerts at St. James' Hall ; the performances under direction of the management of the Royal Italian Opera ; the course of Pianoforte Recitals, to which the genius of Sir Charles Hallé and others give character ; the Concerts of the Royal Choral Society and the London Symphony Concerts ; those of the Royal Academy of Music and Royal Society of Musicians ; the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre ; and finally the crowd of lesser meetings at which the best music may be heard—a' l (with one or two exceptions) filling the London winter and spring. In general the most noteworthy musical performances are those which are given at that period of the year. The daily newspapers make note of all that is transpiring in the musical world ; failing these, the visitor will do well to seek information at St. James' Hall, where he will be sure to meet with courteous attention from Mr. Basil Tree.



It is probable, he tells us, that Madame Patti will sing at the Royal Albert Hall in May and June, an opportunity for admirers of the great operatic songstress too seldom nowadays occurring.

With regard to other fixtures, the following are notes of some of the more important Concerts given in London at stated periods of the year, any of which will be found highly interesting to those who appreciate good music.

The Monday Popular Concerts, held weekly at St. James' Hall, under direction of Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, beginning in October of each year, and ending in the following March.

The Saturday Popular Concerts, also held at St. James' Hall under the same direction, beginning in November and extending through the same period.



The London Ballad Concerts, under direction of Mr. John Boosey, weekly, at St. James' Hall, beginning in the last week of November, and ending in March following.

The Crystal Palace Concerts, held at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, weekly, under direction of Mr. August Manns, on each successive Saturday during the winter season, and also in the summer season, beginning in February, and continuing till the third week in April.

The Philharmonic Society's Concerts, seven in number, given at St. James' Hall, at stated intervals during the months of March, April, May, and June. Among the possible performers are Mesdames Frickenhaus, Norman-Néruda (Lady Hallé), Schumann and Menter, and Signor Piatti.

The Royal Choral Society's series of Concerts at the Royal

Albert Hall, South Kensington, in January, February, March and April, and those of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society at the same place in December, March, and May.

The Richter Concerts at St. James' Hall in May, June and July.

The London Symphony Concerts on Thursday evenings from November to February.

Sir Charles Hallé's Orchestral Concerts given within the same period.

In addition to the foregoing noteworthy yearly arrangements, concerts are given at the Town Hall, Westminster, by the Westminster Orchestral Society, in December, January, April and May.

Fashionable *réunions* of musical people are afforded by the well-patronised entertainments of the Strolling' Players, of the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society, and of the Royal Amateurs heretofore incidentally referred to.

The Royal Academy of Music give concerts at St. James' Hall in February, March, April, May, June and July.

Mention may properly be made here of the musical evenings of Mr. Henschel and of Mr. Dannreuther; of the recitals at St. James' Hall of Mdile. Kleeberg; of Mr. W. G. Cusins' annual concert at the same place; of the Bach Choir's and Signor Sarasate's series of six concerts in May and June; and the concerts of the Royal College and the Guildhall School of Music.

Not less worthy of mention are the Free Concerts which have been given (and which we trust are yearly to be continued) in the Queen's Hall of the People's Palace, that noble institution which has sprung from the Beaumont bequest in the East of London (Mile End Road). The entertainments, chiefly ballad and orchestral music, have been provided by professionals and amateurs who have given their services gratuitously. The audiences, estimated at about 2,000 a night, have comprised many of the poorest classes. Assistance from professionals and others has been forthcoming in abundance.

At Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, some capital concerts are occasionally given—Dramatic and Musical Soirées; "Chamber Music"; Amateur Banjo Concerts; Bohemian Concerts and so on. Information and Tickets at the Hall.

The Smoking Concert is much in vogue nowadays, and embraces almost every style and description of music. In the lower grade the "smoker" is of course little better than a compromise between the severity of the classical concert and the inanities and vulgarities of the Music-hall. But the symphony performances given by the Stock Exchange band, by the Wandering Minstrels, the Royal Amateurs, the Meistersinger, and other orchestras, and the private chamber concerts held at the Crichton Club, the German Athenæum, and elsewhere, have proved conclusively that many men can enjoy music far better with a Havannah in their mouths, than amid the stiff formality of the St. James' or the Prince's Halls.

We can only again suggest to the reader to have recourse to Mr. Basil Tree at the St. James' Hall ticket-office bureau, if he requires fuller information on the concerts to be given in London during the present Season. That gentleman periodically publishes a List, comprising dates of all forthcoming musical events at St. James' Hall and Royal Albert Hall, which may be had gratis, by sending him a stamped directed envelope.



MADAME ALBANI.

From a Photograph by J. W. Lafayette.

CHAPTER XIV.

OPERA.

THERE are two theatres in London privileged to use the prefix "Royal," and associated with performances of Opera: Covent Garden, namely, and the recently-built English Opera-House in Cambridge Circus. The reputation of the first has for years past largely depended on the periodical presentation of the masterpieces of the well-known Italian, French, and



German composers ; and is generally recognised as the home of grand opera, in what may be said to be the grand Season, that is to say from May to July. That of the second rests for the present on the comparatively recent production of Sir Arthur Sullivan's opera, " Ivanhoe," which, it is admitted, failed to attain the run of prosperity anticipated for it.

It is perhaps early days yet to indulge in prognostication regarding the permanent success in London of a theatre wholly devoted to English opera. Even if the native talent be available, as well competent as willing to engage in the task of keeping it from time to time supplied with operatic works rendered in English, and to assist in their adequate representation ; the public has yet to be reckoned with. It is more than probable that if the successes of the last two summer seasons at Covent Garden Theatre were sifted to the bottom, they would be found to have rested rather upon the passing caprice of Fashion, than on any real interest in opera itself on the part of the average public.

Yet, wherever an operatic novelty is presented, there the average public is found, as witness the great popular success of Signor Lago's performances of " Cavalleria Rusticana " at the Shaftesbury Theatre in the fall of last year : the Shaftesbury Theatre heretofore, be it remarked, not too successful among the play-houses of London.

Most people think that the old-fashioned repertory of the Italian school is played out. To see and hear the favourites of the hour is no doubt a principal inducement with some ; but the Royal Italian Opera-House in Covent Garden—in the grand Season, at all events—appeals not so much to the musical tastes of the million, as to the patronage of the wealthy, who, in the main, we are disposed to think, care less for the performances on the stage than for being included in the distinguished company of performers in front of it. These will be found to include most of the notable leaders in rank and fashion, and as a matter of course a numerous assemblage of their followers.

However that may be, Italian opera may be said to have



ONE OF THE ENTRANCES; ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE,

revived under the personal direction of that indefatigable organiser of every class of London entertainments, Sir Augustus Harris, who in turn is not a little beholden to the direct patronage of Royalty for whatever success has crowned his efforts in this direction. Wherever the Prince and Princess of Wales lead, there London Society and its attendant satellite, Fashion, invariably follow. If it be "the proper thing" to be seen at the Royal Italian opera, every one following the vogue makes haste to exhibit himself there. It is needless to add that "himself" will be found to include its better part, "herself." Ladies in considerable number, and grand array, in boxes and stalls, provide by no means the least interesting spectacle to be seen at Covent Garden Opera-house during the London Season.

Professional authorities having long since declared that admirers of opera can be brought to appreciate a series of performances, almost equal to the standard of the grand Season, but at half the prices of admission then in operation; London has been lately favoured with two seasons of opera, an autumn and a summer season. As regards the former, the works produced being at one house chiefly selected from the French, and at another from the Italian repertory. If we add to these Mr. D'Oyley Carte's essays in English at his Opera-house; London of To-Day (notwithstanding our humble opinion to the contrary) discovers a greater interest in operatic entertainments than was ever shown by its predecessor, London of Yesterday.

So far as the stage arrangements at Covent Garden were concerned there was little or nothing to distinguish the autumn season of French opera from the summer season of Italian. There was the same close attention to scenic detail, the dresses were as handsome, and the general *mise en scène* was upon the same luxurious scale as when opera is given at full summer prices. The arrangement of the house was somewhat different, for a third of the floor was devoted to pit stalls, and the space which at State performances is usually occupied by the Royal box was converted into a grand circle. Moreover the orchestra,

almost as large as in the fashionable season, was directed by M. Jehin, a conductor of undoubted talent and experience, while amongst the chorus (an excellent body of voices) was a larger proportion than heretofore of the French element, due to the fact that, at any rate at the outset, most of the operas of the repertory were given in that language. But good as everything was, the results we are told were financially discouraging.

It may be interesting to some to know what works were given by Sir Augustus Harris last summer season, the season proper of 1891, at the same theatre under the designation Royal Italian Opera. Following is the list of performances—*Faust*, twelve performances; *Lohengrin*, nine; *Les Huguenots*, *Roméo et Juliette*, eight; *Carmen*, seven; *Orfeo*, six; *Don Giovanni*, *Tannhauser*, *Rigoletto*, five each; *Otello*, *Traviata*, *Manon*, four; *Le Prophète*, *Mireille*, three; *Mefistofele*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Lucia*, *Marta*, *Aïda*, two; and *Fidelio*, one. As regards performers, the MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszke may be said to have been the leading artists of the troupe, which also included the Sisters Ravogli, Miss Eames, Mdlle. Mravina, Miss Farini, Madame Melba, M. Lassalle, and sundry others well known to frequenters of the opera-house.

It is impossible to say what may be forthcoming in any season in the way of novelties, either at the Royal Italian or Royal English opera-houses. Various rumours are current in regard to a season of German opera in London; and we understand that preliminary arrangements have been made by which it is hoped that a series of performances, in which some of the leading artists of the Bayreuth Festival will take part, will be given in London in May and June. In addition to the Wagnerian operas, it is proposed to include in the repertory Peter Cornelius's *Barber of Bagdad*, Marschner's *Hans Heiling* (originally produced at Hanover as far back as 1833, but recently revived in Germany with great success), and other popular works. Several eminent artists, with Frau Sucher and Herr Alvary at their head, are mentioned as likely to be members of

the troupe. German opera has been strangely neglected in London for some years past. That it is to be tried again under adequate conditions will be a source of satisfaction to many music lovers.

The abandonment in November last of *Ivanhoe*, the only English grand opera produced "for a run" in London of late



years, with so earnest an appeal to the national pride, probably convinced Mr. Carte that nationality in music is not the card to play at present. There is no need to shut our eyes to the fact that English grand opera at Cambridge Circus has been a failure. The reputation of the Royal English Opera-house was saved by a French *opéra comique*. It will probably be to this class of work that Mr. Carte will have to look to recoup himself the enormous outlay to which he went in an altogether laudable desire to give to London a national opera-house worthy of the name. Light opera seems to be the attraction, so far as the average playgoing public is concerned. It can occasionally stand a little of the more serious work;

but only a little, and a sufficiency is to be had at Covent Garden in the ordinary season.

The old system of the "Subscription" will be the mainstay of the present season at Covent Garden, as it was of the past. Last year's experiment of opening the Royal Italian Opera early in April, and giving representations nightly, has wisely enough been abandoned. The season of 1892 will commence on May

16th, and will last ten weeks, during which fifty performances only will be given, Wednesdays being left free as heretofore.

The prices in the summer season range from £7 7s. and £6 6s. for a grand-tier box to 10s. 6d. for an amphitheatre stall; the intermediate prices being £4 4s., £3 3s., £2 12s. 6d., £1 1s., for an orchestral stall, and 15s. for a balcony stall. The gallery seats are 2s. 6d.



A SKETCH IN THE STRAND: 8 P.M.

CHAPTER XV.

THE THEATRES.

IT would be idle to speculate as to the influence (in a moral sense) exercised by the Theatre upon the many thousands who now look to it as a principal source of recreation. Any such inquiry, interesting as it might be, does not fit with the purpose of this book. The final answer to all that might be urged on one side or the other, in considering the question,

would probably be, that at no period in the history of the stage has the Theatre been so popular as it is to-day in England.

In point of fact, the Theatre has become one of the most important institutions of our social life. Its affairs were never so closely scanned on every side as they now are in London. The County Council looks with vigilant eye upon the work of the architect who plans and the builder who builds the theatre. The Lord Chamberlain's office still exercises the right of official censorship in respect of the Plays to be produced on its stage. Theatre-managers never before incurred such pecuniary risks

in order to satisfy the tastes of their patrons. Dramatic authors are more keenly alive than ever to the very considerable material



advantages to be secured from producing a good play. And actors and actresses are now become so important personages in the public estimation, that they bid fair presently to oust meaner citizens of the nether world of Literature, Science, and the rest, from all chance of entering the waiting-rooms of the more distinguished among us.

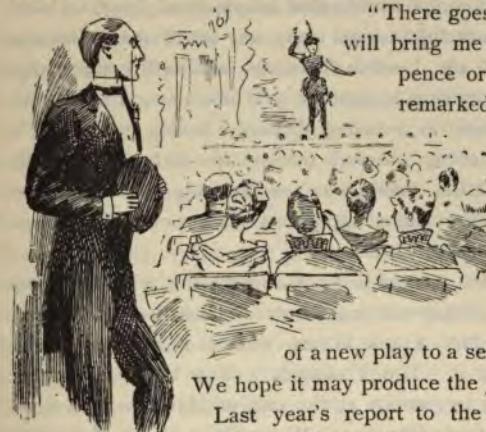
Were Dr. Johnson alive to-day, he might have found less reason for feeling dissatisfied with the kind of reception he met with from Lord Chesterfield the great. But then we, on the other hand, should have been the losers by that celebrated letter, one sentence of which, as we remember it, ran thus: "I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself." Fortune certainly lavishes its favours upon the London stage, and enables those who appear upon it to do a good deal for themselves, however else it may flout other people.

The subject we have touched upon has frequently engaged the passing attention of far more competent authority than we profess to be. Mr. Irving has now and again favoured us with his views upon it, every way entitled to consideration. Only recently he felt "more encouraged than he could express, for the future of the art which he loved, when he saw the great number of young recruits daily joining its ranks from the great body of the more highly-educated classes." And though he might be too sanguine, "he could not share the lugubrious views so freely expressed by certain modern writers with regard either to the present or the future of the English stage."

Various other persons, dramatists, critics, managers, actresses, actors, dignitaries and others of church and state, in print or otherwise, have delivered their views. And, occasionally, an occupant of "Pit," or "Gallery," moved thereto by some passing incident of the play represented, spontaneously, with uplifted voice, in the theatre itself, has given utterance to his: and, on

the whole, his being as it were delivered *ex cathedra* on the part of the people is entitled perhaps to most weight.

However that may be, it is on record that half a million people, more or less, nightly want "places" at the various London entertainments; and of those, seventy or eighty thousand look for and find them at the London theatres. The numbers are astonishing when we come to consider them; and serve to show how powerful an influence for good is in the hands of dramatists and managers. We doubt if the world has ever seen the like of this mighty movement almost of a city's population nightly towards the Theatre. Omitting Sundays and occasional performances, and accepting the lower total aggregate, this means that 21,910,000 persons in the course of a year find access to the London theatres. No wonder that members of the republic of Letters, everywhere covet the distinction of somewhere addressing some proportion of this monster audience! And still less subject for wonder that, the opportunity coming, they derive considerable material advantage from finding their way to its favour.



"There goes something that will bring me in either 20,000 pence or 20,000 pounds," remarked Mr. W. S.

Gilbert to enterprising Mr. How, when handing over the great blue envelope, containing the MS.

of a new play to a servant for posting.

We hope it may produce the £20,000.

Last year's report to the shareholders of the Gaiety Theatre (but one among the favoured London theatres) shows that the public actually paid at the doors in one year to see a play more than £58,000. It would be far from

safe to accept this total as indicative of an average for all the London theatres. But we think it not far from probable that—making sufficient allowance for Sundays and the annual holiday period—at least £1,600,000 are annually received from the public for admission to the London theatres. It is extremely difficult to ascertain with any exactness the actual sum. Rumour sometimes gives out that a Radical Chancellor of the Exchequer may at some future time fix his eye upon these takings as suggesting one possible source of revenue to the state. Then, the curious in such matters may find themselves "in the know."

In France, where accounts of theatre-takings are officially registered, both for municipal taxation and for the assessment of authors' and composers' fees, the gross returns during the run of this or that Play are known to a franc. It appears that the Paris public spent on playgoing during the year 1890-1, 20,000,000 fr., divided among 26 houses. The authors and composers took for their share 2,000,000 fr.—£80,000. Adding to their Paris profits the fees from outlying and country theatres, the lucky authors and composers divided among them £132,000 sterling. Of all authors, the luckiest every way are dramatic authors.

But to turn to the London Theatres, sufficiently numerous already, and promising to become yet more so; 'thoug the renovated Olympic "at a cost of £24,000," having had a year's experience of "cheap prices," throws its fortunes in with "theatres of varieties," having as we may suppose found the theatre-business proper at cheap-prices not so profitable as was expected. So, at least, we hear.

One more theatre, located in St. Martin's Lane, will be added this year to the already existing theatres of London of To-Day, that of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wyatt, who, it is reported, have decided to name it "The Trafalgar." The building will be opened according to rumour at the end of March with a new comic opera in which Mrs. Frank Wyatt (Miss Violet Melnotte) will appear. Another new theatre is also in course of building, which is to serve as a home for the Daly Comedy-Company

during its periodical visits to London. This, to be named Daly's Theatre, is not likely to be completed before 1893, which is the date fixed for the opening and reappearance here of the New York company of comedians under that gentleman's management.

Following is a list of the theatres:—

Adelphi, Strand.	Lyceum, Wellington Street, Strand.
Alhambra, Leicester Square.	Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue.
Avenue, Northumberland Avenue.	Novelty, Great Queen Street, W.C.
Britannia, Hoxton.	Olympic, Wych Street, Strand.
Comedy, Panton Street, Haymarket.	Opéra Comique, Strand.
Court, Sloane Square.	Prince of Wales', Coventry Street,
Covent Garden, Bow Street.	Haymarket.
Criterion, Piccadilly East.	Princess', Oxford Street.
Drury Lane, Catherine Street, Strand.	Royalty, Dean Street, Soho.
Empire, Leicester Square. [Avenue.	St. James', King Street, St. James'.
English Opera-House, Shaftesbury	Savoy, Beaufort Buildings, Strand.
Gaiety, Strand.	Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Avenue.
Garrick, Charing Cross Road.	Strand, Strand.
Globe, Newcastle Street, Strand.	Surrey, Blackfriars Road.
Grand, Islington.	Terry's, Strand.
Haymarket, Haymarket.	Toole's, King William Street, Strand.
Her Majesty's, Haymarket.	Vaudeville, Strand.

Add to these the unplaced house of the "Independent Theatre Society," which found its origin in the Théâtre Libre of Paris originated by Monsieur André Antoine. To belong to that society you must needs be elected, and pay a subscription of £2 2s. a year. Then you may enjoy the privilege of witnessing in company of many enthusiasts the plays of "unknown dramatists" right well played. Ibsen's "Ghosts" and Zola's "Thérèse Raquin" have been presented on the stage by the Independent Theatre Society, shifting its place of performance as was most convenient. Vivid realism on the stage is the order of the day, and it will serve as well as, or even better than, tomfoolery of the conventional type which used to set one wondering whether the world is made up only of fools, and life itself an unreality. The daily newspapers show to the contrary. We may most profitably perhaps accept the facts of life as they are, without effort at concealing them, striving to learn some useful lesson even from the most depressing, though the play itself may please

not the million, and the actor present details which to the average student of human life are hardly less than depressing.

As most of us know, certain of the London Theatres have acquired a reputation in a particular line of dramatic art, of which it may suffice to note as examples in point: the Lyceum, in the representation of the more serious drama; the Haymarket, the Criterion and the Garrick for high-class comedy; the English Opera-House (during the year last past), for Sir Arthur Sullivan's more serious opera; the Savoy, for lighter works of that character heretofore chiefly from the same composer, that admirable humourist Mr. Gilbert supplying the design and words; Drury Lane, for spectacular plays; Toole's and Terry's theatres, for farcical comedy; the Gaiety, for burlesque, etc.

We should be inclined to say that the foregoing, each in its class, will afford the visitor opportunity of studying the best kind of acting, and the most artistic and elaborate "stage-setting" of such plays as are performed, to be seen anywhere in England.

Of the Royal English Opera-house, opened last year, one may be allowed to express the hope, that it may succeed in establishing itself in the permanent favour of the public. As a theatre, it is well worth seeing; and the success of Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Ivanhoe* gives promise of other similar work, in the cultivation of a taste for which, on the part of admirers of opera in English the late Mr. Carl Rosa worked so hard, and was so eminently successful.

For some years past, the Savoy has had some claim to be considered the most popular "fashionable" theatre in London. The promise of "a new opera by Gilbert and Sullivan" had everywhere come to be looked upon as one of the most gratifying announcements of the London year. Every one trusts that there is but a temporary break in the series of remarkable successes which have followed the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's plays. Even if we get no new ones, as to which no ill-conditioned prophet yet dare prophecy, there are the old to

fall back upon, always fresh and inviting to lovers of good music and mirth-provoking song.

Of the Lyceum Theatre and what it offers patrons of the drama, it is unnecessary to write. To see Mr. Irving himself in this, that, or the other play, and to see his company, and admire the painstaking care and skill, with which whatsoever plays he produces are presented on the stage, these are among common excuses for going to the theatre. If there be any man in England to whom living actors are chiefly indebted, for the almost extravagant estimation in which their art is now held by the English public, that man is Mr. Irving. But this being matter of personal opinion, we had more discreetly keep to the safer side and say no further; merely adding that the London theatres and their acting-companies were best known to us thirty-five years ago. Compare the position of the London actor, then, with what it is to-day. Why, we remember—

No matter, what we remember; let's proceed. For all that we are so hard-pressed that way, we should yet like to add, that actors (and the public too) are under immense obligations to such men as Macready, Charles Kean, Alfred Wigan, and Henry Irving for what has been done in our day to elevate the English stage, and the position of those connected with it.

At the Garrick Theatre, in Charing Cross Road, the playgoer may have the opportunity of seeing, specially, one of the most finished comedians in London—

Mr. Hare; and generally a well-selected company in first-rate comedy.



At the Haymarket Theatre there is Mr. Beerbohm-Tree, of whom it would hardly be too much to say that in the range of his art, and the uniform excellence of his acting, he has none his superior in London. The company here, too, is always carefully chosen.

Drury Lane is the popular play-house for those who have a relish for "grand spectacular" things.

The Court Theatre (next Sloane Square Railway Station) is a fashionable rendezvous after the dinner-hour, with those who find in comedy rather than the severer drama, the most agreeable digestive after the appointed six courses and dessert.

The Adelphi Theatre is the favourite resort of suburban people. It still thrives upon the "creepy"—or what was once called "transpontine"—form of drama. To persons who like that style it will be found entertaining. Fightings and shootings, threatenings and abductions, with the usual concomitants of skilfully arranged scenery, are among the chief.

The Gaiety nowadays often changes its companies. It is not safe to prophesy what is forthcoming in any season. In general, burlesque.

The Prince of Wales' has made its reputation with light opera, which, having served it so well, it will probably look for similar service, from similar sources.

St. James' Theatre still keeps to comedy to secure patronage.

Terry's Theatre, with Mr. Terry as the leading attraction, is invariably productive of mirth. With Mr. Terry in the bills, we can suggest no theatre so likely as his to bring a Métropole dinner to a satisfactory conclusion.

Toole's Theatre should not be missed. A high authority in the theatrical world has named its genial and popular lessee "the droll" of London. One must always do *the* thing to be in the fashion; and one of *the* things to be done is to go to Mr. Toole's Theatre.

The Vaudeville is not far away. Mark it down on the tablets as unusually successful in the production of some worthy examples of modern comedy from the old Masters.

Comedy is also the strong point of the Criterion Theatre, and its company is unusually well able to cope with the best modern examples in that department of dramatic work. The contiguity of the theatre to the restaurant, and of the stalls to the fashionable "East Room," invites the well-dined epicurean to the play, which at the Criterion is generally conducive of healthful gaiety of spirits.

The Shaftesbury Theatre in the avenue of that name, by consent of its patrons, is said to possess the best "pit" in London. It has been lately successful with grand opera.

"The Lyric," not far away in the same thoroughfare, has been heretofore associated with the production of light opera.

That old favourite, the Princess', mostly produces now the severer form of Drama, which, perhaps, is more in favour with younger than older patrons of the theatre. When one is young he can better digest strong food.

The Comedy Theatre, the Opéra Comique, the Strand, and the Avenue Theatres can generally show some pretty plays, good actors, and attractive actresses; and where these essentials of theatrical success are combined, the public is not slow to avail itself of the accommodation provided in stalls and boxes.

The Empire and Alhambra Theatres in Leicester Square are favoured homes of the Ballet. Gentlemen, as we know, rather than ladies are its best patrons; though why a lady may not, seated in a stall by the side of her husband, find some attraction, in well-arranged dances and pretty scenery and inspiriting music, and last, not least, graceful and shapely and handsomely dressed women, is one of



those mysteries which perhaps can best be explained by the fact that Ballet is danced by women solely.

The London theatrical season runs from September to the end of July. In boxes, stalls, and dress circle it is usual, during May, June and July, though not positively compulsory at all theatres, to appear in evening dress, as at the Opera. Cloak-rooms, refreshment-rooms, and here and there smoking-rooms, are provided at the leading theatres. A front seat in the "pit" is as good as any in the house; but as this is seldom to be obtained without much patience and no little discomfort in waiting for the doors to open, and is hardly desirable in the case of ladies, we advise the "dress circle" or "upper circle" as moderate in respect of price. A "stall" on a "first night" is worth striving for, and will repay the curiosity of the playgoer. One may generally see then gathered together the most prominent dramatic authors, critics, and theatrical patrons of London. To the more venturesome the pit on such occasions offers many attractions, though fewer comforts. Theatrical "first nights" of late years in London have, however, been few and far between.

The theatres generally open their doors at 7.30, some few at 7; and the performance of the principal piece usually commences at 8 or 8.15. There are "Box" or ticket offices, open daily from 10 to 5, at all the theatres, at which seats may be booked in advance. The prices of admission range from 1s. for a seat in the gallery to £3 3s., £4 4s., or even as high as £8 8s., for a private box. The popular prices are: Pit, 2s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.; upper circle, 3s. and 4s.; upper boxes, 4s.; and dress circle, 6s.; stalls are half-a-guinea each.

CHAPTER XVI.

MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENTS.

"MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S": ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

IN the preface to the "Book of the Words," daily sold at this popular place of London entertainment, Mr. Alfred German Reed tells his patrons that it has now reached its thirty-seventh year. In point of fact, that it may be reckoned among the institutions alike of London of Yesterday and London of To-Day. During the period named, it has had the co-operation of many of our best-known dramatic authors (including the successive editors of *Punch*), in the production of the various pieces written for its stage, and not a few well-known masters of music; and those pieces have had the good fortune rarely to fail to attract the public, and never to offend.

The German Reed's is of that class of dramatic and musical entertainment one needs never to question his conscience as to the propriety of attending. Persons who have a rooted objection to a theatre (why? we'll not stay to inquire), will take their "stall" here, without any preliminary indecision or introspection. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings even of the most susceptible has been ever heard from or seen on its stage, which daily dispenses a little excellent music, a little excellent acting,



and a good deal of merriment of one kind and another, the whole contrived and arranged by a group of admirable performers, of which Mr. Alfred German Reed and Mr. Corney Grain are the leading spirits.

In a word, we find here the best example of the so-called Drawing-room Entertainment, so popular in the days of Miss P. Horton and the inimitable and worthy John Parry.

As for Mr. Corney Grain, not to know him is to argue oneself unknown. Every one in London knows him. In the London



MR. CORNEY GRAIN.

Season, when not in his appointed place by the familiar piano on the stage of St. George's Hall, he may be found in one or other of the drawing-rooms in Belgravia or Mayfair. And out of the season, he is not seldom the life and support of our dreary suburbs. But for Corney Grain the London suburbs of winter evenings would become mere

forcing-grounds for lunatics. He periodically cheers up the dull dweller in suburbs. He is the best mind-doctor in the world. A course of Corney Grain, with songs, is as good as a sea voyage; and his fee (whatever it may be) is more cheerfully bestowed than that claimed by any practising physician in London. Parsons and physicians indeed are always found among the most appreciative section of his audience; which in this case at all events serves to show that some good men practise what they preach, in respect that is of advising a little wholesome recreation to all and sundry.

THE EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.

Mr. J. N. Maskelyne not unfitly names this time-honoured Institution of West End London "England's Home of Mystery," though there is little to mystify about Mr. Maskelyne himself. He is the most frank and communicative of modern illusionists, and fairly tells you that his excellent entertainment is mere clever invention, designed to amuse but not to trick. His spiritualistic *exposés* were the talk of London a few years back. As the public denouncer of the slippery spiritualist brethren and their idiotic frauds, he gained the thanks of the community. All the tricks of the professional media were in turn very skilfully presented at the Egyptian Hall by Mr. Maskelyne; and his quiet humour and genial sincerity in turning a good strong light on the mysterious motions of "spirits" in the air, under the table, locked in cabinets, bound with ropes, or otherwise embarrassed, long delighted the town.

He still entertains it every evening at 8 o'clock, and on six afternoons of the week at 3, by a little first-rate juggling, very cleverly manipulated; followed by Mr. Morritt's skilful and amusing sleight-of-hand feats, and Mr. Nevile Maskelyne's clever cabinet illusion, which all wonder at. In addition, we have the mechanical and automatic orchestra, with the clever contrivances wherewith to simulate a storm at sea; and a series of ingenious shadow-pictures by Mr. Morritt aforesaid, which are a feast of fun, more especially for the little ones.

But Mr. Maskelyne's principal effort now is reserved to defying the ingenuity of the Mahatmas (of whom to-day we hear so much and know so very little), and in the result, as we shrewdly suspect, he outdoes them. He undertakes to "precipitate" not a letter but a human being. A small raised platform is placed upon the stage, and at each corner of this platform, upon which an armchair rests, is an upright brass rod down which slides a green baize curtain enabling the occupant of the chair to be concealed momentarily from view. Between the platform upon

which the chair rests and the real or stage platform there is a clear space, and in order that it may not be supposed that this space is provided with a looking-glass, as in the Pepper's ghost illusion, Mr. Maskelyne's assistants walk round the structure, and show that the lower parts of their legs can clearly be seen by the audience on the other side. Moreover, a committee of persons from among the audience are invited to the stage, and a young man having taken his seat in the chair he is strapped into it, and one of the members of the audience holds the end of a strap attached to an uplifted arm, while another holds a protruding hand of the sitter. The green baize curtains are lowered. Presently, the exhibited hand falls, and at the same time the strap which is being held at the opposite corner gives way, and is found to be quite loose in the hand of the person holding it. All this occupies but a second or two, and the curtains are drawn up again. Whereupon, *hey presto!* the figure in the armchair has disappeared from his place of concealment in full view of both audience and committee of inspection. In another minute the "precipitated" person is seen coming from the back of the audience, and walks up to the platform.

This Egyptian Hall School of Mystery is one of the most interesting to study in. Mr. Maskelyne has the inventive faculty strongly developed, not merely in regard of his professional work, but outside of it. A man of his stamp is always entertaining and instructive; and if our readers only gain half the information from him that we have, their holiday-shillings will be productive of very generous interest.

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH.

Mr. George Grossmith, most admirable incentive of merriment, having closed his career at the Savoy Theatre, has entered the ranks of public entertainers on his own account, and probably we shall hear him during the season in London, elsewhere than in the privileged drawing-rooms of Belgravia, Tyburnia and Mayfair.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.

This entertainment is a very old favourite, and a survival of a very old favourite. Its beginnings might, we think, be traced to "Jim Crow," whose cacophonous strains so captivated Londoners' nearly fifty years ago. The Ethiopian Serenaders brought a new pleasure to our shores some eight or ten years after "Jump Jim Crow" had left them.

Then came the Christy Minstrels, special favourites of our boyhood. These again gave place to the popular performers of to-day, under direction of Messrs. Moore and Burgess, who for more than twenty years have been helping to amuse London. To the "Ethiopian" and the "Christy" Minstrels we are indebted for many a favourite melody long since forgotten. Thirty years ago "Lucy Neal," "The Dandy Broadway Swell," "Old Uncle Ned," "Way down upon de Swanee Ribber," "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," "Old Dog Tray," "Hard Times," and other melodies of these singers were as popular as those of Henry Russell.

Of the thousands whom these, and between two and three hundred other popular songs from the same hand moved to laughter or to tears, few ever heard the name of the author. "He must have passed," says an American writer, "unnoticed



MR. MOORE.

through the streets, when from every lighted concert room, from almost every family circle, from every hand-organ, or roaming ballad-singer's lips, were poured forth his irresistible melodies." His name was Stephen Collins Foster, a native of Pennsylvania, born in 1826. His songs were translated into most of the European languages, and published by tens of thousands in England. He was taken ill in a hotel in the Bowery, and carried to a hospital, where he died in 1864.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM.

There are two primary attractions at the Crystal Palace—the Saturday Concerts and the Fireworks. The concerts, under Mr. Manns' direction, are second to none in England; the fireworks (belonging to the season of summer only) as a display are second to none anywhere.

On a fine summer's day the Sydenham resort is one of the pleasantest holiday-rendezvous around London. It is easy of access from almost any London railway-station; and the price of a first-class return-ticket, including admission, is but half-a-crown.

You may be sure of having your money's worth in-doors or out-of-doors. There are the always interesting classical courts and picture galleries to be inspected within; and on certain specified days (for which see the daily newspapers), excellent theatrical performances, daily concerts, and the like to be seen and listened to. Without, you have a fine view of suburban London, with picturesque range of lawns, shrubberies, and gardens to roam about; a lake to boat upon; the fountains at play to add to the charm of the scene; and pastoral ballets, illuminated walks, and (on Thursdays) fireworks to keep you interested after dinner.

The Flower Shows, than which few exhibitions are prettier, take place periodically in April, May, June and July. The great Rose Show (which all should see who love roses—and who does not?) is usually held at the beginning of the latter month.



MR. AUGUST MANNS: "THE CONCERTS, UNDER MR. MANNS'
DIRECTION, ARE SECOND TO NONE IN ENGLAND" (p. 168).



The curious American visitor should not fail to note the great popular festivals at the Crystal Palace: Easter Monday, Whit Monday, August Bank Holiday, Choral Meetings and Society Fêtes. These are well worth being present at, if one desires to enlarge his knowledge of mankind, and especially of England's portion of it.

There are certain permanent exhibitions at the Crystal Palace, besides those of the several Courts, which are well worthy the attention of visitors. Chief among these is the Picture Gallery, under the capable and painstaking direction of Mr. C. Wentworth Wass. It contains an interesting collection of examples of the modern English and other schools, periodically contributed so as to form independent exhibitions, such as are to be found elsewhere in London, and usually comprising not a few pictures by artists of well-known reputation. There is an annual Art Union in connection with the principal exhibition; and medals are offered by the Directors for competition among the contributors, the elected judges being members of the Royal Academy, or other equally competent Art-authority.

On the whole, the Crystal Palace Art Gallery is every way entitled to the support of artists and the public both. To the first-named it provides advantageous opportunity for the periodical exhibition of works of merit, which pass under the review of professional critics; and as regards the public, it offers an agreeable and pleasing variety to the numerous other daily attractions the Crystal Palace itself affords.

The Museum, too, in the First Gallery, on the Garden side of the Palace, is deserving mention. It comprises a collection of exceptional interest, formed and arranged by the late Dr. David S. Price, including illustrations of matters connected with Arctic Exploration; specimens illustrating the manners and customs of the Yarkand and Tibet Court; also of Modern Egypt, and various relics and products of the Tasmanian Colony aboriginal, and of modern date. There is a Chinese Court; and last, not least, the Pompeian House, a reproduction of portions

of the residence of a Roman nobleman contemporary with Pompeii.

The Refreshment Department, an always essential part of every popular institution, allows of considerable latitude in the way of personal expenditure, ranging from that entailed upon the modest luncheon, to that of the more costly dinner *à la haute cuisine Française*, pre-arranged with the appointed authority. The French Court provides an agreeable retreat for afternoon tea, and there are the Terrace Dining Rooms, and a well-furnished Grill-room for all and sundry thitherward attracted at the appointed hours.

With very great pleasure we print the following letter from an old friend touching this Institution :—" I have travelled much, and I unhesitatingly say, that the Crystal Palace is unique in the world. It has no counterpart, and nothing to compare with it. Its amusements are first-class. Nearly all the best theatrical performances appearing there, in the afternoons at cheap prices ; occasional operas, a pantomime second to none. The Classical Concerts, which I seldom fail to attend, are simply A 1 ; and there are probably not more than one, or perhaps two, as fine bands as the Crystal Palace Band in England. It has replicas of works of Art existing nowhere else, and which can never be replaced ; for, when the Palace was started the Royal Family and the Government exerted themselves, and the Crystal Palace has copies of works of Art from all countries, especially from Italy, obtained by their influence, which the laws of Italy now would prevent any parties whatever obtaining in future. The various shows, as the recent Mining Exhibition (absolutely unique in Europe), the Dog Show annually held, and the Poultry Show, are all absolutely first-class. The Institution is a great national one, and its loss, if it should ever occur, would be nothing short of a national calamity. There are few things of which the country may be more proud, and Americans, as I frequently heard when there, willingly admit it. I have omitted to mention its Educational institutions, which are excellent. The theme is one on

which you may well dilate, with the strictest and most conscientious accuracy, and, in so doing, you will be doing a service to your readers."

MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAXWORKS.

There is our old friend, Madame Tussaud, of "Waxwork" fame, long established and justly celebrated, whose portrait-models of every one of any notoriety, worthies and unworthies from kings and princes to hangmen and assassins, need no particular mention from us to make their repute known to the public. A new home has been found for the famous collection of waxwork figures, close to Baker Street Station, conspicuous to the evening visitor by the well-lighted domes of glass which crown the edifice.

THE MUSIC-HALLS.

In that admirable piece of comedy, "The Newcomes," the curtain rises upon a Drinking Chorus. The set-scene is the Cave of Harmony (by long odds the best example of a London music-hall we have ever known; albeit somewhat too oozy in its day of whisky and tobacco); and the personages of the little comedy are the worthy Colonel and young Clive, Pendennis (of Lamb Court), Jones (of Trinity), King (of Corpus), Martin (of Trinity Hall), Young Nadab, Hoskins, the host, various minor personages of the stage, and that shameless reprobate and hoary old sinner, Captain Costigan.

Jones of Trinity (a fellow of very kind feeling, who, later, went



into the Church), nudges Hoskins and passes him a pencilled slip of paper, hinting that a boy is in the room, and a gentleman "who is quite a greenhorn"; hence that the songs to be sung that evening had better be carefully selected.

So Hoskins pipes his inoffensive "Old English Gentleman all of the olden time"; the Colonel makes bold to follow with "Wapping Old Stairs"; Young Nadab improvises a tolerable song *à propos* (which carries a harmless refrain of ritolderol-ritolderol-ritolderol); and all goes decently and pleasantly at the Cave till Costigan happens in. Then this ex-captain in the king's army, "setting his face into a grin, and leering as he was wont," volunteers one of his "prime songs"—a song fired off with a tipsy howl and breaking into a boisterous strain of disgusting ribaldry. Whereupon the Colonel impetuously rises to his feet, seizes his hat and stick, demands of old Costigan if he dares to call himself a gentleman qualified "to sit down amongst Christians and men of honour," scowls round upon the entire company of scared bacchanalians, and indignantly stalks away, his boy after him. King (of Corpus) winces; Jones (of Trinity) smarts; Pendennis has recourse to his conscience and interleaves a paragraph; Hoskins questions his honour; and Costigan once more falls upon his own, sodden, whipped and inarticulate.

Readers of Thackeray will recall the sequel in Mr. Arthur Pendennis' chambers in the Temple, wherein the Colonel, descanting upon the roystering habits of Messieurs Tom Jones and Joseph Andrews and the gay sparks of their day, delivers his own opinion upon the attitude to be observed by a gentleman in regard of his pleasures. Boozing, fuddling, and listening to indecent songs indecently sung, were not, in his view, habits that a gentleman might properly indulge in.

He had gone to the Cave to enjoy his after-dinner cigar, sip his sherry-cobbler, meet the wits (if haply any should be present), give his boy a little treat, and also to hear a glee or two, or a ballad, becomingly rendered according to the programme. There

was no harm in that. Till Costigan appeared upon the scene “a lady’s school might have come in ; and, but for the smell of brandy-and-water and cigars, have taken no harm by what had happened.” Thackeray says so ; and Thackeray was a gentleman.

“Caves of Harmony” and “Back Kitchens” are no longer the vogue in London. “Palaces of Variety” and “Halls of Dazzling Light” have taken their place. We are not altogether sure that London has profited by the change. “Evans’,” we make bold to say, was (save on “Boat-race night,” when a gang of ill-conditioned boys made things uncomfortable)—“Evans’,” in the old days, and *minus* Captain Costigan, was, to our thinking, the best example of a music-hall the Metropolis has known. In lieu of the Glees, Madrigals, Choruses, and Part Songs belonging to its pleasant *répertoire* we now have a programme of twaddling comic songs, set to snatchy music ; character sketches, of not very original rendering ; a little juggling, tumbling, and tomfoolery of the “variety” order ; and here and there a good ballet or two, which is the most attractive item in the evening’s entertainment.

The cigars and brandy-and-water business remains as heretofore, and is, so to say, the treble-lined “whip” to all and sundry to attend the music-hall entertainment. Without that business, two-thirds of the London music-halls might as well close their doors, and their respective proprietors and directors turn their attention to co-operative stores, and other enterprising adventures of commerce. Take away the privilege of smoking and drinking from the music-hall, and little is left but twaddle and pantomime.

The Pavilion, the Trocadero, the Empire, the Aquarium, and the Alhambra are representative of the music-hall of London of To-Day. The Empire and the Alhambra rely more upon the ballet than on songs and juggling to attract their patrons, and display the best-arranged of that kind of stage “business” to be seen in London. For the rest, you will get a better glass of punch, and a more fragrant cigar at any good London hotel, than at the best of the Music-halls.

CHAPTER XVII.

ART GALLERIES AND EXHIBITIONS.



THE London Galleries of Art might be thus classified: (1) The permanent Public Galleries, such as the National, South Kensington, National Portrait, and kindred institutions; (2) the periodical representative Exhibitions, such as those of the Royal Academy, the Royal Society, and Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours; (3) the supplementary major Exhibitions, such

as those of the New (Regent Street) Gallery ; (4) the supplementary minor Exhibitions, of which that of Boussod-Valadon & Co., of Bond Street, suggests a sufficient, and attractive, example.

In the first three classes, the visitor, if he be in earnest, will find his most promising and productive fields of study and criticism. As regards the fourth, he may have to go far and wide to see what is worth seeing, and the search cannot always be said to be rich in results. Picture-dealers' exhibitions are of very variable and fluctuating merit. Sometimes one finds a collection of unusual and commendable excellence, but not with great frequency ; and as for the pictorial rubbish, he may light upon representative examples of that in almost any street he has a mind to turn into, and without paying a shilling for admission to the shop where they are exhibited.

The inauguration of the London Art Season takes place the last week of March, with the festival known as "Show Sunday." Afterwards, the galleries of the Water Colour societies are opened for the spring exhibitions. Then follow the "Critics'" and "Private View" days at the Royal Academy and New Gallery in the last week of April. On the first Monday of May the doors of Burlington House are thrown open to the public, and thereafter remain open till the last week of July. The visitor will be likely to find in each of these annual commemorations somewhat to arrest his attention, and perchance not a little to instruct and amuse him.

"Show Sunday" is the day on which artists who exhibit, or hope to exhibit, at the Royal Academy and elsewhere receive their friends and friends' friends at their studios.

The artist-localities of London no longer centre in Fitzroy Square, as in the days of Clive Newcome, and Mr. Gandish. Within the last ten years they have become extended to the remoter suburbs of London—to Hampstead and Highgate on the north, Kensington and Chelsea in the west, Chiswick and Putney in the south. It is a far cry, as some people know, from the Chelsea Embankment to St. John's Wood ; and the

picturesque settlements of Holland Park, at Kensington, are sufficiently remote from the ancient art regions of central London. Moreover, Highgate and Primrose Hill are not so nigh to Bedford Park, Chiswick, that a hansom cabman will accept, with graceful courtesy, a half-crown as his legal fare.

To compass all these outlying districts, and in the intervals of driving and "entraining" (a word for which we have to thank the War Office), to twist through folds of silks and satins, and to view a great variety of pictures, and listen to a still greater variety of twaddling criticism concerning them—these are the ends of "Show Sunday."

The great aim of every one in London society is to be beforehand with every one else. A Londoner of fashion, who is in a position to say he has seen all the pictures of the year, worth seeing, on "Show Sunday," is a more important person at Mayfair dinner-tables than one who has to wait till the "Critics' Day." And he who has the *entrée* to the Academy on the "Critics' Day" is a greater person than he who has to wait till the "Private View Day." And he who has the *entrée* then is to be preferred before one who has not. But the game is hardly worth the candle. As, however, there may be some who might wish to indulge in it, we can but point the way. Invitations for "Show Sunday" are to be procured through the introduction of any artist of position; though it might not be so easy to obtain admission to the studios of all the Academicians. This should be no great disappointment, and the visitor might find compensation in seeking out the studios of less illustrious artists. To receive an invitation to the galleries of the Royal Academy on "Critics' Day" one should, of course, be the accredited representative of some journal of recognised position and influence, though, by the way, this is not so necessary now as in years gone by.

The *entrée* to the "Private View Day," a privilege eagerly sought in the fashionable world, is exclusively in the bestowal of the Royal Academicians. Influence in that direction would no doubt secure admission; but the galleries are generally so over-

crowded that the chief delight is to be found, not in criticising the pictures, but in criticising the company.

In the department of "Private Views," as of some others of our social life, the appetite may be said to grow with what it feeds on. One would suppose that a full dose of "private view" on a Wednesday would limit the temptation to a second full dose on a Friday. But not so; the relish for this kind of London excitement is prodigious once it sets in. People will do "the New" and half-a-dozen smaller Bond Street Galleries in a week, and crave for more. They are quite ready to tackle all the full Galleries of the Academy itself if these fall within the period; and having "done the Galleries," and beaten the record of their acquaintances and friends, they are content to rest from their labours, so far as the London Art season is concerned. The Art Galleries Private Views of London of To-Day are an awful experience, not to add exercise of mind and body both.

We should not omit to remind the reader here that the national exhibitions are—those of the National Gallery (in 1887 completely reorganised); the National Portraits, temporarily at Bethnal Green Museum; the Picture Gallery (Sheepshanks and Chantry Bequest) at the Museum, South Kensington; the recently opened City Art Gallery at Guildhall; to which may be added the collections at Hampton Court Palace, Dulwich College, the Soane Museum—all more particularly referred to elsewhere.

The Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House, Piccadilly, was instituted by George III. in 1768; one of the primary objects for which it was founded being "the establishing of an annual exhibition open to all artists of distinguished merit, where they may offer their performances to public inspection, and acquire that degree of reputation and encouragement which they shall be deemed to deserve." There are, at present, forty-one Royal Academicians and thirty Associate members, with various Honorary Retired Academicians, Honorary Foreign Academicians, Honorary Members, Professors, and a Secretary.

The annual Royal Academy Summer Exhibition of pictures

and statuary opens, as we have said, the first Monday in May, and continues until the last week in July. Admission from 8 a.m. till dusk 1s., catalogue 1s. The last week of July the galleries are open from 7.30 till 10.30 p.m., the price of admission is 6d., and that of the catalogue 6d.

The Winter Royal Academy Exhibition of the works of Foreign Old Masters and of Deceased British Artists generally opens towards the end of December, and continues till March. Besides the exhibition galleries, there are in the Royal Academy building a theatre for lectures, etc., schools of art for male and female students, and a fine library. The Diploma and Gibson Gallery is open free daily from 11 a.m. till 4 p.m.

The Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 5, Pall Mall East, S.W., was formed in 1804. The exhibition of the works of this society are held twice in the year, in April (continuing through the Season) and December. Admission 1s.

The Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, whose



location is the Art Galleries, Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, was founded in the year 1831, as "The New Society of Painters in Water Colours," a title subsequently altered to that which it now bears. It holds exhibitions in the spring (continuing through the Season) and winter. Admission 1s.

The Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, founded in 1823, "for the erection of an extensive gallery for the Annual Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Living Artists of the United Kingdom in the various branches of Painting (in oil and water colours), Sculpture, Architecture, and Engraving, at the period when the tasteful and opulent are usually resident in the Metropolis, viz., during the months of April, May, June, and July." It holds two exhibitions, one in the spring and one in the winter. The former opens in March; the latter in November. Admission 1s.

The New Gallery, Regent Street, has now taken its place among the principal Art Galleries in London. It was established in 1888, and the usual summer exhibitions of the works of living artists have been held in May. In the autumn the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society has gathered together here a collection of works of design and handicraft, and in the winter interesting exhibitions of pictures and relics have been held illustrative of the Tudor, Guelph, and Victorian periods.

In addition to the foregoing, the visitor might find a good deal to interest him in the periodical exhibitions of Boussod-Valadon & Co. (116 and 117, New Bond Street). At the French Gallery (Pall Mall) may usually be seen a good collection of modern French pictures; at the Fine Art Society's rooms (148, New Bond Street) water-colours, engravings, and etchings; at Agnew's in Old Bond Street examples of the modern English School; at McLean's (7, Haymarket) and at Tooth's, near at hand, water colours and engravings, etc.; so also at Messrs. Dowdeswell's (160, Bond Street); at Mr. Le Févre's in King Street, St. James', and at Mr. J. P. Mendoza's, also in King Street, St. James'.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MAY MEETINGS.

THERE is one feature of the Season, more particularly of the month of May, which is noteworthy. We are always reminded at this time of the year of how vast an organisation of religious and philanthropic effort the English Metropolis is the centre. A great stream of beneficent intention and endeavour, which is running silently all the year, comes to the surface in the spring, and observers are astonished at its vast volume and its unfailing flow. The May Meetings in London are the outward and visible signs of the quiet work which goes on, otherwise unnoticed, all over the United Kingdom, and all round the world. There is no part of it where men are in need, no social stratum of England's own population, in which some of the societies which meet in Exeter Hall during the two months from the middle of April till the middle of June, are not engaged in a struggle against ignorance and evil. The sums of money collected and expended every year in these efforts tell up to millions. The money has to be gathered on the one hand and distributed on the other by organisations which need for their successful maintenance unflagging effort and zeal. The vast sums dealt with in the reports read at these May meetings are usually made up of small contributions, and their number and vast aggregate amount are striking signs of the diffused wealth and the more widely spread philanthropy of English society. The most significant feature of these meetings is the vast background of national feeling which they embody and represent. Whatever drawbacks may be associated with the organisations themselves, and however large the expenditure on mere machinery may be, the one

striking fact which stands out above all others is, that a vast proportion of the English people are ready year by year to give considerable sums of money for purposes which are entirely unselfish, their personal interest in which is solely that of religious or philanthropic feeling.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

The world has recently heard so much of this organisation and its work in "Darkest England" that it would seem supererogatory to indulge herein in any particular references to it. Every one by this time knows that it is a religious outcome of London of To-Day: an enthusiastic aggregate of men and women marshalled and officered by "General" Booth, his relations, friends and adherents; the rank and file comprising many thousands male and female, working, as they conceive, for the spiritual salvation of sinners, and assuredly for the temporal advantage of the outcast and poverty-stricken of the Metropolis.

The Headquarters of the Army may be found in Queen Victoria Street, City. Thitherward the inquiring stranger should direct his steps, if he wish to make himself better acquainted with its work, which can hardly fail to be otherwise than interesting to the serious-minded. However opinions may differ as to the lawfulness of the encroachments of the Army on the peacefulness of neighbourhoods, few will gainsay the right of its members to worship God in their own way, and still fewer will withhold sympathy in their endeavours to reclaim the outcast and fallen.

CHAPTER XIX.

SOME RESORTS OF THE PEOPLE.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE IN EAST LONDON.

VISITORS who buy our book might wish to see a building specially designed and set apart for the people's recreation in the poor district of East London. Then let them go to the People's Palace in the Mile End Road, which they may reach by omnibus or rail—from the Bank in the one case, or Liverpool Street railway terminus in the other—and study that bazaar of popular recreation.

The various sections of work undertaken by the Beaumont Trustees at the People's Palace under the chairmanship of that indefatigable citizen, Sir Edmund Hay Currie, may be briefly stated as follows:—

1. Works especially for young folks, as represented by the People's Palace Institute.
2. The Recreative and Literary Department for the public, by means of the Free Library, Exhibitions, Concerts, etc.
3. The Educational Section, open to both sexes of all ages.

In the first department of their work many Social and Recreative Clubs, such as Debating, Sketching, Choral, Band, and Athletic Clubs, have been started, and are at present in a most successful condition, showing an enrolled strength of over 4,000 young men and women, paying a subscription at the rate of 7s. 6d. and 5s. per annum respectively.

In the Gymnasium 1,500 of the men are enrolled as members, also some 300 of the girls are regular attendants, whilst a further 200 occasionally avail themselves of the advantages of the calisthenic instruction given. Several public Gymnastic Displays

have been given, notably those before H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Earl of Rosebery, the Duke of Westminster, and other personages of rank.

Difficulty being experienced in this over-populated district, of affording adequate facilities for Cricket and Football matches, the Corporation of the City of London granted the use of about ten acres of the Wanstead Flats, very easy of access from the Palace, to the members of those Clubs.

A fine Swimming Bath (given by the Earl of Rosebery), 200 feet long, is another special attraction to the Palace members, who obtain admission at a fee of 2d.

The efforts of the Trustees in catering for the general public have been marked by great success. The special features of this department have been the Concerts, Exhibitions, Shows, etc., held from time to time in the Queen's Hall.

The Concerts are given throughout the winter on Monday and Saturday evenings; and at these the Trustees have been assisted by numerous Choirs, Musical Societies, Bands, etc. Special reference might be made to the Handel Society, the Guildhall School of Music, the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society, the Popular Musical Union, the Scots Guards Band, etc., etc. These concerts have proved immensely attractive. They commence at eight o'clock, and the charge is now 3d. to all parts of the hall. On Saturdays it fills to overflowing, and half-an-hour before the time of commencement the announcement is generally made that the hall is full; 4,000 is the average attendance, and it is calculated that these concerts will pay the expenses of maintaining the new library.

The Shows and Exhibitions have included Poultry and Flower Shows, Apprentices' Exhibitions; a Dog, Cat, and Rabbit Show; and a Workmen's Industrial Exhibition.

The Literary Section, as represented by the Reading Room and Library, is largely used by the working classes, and augurs well for the success of this branch of the People's Palace. As an indication of the success of this department of its work,

it is only necessary to say that over 800,000 persons visited the Palace within a period of eight months, either for the Exhibitions, Concerts, or in order to use the Reading Room and Library.

Such in brief are matters of interest in connection with the People's Palace in East London ; at all events to those who find in London somewhat more than a mere fair-ground of perpetual pleasure and selfish enjoyment.

TOYNBEE HALL.

Those who make the pilgrimage to East London will find in Oxford House and Toynbee Hall noteworthy examples of the benevolent movements of the day in behalf of the working classes of London. The first stands but a short distance from the Bethnal Green Station of the Great Eastern Railroad (Liverpool Street terminus) ; the second is in Commercial Street, Whitechapel, a continuation of Fenchurch Street and Aldgate, in the City district.

Oxford House and Toynbee Hall are often known by the name of the "University Settlements" in East London. Of late years there has been a great and growing interest in the condition of the East End, in which the English Universities have largely shared.

Two colleges at Oxford, and nearly every college at Cambridge, have a religious mission in that poor immense region, which is a city of itself. Some of the great Public Schools have a similar mission, and various clergymen are turning their University training to good account in the course of their labours. Oxford House and Toynbee Hall have their special aims, and a unique interest of their own. Of all the new agencies at work for the poor, these are perhaps the most typical of the present time, and, with the exception of the People's Palace, have attracted the largest share of general attention.

Each is of recent foundation (1881), and each seems to aim

at the same idea of friendship and co-operation between the Universities and the so-called masses, in offering such leisure and knowledge as is available from the cultured classes to those who need them; and by practical association with the life of a working city, to obtain some of the necessary data for dealing with the great social questions of London of To-Day.

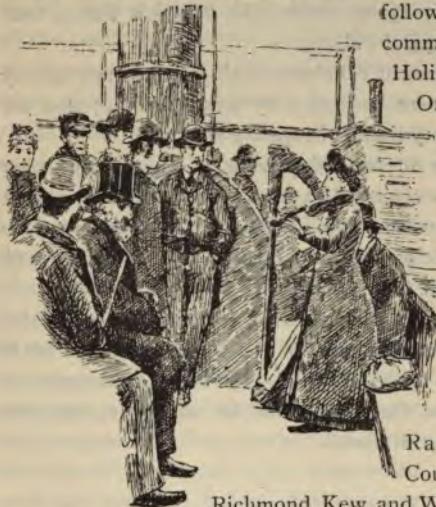
PLAYGROUNDS AND PLEASURE-PLACES OF THE PEOPLE.

The great anniversaries of the London year are Easter Monday, Whit Monday, the first Monday in August, and the day following Christmas Day—commonly known as Bank Holidays.

On either of these days the stranger within our gates may witness the interesting spectacle of the People at Play.

Their favourite open-air resorts are Epping Forest (on the Great Eastern Railroad); Hampton Court, Bushey Park, Richmond, Kew, and Windsor (on the South Western); Hampstead Heath and Highgate Woods (on the north side of London); Greenwich Park, Blackheath, and Clapham and Tooting Commons (on the south); Battersea Park (on the west); Victoria Park, London Fields, and Hackney Downs (on the east).

Other great trysting-places of the working and artisan classes on these holidays are the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's



Park; the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; the South Kensington and Natural History Museums at Kensington; the Tower of London, by the Thames; the Museum at Bethnal Green; and the People's Palace in the Mile End Road.

On one Bank Holiday (Whit Monday), no fewer than an aggregate of 80,000 gathered on Hampstead Heath, and 37,400 persons "booked" by train from Liverpool Street to (Chingford) Epping Forest; and to adjacent stations travelled another 22,600.

On the same Bank Holiday, 26,413 persons passed the pay-turnstiles of the Zoological Gardens; 19,992 those of the South Kensington Museum; 13,000 visited the People's Palace, and 65,546 went to the Crystal Palace.

The State Apartments at Windsor (a half-crown return railway fare from London) were inspected by 6,753 persons; and the Tower of London (very limited in space), by 9,002.

The total amounts to 280,706 persons at play in and near London, taking no account of 53,713 of the people who paid for river-trips by steamer; of the 13,682 who booked "in twelve special trains" for Brighton; or of those who needed eighteen "cheap trains" to take them to Kempton Park for the races.

On the first Monday in August, when our treacherous climate admits of it, the working population of London go farther afield into the Country and to the Seaside. The scene at Margate, on the Kentish coast, on that day, would be difficult to match in any popular resort in the world.

CHAPTER XX.

HINTS FOR DRIVES AND EXCURSIONS.

IT is not easy to say much that is new upon this topic. Every-one knows the Parks. To the parks of London we have referred in one of the opening chapters of our book. No one requires to be told that a drive in "the Park"—that is to say Hyde Park—is one of the commonest ways of killing time in the London Season. It is not the sort of drive that would commend itself (isn't "ride" the correct American phrase?) to a gentleman, say, of the Silas Lapham school, to whom fast trotters on a clear road are the principal inducements to outdoor exercise. But such as it is, the Hyde Park drive on a June afternoon is not to be lightly written of. As a means of seeing the great world, it presents many attractions. To be seen of the great world one's self is another inducement. For the sole purpose of rolling on wheels and taking the air briskly, it is the very worst drive that ever was known—that is to say—from 5 to 7 p.m. in the London Season.

A far more interesting and bracing exercise would be to drive through Piccadilly and cross the river to Battersea Park, thence through Wandsworth to Kingston Vale, entering Richmond Park by Robin Hood Gate, and, having made the circuit of the beautiful woodland to Richmond, return thence by way of Putney and Fulham.





The Regent's Park is a noble pleasure-ground, once one gets to it. A good excuse for the drive would be the Botanical and Zoological Societies' Gardens there located, both of which are charming in summer.

A fine, breezy, picturesque upland is Wimbledon Common, No "swells" go there in carriages except to garden parties, probably because it is so breezy and invigorating, and one must be enervated in June to be in the mode. But the drive to Wimbledon, *via* Chelsea, Fulham, and Putney, is specially worth noting.

It used to be fashionable to take the road to Greenwich. The train is far the better way of going there; and we do not know that Greenwich is worth going to at all. Fish dinners at the Trafalgar and Ship are "played out." The Naval College, aforesome Greenwich Hospital, is a noble pile of buildings, most imposing when viewed from the river front. The river

Thames steamboats are not particularly comfortable craft; but the trip from the Temple Pier to Greenwich is certainly worth taking.

Woolwich is the headquarters of the Royal Artillery, with barracks for cavalry and infantry, and a large military hospital. A pass from the War Department (Pall Mall, London) is necessary in order to view the Arsenal. The friendly offices of an artillery officer of the garrison would be of great advantage in seeing what is to be seen, including, doubtless, the interior of the Mess Room of that regiment, than which a more hospitable shelter is not to be found in England.

Hampstead Heath is called a cockney resort. Then cockneys are to be congratulated. We were reading the other day an American lady's opinion of Hampstead, published in a fashionable New York journal. The lady (who is a distinguished actress) says its attractions to her are so many that she hopes to spend a month or six weeks of every year in the neighbourhood. We trust she may. She says it is the most delightful suburb of London. It certainly was years agone. What it is now, with Fitzjohn's Avenue and other fine ranges of bricks and mortar, we know not. We loved its rural simplicity, redolent of so many pleasant literary memories—of Steele, Pope, Johnson and their coterie; and later of Coleridge, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Shelley and Keats.

Of course every one goes to Richmond. At one time every one went to the "Star and Garter" as well. And all ladies used to eat of those confectionery trifles called "Maids of Honour." Perhaps the healthiest inducements to visit Richmond are the Park and the view from the hill-top. This, "they say," is not to be matched in England. Perhaps not. Very few hills have a river Thames winding at their foot. At all events, the famous Hill commands a beautiful landscape on a clear day. To the right rise the towers of Windsor Castle and the hills of Buckinghamshire; and in the middle distance may be seen the low-lying tracts of Runnymede and Chertsey. To the left the

horizon is bounded by the bold outline of the Surrey Downs. One may catch sight of the church spire of Harrow-on-the-Hill and the steeps of Highgate. Immediately at foot, the placid waters of the Thames wind for miles through the well-wooded and picturesque champaign. The whole forms a picture which, once seen, is not readily forgotten.

Richmond may be reached most conveniently from Waterloo Station (Loop Line); or a party of four might find more entertainment in hiring an open carriage, and going down by road.

Visitors to Richmond may be induced to visit the Church for the sake of the persons who lie buried there,—Thomson the poet of "The Seasons," Barbara Hofland and Edmund Kean the actor. It may be well to mention that in the vicinity, on the left bank of the Thames, is Twickenham, whose church contains some interesting monuments, especially a tablet to the memory of Pope. Twickenham has many literary associations, "that quiet village by the silver Thames to which Essex, Bacon and



Hyde, by turns, retired from the bustle of Court and the toils of active life; and where, at a later period, Pope made love to Lady Mary (Wortley Montagu), received the visits of Swift and St. John, and indited verse that will never die." Pope's villa has gone, and of the grotto scarce a trace remains. Horace Walpole lived hard by, at Strawberry Hill.

Kew, not far away, suggests another opportunity for an excursion away from the heat and turmoil of the town. There are two attractions at Kew—the Botanic Gardens and the Pleasure Grounds. Money has been wisely, and lavishly, spent upon this beautiful spot. An immense conservatory with accompanying flower gardens have been planned; many plant-houses have been erected; a museum built; a pinetum planted; and the whole is thrown open for the benefit of the public. To fill these gardens and conservatories, all the ends of the earth have been ransacked for their floral treasures. It is well, by the way, to warn the visitor that the Gardens are not open before 12 o'clock, except on Bank Holidays; on those days they open at 10. A pleasant way of reaching Kew is by steamboat from Chelsea Pier, which may be reached by omnibus ("white") from Piccadilly, or any of the more westward river piers, Westminster, Charing Cross, Temple, etc. Trains run from all Metropolitan and District Stations, or from Waterloo (Loop Line) Station to Kew. The river steamboats, for a city like London, are still far behind the age.

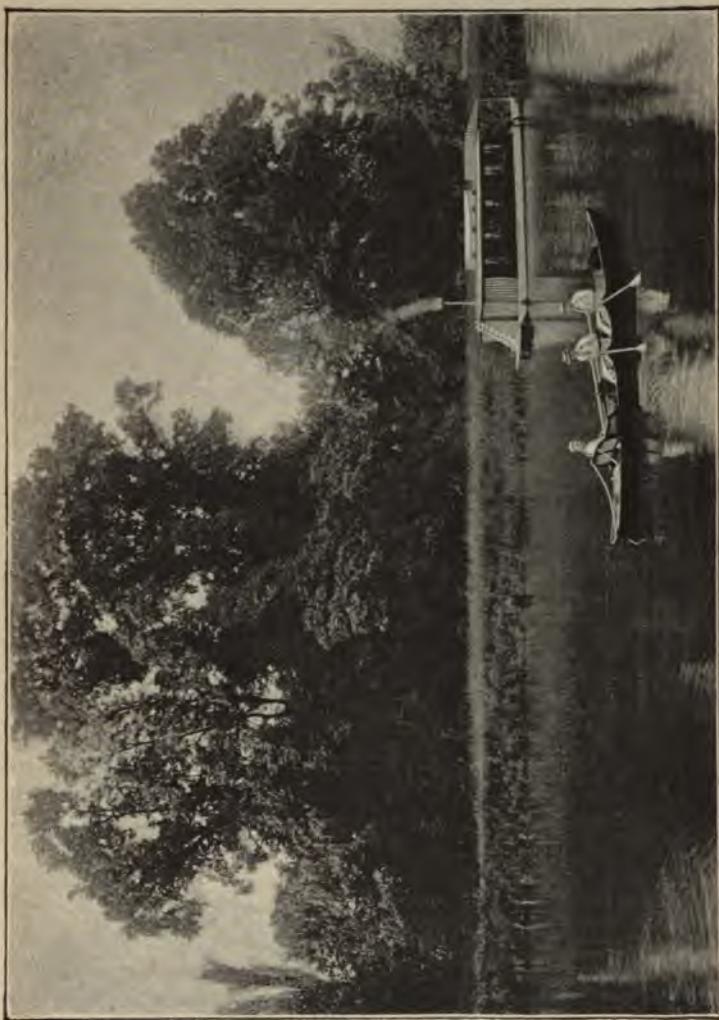
Hampton Court has many attractions not solely associated with its famous Palace, amid the memorials of the illustrious personages who lived in it. The neighbourhood is replete with rural charms, not the least pleasing of which are the walks in the Palace gardens and through the far-famed avenue of Bushey Park, which adjoins them. Hampton Court is some twenty miles from Westminster by the river (the journey this way is somewhat tiresome), and fifteen miles by (London and South Western) railway. It was the palace of Wolsey (by whom it was built), Henry VIII., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, Charles I.,

Charles II., James II., William III., Queen Anne and the first of the Hanoverian kings. A great mass of picturesque old buildings, containing many relics of departed royalty, is set in the midst of grounds of which the gardener's art has made a paradise of flowers. When the excursionist is weary of wandering through stately halls and ancient chambers, wherein are the dusty furniture, the bedsteads, the chairs, the tapestries, and the portraits of many princes, he may pass through the ancient courtyard into the palace grounds, where the air is soft and fragrant, and where there are trees which mayhap had reached maturity before the great cardinal who built the palace had himself won fame.

The collection of pictures (scarcely less than a thousand in number) will repay a visit to Hampton Court in winter or summer; but to know how lovely the surroundings of the quaint old palace are, one should visit it on a fair May day, when the chestnuts in Bushey Park are in bloom, and their towering branches uphold big bouquets of fragrant white and pink flowers. London can offer nothing more beautiful than this spot. It may be remarked that Hampton Court Palace is one of the very few public places in or near London open on Sundays.

It is a pleasant drive (or walk) hence to Teddington through the Park. Twickenham, Teddington, Surbiton, Kingston, Sunbury, and Shepperton, all not far away, afford charming views of Thames scenery, and are much frequented in the summer months by oarsmen and anglers. Farther away Maidenhead and Marlow have great attractions for boating parties. The scenery on the upper Thames is lovely.

Windsor is some distance "out of town." The most direct way of reaching it is by rail from Waterloo (Loop Line) Station of the London and South Western Railway. A four-horse coach, starting in most seasons from the White Horse Cellars, Piccadilly, about ten, and running to Windsor and Virginia Water, offers an attractive, but more expensive, route. Again, another way is from Paddington Station of the Great Western Railway.



ON THE UPPER THAMES.

A long summer's day may be spent in roaming about Windsor. It is as well to say that the State Apartments at the Castle are open gratuitously on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, from April 1st to October 31st, between 11 and 4; and



from November 1st to March 31st, between 11 and 3. Tickets and guide-books may be procured at the Lord Chamberlain's Store within the Castle after passing the Chapel. When Her Majesty is in residence the State Apartments are closed to the public.

The State Apartments are sufficiently interesting; but on the whole the great attraction of Windsor is St. George's Chapel, one of the most famous of sacred edifices. It is full of historic interest, and is a beautiful example of the florid-Gothic style of architecture of the days of Edward IV. The interesting archives of the Public Record Office, show a patent of Richard II., with the date 1390, describing the chapel as falling into ruins, and appointing a clerk of the works to superintend its repair. The salary of this functionary was to be two shillings a day, and the name of the man first appointed to the post was Geoffrey Chaucer.

Entering the choir from the nave, the scene is very striking. On either side are the carved stalls of the Knights of the Garter, the canopies being sculptured in the most delicate yet fantastic Gothic. Above are the silken banners of each knight, with mantle, sword, helm, and crest on a pedestal below. At back

of the altar is a reredos showing some beautiful carving in alabaster. The wainscoting about the communion-table is also rich in wood-work. Not far from the altar, on the north side, is a small gallery, called "The Queen's Closet." It is a plainly-furnished apartment, with sofa and chairs upholstered in purple velvet. The wainscot and canopy are in the Gothic style, painted to imitate Norway oak. The Queen uses it on occasions on which she attends service in the chapel.

The stained-glass windows are splendid examples of art: one of these, the west window, fills the entire width of the nave; another, over the altar, in the choir, is considered a *chef-d'œuvre*, and cost some thousands of pounds. The whole of the ceiling of the chapel proper is decorated with the arms of many Sovereigns and Knights of the Order of the Garter, beautifully emblazoned; and all the decorations in the choir and around the wainscoting of the altar are in accordance with the same designs. The services of the Church of England are read daily in the chapel, morning and afternoon. On Sundays certain of the seats are free to visitors, and if a person be fond of fine music and singing he will hear both in St. George's Chapel. Many royal personages are buried here: Edward IV., Henry VI., Henry VIII., Jane Seymour, Charles I., George III., George IV., William IV., the Duke of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester, etc.

The Albert Chapel, erected by the Queen (on the site of an ancient edifice called Wolsey's Chapel) in memory of the Prince Consort, is a magnificent and worthy memorial; as also is the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore, built by the Queen, and which contains the remains of the Prince. This is not open to the public.

Windsor Park should be visited, and a drive might be taken to Virginia Water. Eton College is in the neighbourhood, about half an hour's walk from the Castle. A ramble from Slough Station, near Windsor, will take the visitor to Stoke Pogis, the scene rendered memorable by Gray's "Elegy."

In the opposite direction—south-east of London—the Crystal

Palace at Sydenham has long been a favourite resort of pleasure-seekers, wherein enjoyment may be found adapted to every taste, and at a cost within the humblest resources. At all seasons of the year the Crystal Palace affords a genial welcome to every comer.

There may be added to the foregoing certain places of fashionable resort, not accessible to the public: such as Hurlingham, Hurst Park and Oatlands Park within easy reach of London; and also the country around Epping Forest, to see which it is best to go to Chingford (from Liverpool Street terminus) and thence stroll onward to the Royal Forest Hotel. From that pleasant rendezvous, a four-horse coach starts daily in the Spring and Summer Seasons for drives in the neighbourhood.

CHAPTER XXI.

SOME EVENTS OF THE SEASON.



IT is truly curious to contemplate the enthusiasm with which one branch of national education is pursued in England; that relating, namely, to the Natural History and Training of the Race-Horse. The schools in which these subjects are taught (it might be more correct to say "crammed") are the most democratic in the whole world; and their pupils may be numbered by hundreds of thousands. No question of rank, precedence, or intellect governs the election of the

professors, who are indiscriminately selected from all classes of society from lords to lacqueys. More frequently than not, the professors are self-elected, and no voice has ever been known to be raised in protest. A costermonger has equal chance with a duke, and a cabman with an earl. Among Regius Professors of this branch of the human Letters, by no means the least successful are the most illiterate in the land.

As in most other schools, the subject taught generally divides itself into one or more branches or sub-divisions of such subject taught, naturally growing from the parent stem; and it not seldom happens that, from one cause or another, aptness or dulness, liking or misliking, on the part of the pupils, just as, say, in Art, Music, Literature, Science or Commerce, the branch-subject is taken-to, studied and mastered with greater readiness and proficiency than the subject as a whole.

So in this matter of the Natural History and Training of the Race-Horse, the subject as a whole discovers fewer interested students and certificated graduates, than in its several branches or sub-subjects. Of these last, the most popular and ardently pursued is Betting—Betting on the running of the Race-Horse. The graduates in this particular accomplishment are more numerous by many thousands than all other graduates put together.

The disadvantages, nay more, the evils, arising from this enormous and persistent influx of students always towards one school has been frequently pointed out by authorities; but recently it has greatly occupied public attention in England. It has been discovered that Betting is a breach of the Eighth and Tenth Commandments and a curse. Not to seem flippan-t, we discovered that on Hampton Race Course years ago, when a gentleman made free with our winnings and bade us be d—d.

For the third time in four years the subject of Betting and Gambling came before a recent Church Congress. The Hon. and Rev. E. Carr-Glyn, a well-known London clergyman, related

what resolutions had been passed by convocations, synods and conferences; though he had to add that nothing practical had been done "to put an end to what is acknowledged to be amongst the curses of the age." Betting and gambling the reverend gentleman defined as positive breaches of the Eighth and Tenth Commandments.

The point of his paper most cordially cheered was, that betting and gambling are an abuse of Sport. We want a law, he says, to make a publication of the "odds" illegal; to put the bookmaker [Professor, mark you] on the footing of the keeper of a gambling table, or at least to make him take out a licence; to place all clubs under the supervision of the police ("Athenaeum," "Senior United Service," and "Marlborough" included, eh, Mr. Carr-Glyn ?); to make betting in public an indictable offence; and to stop such corporations as those of Doncaster and Nottingham from setting apart space for betting purposes.

Another speaker, Major Seton Churchill, estimated that there are 10,000 professional bookmakers [Regius Professors, and Professors, that is] fattening upon the national vice of Betting.

"With a spontaneous cheer before he opened his mouth" (we are told) "the Dean of Rochester was, as may be supposed, quite in his element on the subject, upon which he hit out right and left." He denied that he had ever advocated sixpenny points at whist. Then he vigorously denounced gambling, and marvelled how any Christian father or husband could permit wife or daughter to join such a company as he (the Dean) had seen at Monte Carlo, or how any modest woman could endure it. When he heard a painted person at the station say, "Me and the Duchess has won a pot," he felt profoundly sorry for the Duke. Possibly the Duke and Duchess were painted images of the real thing. No vice is fraught with such degradations, says the Dean. He, however, defended bazaars and their raffles because they produce so much money for churches, hospitals and schools. Truly, the weakest argument ever advanced by

Very Reverend Dean, and one well calculated to give him over into the hands of his enemies. He had not much faith in the decrease of gambling and betting in the middle and lower classes until the purifying stream shall percolate from the upper stratum.

At a certain Rochester Conference, where the same subject had been discussed, Mr. Horsley had said, "My Lord, if you will bring this matter personally before the Prince of Wales we shall be able to report progress." This remark being boisterously cheered, the Dean went on to add that although not many would be so ignorant, impudent and unjust as to ask his Royal Highness to retire from the race-course, the Prince might be entreated to lead a crusade against gambling and betting. Alas, poor Prince of Wales! The Very Reverend Dean did not conclude without recommending an appeal to Parliament for a law prohibiting all newspapers from publishing, not descriptions of Races, but Betting details and the odds.

Meanwhile, we go on as heretofore. The schools are flourishing and full to overflowing of pupils as ever, the Professors, Regius and the rest, no less eloquent and instructive. And once more it becomes the least pleasant part of our duty to gossip about Racing near London.

No races near London equal in popular interest those of the Epsom Summer Meeting, held at the end of May or the beginning of June. Any stranger who has taken part in this great gathering of Englishmen need not trouble to journey to another race-course. He has looked upon the finest in the world with the exception of Newmarket, and if he has seen the "Derby" run, the remembrance of that scene will last a lifetime. To strict amateurs of the Turf, the Epsom Meeting is a mere national junketing. For serious racing they go to Newmarket, Doncaster, Kempton and Sandown. The Derby race is not what it was. It is no longer, as regards value, the one race of the year which it is the main object of every sportsman to win; and this being the case the strength of the field is declining—a fact which in itself helps to diminish the number of spectators. While at

imaginary conceptions of it, both personal and borrowed, are brought before him in a concrete, visible shape.

The ways of going down to the Derby (such is the phrase) are three: by road, by rail, or on foot. A place on a "drag" or on an omnibus can generally be had by making up a party beforehand; and the cost, with luncheon included, ought not to be more than a couple of sovereigns per head. The distance by rail from Waterloo Station or Victoria Station is about fifteen miles, and the return-fare by "special trains," of which many run on the race-day—making the journey without stopping—is 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. Few persons are vigorous enough to make the journey on foot, but if any such should be found, we advise them to begin early, about 5 or 6 o'clock a.m., and to take the route by way of Clapham Common, Tooting and Merton.

The "Oaks Day" (Friday) usually attracts a more select con-course of people, including many ladies, to Epsom Downs.

ASCOT.

The Ascot race-week, following close upon the Epsom Summer Meeting, has many and great attractions for London Society. It is the annual festival of the aristocracy, as the "Derby" is that of the people. Ascot race-course on the Cup day is the rendezvous of the more illustrious personages of the English fashionable world. The gathering is moreover a royal one—princes and princesses, together with their august relatives, being present in State. Her Majesty, who before her widowhood followed the example of her two immediate predecessors in being present at Ascot races, is now represented by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The royal party drive on to the course in State carriages, preceded by the Master of the Buckhounds and attendant huntsmen in State uniforms. This little piece of pageantry forms a very effective prologue to the proceedings of the principal race-days. The Royal Enclosure is filled with elegantly dressed ladies, whose chief object would seem to be to rival each other in the



richness and splendour of their costumes. The racing at Ascot comes to most of them as an opportunity for displaying the resources of their wardrobe. The attendant gentlemen, for the most part, are no less elegantly attired in the choicest garments of Poole, Whitaker, and other masters of the tailor's craft. The members of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching clubs muster in great force. Their "drags" are, however, but units in the multitude of greater and lesser vehicles which fringe the course, in most seasons forming an unbroken line, at many points three and four deep, for over a quarter of a mile. There was a day when there were never more than two or three hundred people at Ascot races, when the jockeys used to ride in silk stockings and shoes with buckles, and when after each race the company used to walk up and down the course, as the fashionable folk still do the path skirting Rotten

Row. Those were in the quiet days of Ascot, when the royal meeting was little more than a family gathering, where everybody knew everybody else, and upon which the London mob never thought of intruding.

There is no race-meeting in the Calendar which depends so much for its success upon fine weather as Ascot; but if the skies are propitious the scene upon the Berkshire heath is one of no ordinary brilliancy, and entirely worth the trip from London to view it. In point of fact, you have not "done London"—fashionable London—until you have trod the Lawn at Ascot. Whatever else you accomplish, do not leave Ascot out of your notes of June engagements.

While the social aspect of Ascot, which comes as a convenient break in the London Season, has undergone but little change, the meeting has gained enormously, we are told, in sporting interest of late years. At one time the Gold Cup, the Ascot Stakes, and one or two other races alone possessed any real importance, but the whole programme for the four days is now so long that the great majority of the prizes bring together horses of the highest class.

It is scarce surprising that such should be the case; as long before the introduction of the new races which are made to appear so valuable by the simple process of pooling the entrance money of the subscribers, the conductors of the Ascot meeting endowed the various prizes with sums till then undreamed-of. This policy has been continued ever since, and, at the present time, the amount of added money given from the funds exceeds fourteen thousand pounds.

There are two ways of reaching Ascot—by the London and South Western and the Great Western Railways. The former will be found the most convenient. To those who journey by the latter, the drive through Windsor Park is a delightful one. It is by this route that the great majority of the coaches find their way to the course, though some come from the other side of Ascot Heath if their owners happen to be staying near for the

race-week. A few send their coaches to the course early in the morning from some neighbouring stables, and come from London by rail each day ; and there are yet a few who make the journey by road.

GOODWOOD, SANDOWN AND KEMPTON PARK RACES.

Goodwood, too, should tempt the stranger. This is one of the prettiest race-grounds in England, planted in the midst of charming scenery, surrounding the country seat of the Duke of Richmond. The races are held the last week in July. Chichester is the nearest railroad-station, and a cathedral town worth visiting—to be reached easily, it may be noted, from Victoria Station, Pimlico. There are other ways of reaching Goodwood, and the latest route opened is by no means the least desirable, for the South Western Railway now runs a special train through from Waterloo to Midhurst, and from thence there is a branch line to Singleton, within two miles of the course. The situation of the little town of Midhurst, for ever associated with the respected name of Richard Cobden, is very picturesque, but visitors to Goodwood by this route do but skirt Midhurst in their short walk from one station to the other. The railway from Midhurst to Singleton runs through a very pretty country, and the walk or drive from Singleton itself is full of beauty for all who can appreciate woodland scenery. This route has the advantage, too, of saving one from the crowd, which is always more or less considerable—and unpleasant—at Chichester ; and there is doubtless a great future before it, unless the Goodwood meeting itself is destined to die of inanition. This is perhaps taking a very pessimist view of things ; but it must be admitted that the sport is going from bad to worse, and the attendance at Goodwood of late is said, upon the best of authority, to have been the smallest known for a quarter of a century. The races at Sandown Park (near Esher) are fashionable. The First Summer Meeting takes place early in June ; the Second Summer Meeting towards the middle of July. And Kempton Park races are growing in favour.

MEETS OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND AND COACHING CLUBS.

A singular ceremony is repeated at intervals during the London Season, which may be regarded as one of the most successful efforts of the kind yet invented. On a given morning (usually in the week before the great Epsom race), shortly after noon, some twenty splendid equipages belonging to members of the Four-in-Hand or Coaching Clubs muster in Hyde Park. These are the representative English driving clubs, founded on the lines of an old and exclusive club which used to start from Chesterfield House, Mayfair, and drive down to Bedfont. The leaders of this club were Lord Chesterfield, Sir Henry Peyton, and the Duke of Beaufort. Its members might drive down visitors, but could not dine them at the club table. Consequently guests (as eating and drinking play an important part in all social gatherings in England) would not come, and the pastime subsided into dreariness. To remedy this, the Richmond Driving Club was soon started. The Richmond Club members invited guests to their dinner-table, and thus escaped the charge of unsociability brought against the old club driving to Bedfont. But the Richmond Club died out, and then coaching seemed to be on its last legs. Only one coach went out of London from Hatchett's; and very few drove four-in-hand even down to the races. Then a revival sprang up in the founding of the present Four-in-Hand Club, which was originally limited to fifty members, who on grand occasions used to turn out some twenty-four teams. One reason for this limitation was, that it was difficult to find places within convenient distance of London to give dinner or luncheon to more than a hundred persons. There was no idea of exclusiveness; but as the coaches had to be driven somewhere, and to carry guests, the latter had to be entertained. The founding of the Coaching Club was the result of this limitation of members by the older and more famous club.

The coaches of these clubs are built on the model of the old mail-coaches of fifty years ago, and therefore answer the purpose

of being useless except for show. Each of them costs perhaps £500, and to each are harnessed four magnificent horses worth at least another £1,000. Upon these wait two grooms in faultless breeches, top-boots and coats, neither of whom stands there under £80 to £100 a year. When all are mustered the coaches start (with a number of "swells" seated outside) with becoming solemnity, and oftentimes no little difficulty, and make the tour of Hyde Park, some perhaps going as far as Hurlingham or the Crystal Palace to lunch. One would have thought that this absurd and useless "ceremony" could have little interest save for the distinguished members of the clubs and their friends. Yet year after year it attracts thousands of spectators, who are massed in the vicinity of the Powder Magazine, Hyde Park, and at other points upon the line of route. A picture of these parts of the Park on a morning of one of the meets would somewhat astonish an earnest-minded foreigner bent on studying the manners of the English. A far more sensible affair is the Cart Horse Parade in Battersea Park on Whit Monday.

MILITARY REVIEWS AND SPECTACLES.

The visitor who has an eye for military spectacles should not fail to glance at the "Military Intelligence" in the London daily papers. The War Office authorities seldom give long notice of what is arranged to take place in this way. There are occasions on which the troops stationed in London parade in review order and go through a few manœuvres; but these are restricted to the day on which the Queen's birthday (May 24th) is kept, and to the annual reviews of the Guards in Hyde Park and Household Cavalry at Wormwood Scrubs. On the Queen's birthday (or the day set apart for its official celebration), the regiments of Guards, with two or three troops of Household Cavalry, march from their respective barracks to the parade-ground in rear of the Horse Guards, Whitehall; and there (at 10 a.m.), usually in presence of the Prince of Wales and

other members of the Royal Family, and of the Commander-in-Chief and a brilliant staff, the ceremony of "trooping the colours" is gone through, followed by a "march past" and general salute. Afterwards the bands of the regiments present are massed, and play a selection of music in the courtyard of St. James' Palace (nearest Marlborough House), where, by the way, daily at 10.45 guard is mounted and relieved, the band playing the while. An inspection of the Guards is ordinarily made in Hyde Park during the summer by the Commander-in-Chief, in presence of a distinguished company; and almost weekly, in May, there are sham fights on a small scale on Wimbledon Common, in which artillery, cavalry, and infantry take part.

But the more important military reviews are only to be seen at Aldershot, Woolwich and Chatham; and it is impossible to fix, even approximately, the dates when these are held. A friendly introduction to an officer on the Headquarters staff should prove serviceable in securing early information of



forthcoming military spectacles near London ; but, as a rule, the visitor will have to rely on the newspapers, and these are



seldom in a position to announce such events more than a day or two in advance. Aldershot is the great military centre, and here reviews on the largest scale take place. At Woolwich the most interesting military spectacles are those in which the Artillery bear the leading part, this being the headquarters of that branch of the service. At Chatham siege operations on an extensive scale occasionally take place, this being a large garrison and the headquarters of the corps of Royal Engineers. Shoeburyness, at the mouth of the Thames, on the Essex shore, is the place where long-range gunnery practice usually goes on, the National Artillery Association holding its annual meeting here at the end of July. At Woolwich experiments in gunnery are made. Canterbury is a cavalry training *dépôt* of some note ; but Aldershot is the only place where cavalry manoeuvres of any interest are carried on. The best opportunities of forming an opinion of the military spirit of the "Volunteer" corps of London are those which the Saturday afternoon drills on Wimbledon Common afford. There, during May and June,

the visitor may make sure of seeing two or more of the "crack" regiments of volunteers manœuvring.

BOATING ON THE THAMES.

The great aquatic anniversary of the Thames is the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race, held just before Eastertide, too early in the year to have much interest for most visitors to London. A large proportion of the good people of the town who yearly flock to the river-side to see it, care no more about that race than a baby in arms for the play his mother watches from the gallery of the Surrey Theatre. Fashion, and the continuous advertising of the daily practice of the rival crews by the Press, induce many to do that which, if left to themselves, they would very probably not do. A regatta like that of Henley, Cowes, Ryde, or Plymouth, in midsummer weather and amid charming surroundings, is a very pretty and enjoyable sight. Parenthetically, we would advise those who may happen to have a day or two to spare during a visit to London in August, to take a trip to Cowes or Ryde during the regatta-week. Plymouth is out of the way; Cowes and Ryde, however, may be more easily reached. The matches there arranged between yachts and boats, with accompanying festivities, are well worth a railway journey from London to see and partake of. But the annual race from Putney to Mortlake between the representative crews of Cambridge and Oxford is (barring the usual incidents of a London holiday) one of the most uninteresting that can be imagined. At Hammersmith, which is accounted a good spot from which to see the rowers at their best, the boats are in view for not more than three or four minutes. Then all is over, so far as the spectators there are concerned. And so at other principal points on the river-bank towards Mortlake. The pleasantest part of the race is to be seen from the upper end of a well-spread table in a lawn-marquee, wherein the representative crews may be said to be typified in the numbers of the guests. The "Boat-race Day" is one of considerable rejoicing among residents at Putney,

Barnes and other places bordering on the river. Breakfasts and luncheons, to which many pretty girls dressed "all in their best" are bidden, and handsome young fellows skilled in those little attentions which most delight them,—these are the chief inducements towards the Thames on the Oxford and Cambridge race-day. For those to whom such inducements, unhappily, do not come, it may be mentioned that the starting-point at Putney Bridge, near the bridge at Hammersmith, the winning-post at Mortlake, are advantageous places for catching a glimpse of the crews. By rail to Putney, Barnes or Mortlake, from Waterloo Station (London and South Western Railway), suggests the most convenient means for reaching either suburb.

THE RIVER CARNIVAL.

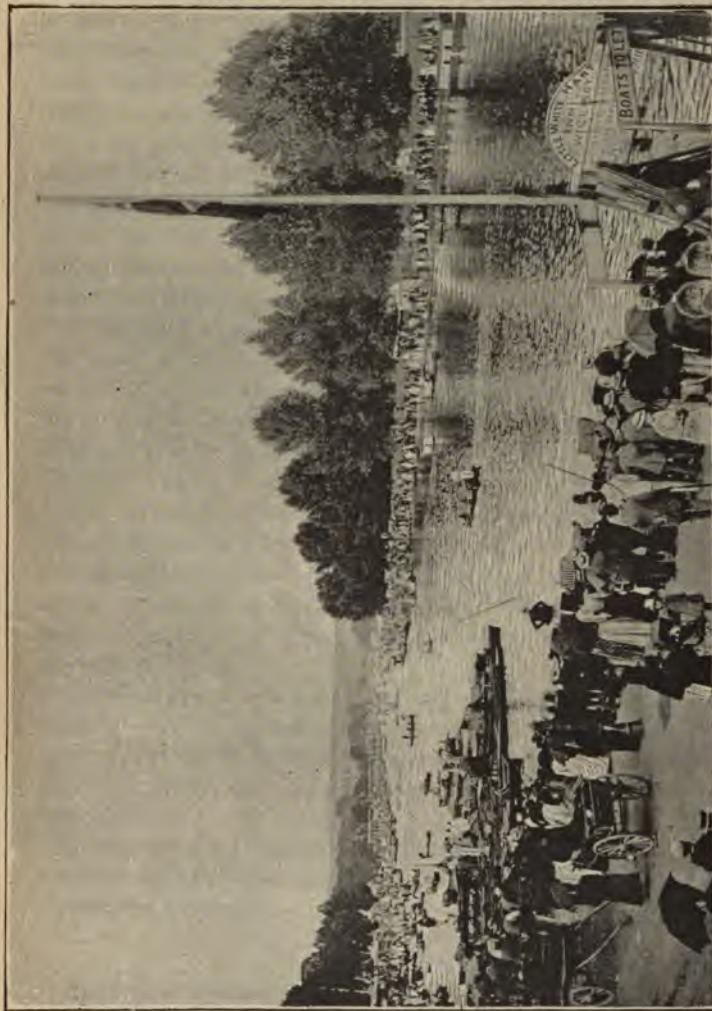


The period of London's River Carnival is from May till the end of August, when the scenery of the Upper Thames is at its best, and the genial weather usually admits of the enjoyments of boating.

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... difference and is on the sea

... Great Marlow (at 8.35 a.m. and 1.30 p.m.). The boat has a very picturesque scenery. The boat has some "restless bits" from Nature. The boat has sometimes again instructed the boat on the names. The subject is sold in the boat in the illustrated journals; ...



HENLEY REGATTA.
(By permission of Mr. J. Harriman.)

The place of the River Carnival might be said to extend from Taplow to Henley; though no inconsiderable section of the community who own boats, hire boats, or take an interest in boating, find abundant opportunity for engaging in this favourite summer recreation of the Londoner, everywhere along the river-course from Putney to Oxford.

We can suggest no pleasanter summer holiday to the readers of this book than that they should set apart a day for seeing the scenery of the Upper Thames; and we could hardly suggest a more convenient or pleasanter starting-point than Great Marlow.

Great Marlow is on a branch line of the Great Western Railway from Paddington Terminus, about an hour's journey from London. Taplow, Maidenhead, Cookham and Bourne End, are equally good points of attraction, and lie on the same line of road near to each other.

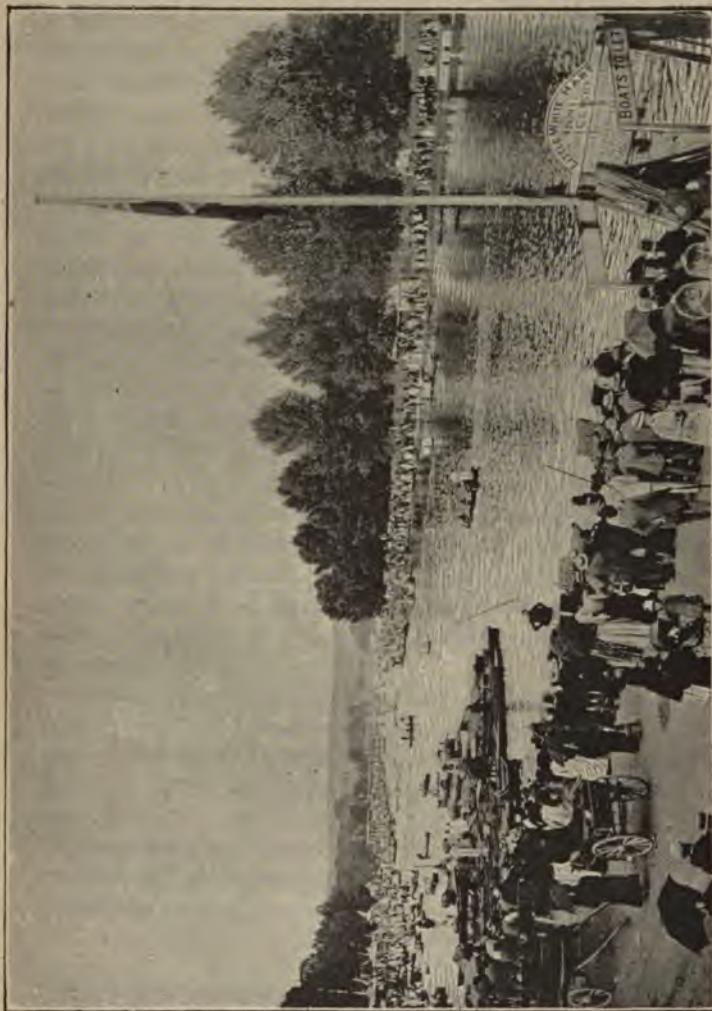
Henley is a little more distant (perhaps half-an-hour in point of railway time), and is one of the prettiest villages on the Upper Thames; well known as the scene of the annual July regatta, which has been rightly styled the premier aquatic festival of England.

Four convenient daily trains (8.25 a.m., 11.55 a.m., 1.2 p.m., and 1.53 p.m.) leave Paddington for Great Marlow; and five for Henley (8 a.m., 9.5 a.m., 10.40 a.m., 1.40 p.m., and 2.30 p.m.).

In the summer season, Saturdays and Sundays (it is our duty to report the fact, let those cavil who will) are the great boating days—it is only fair to suppose, because Londoners for the most part are too busily occupied with other affairs during the rest of the week to find time for river excursions.

There are two Sunday trains to Great Marlow (at 8.25 a.m. and 10 a.m.), and two to Henley (at 9.5 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.).

Artists, who ever have a keen eye for picturesque scenery, and who never fail to pick out the "prettiest bits" from Nature's well-filled sketch-book, have time and times again instructed us in the attractions of the river Thames. The subject is seldom absent from the picture galleries or the illustrated journals; and



HENLEY REGATTA.

(By permission of Mr. F. Harriman.)

the stranger who comes our way will be well pleased if he accepts our hint to study it for himself on the spot. It is replete with charms for those who love the simple summer beauty of rural England—the quaint old fashioned villages; the well-grown meadow lands; the sweet-smelling clover and the hay; the ripe, golden cornfields; the curious old churches and comfortable, old-fashioned inns; the picturesque woods and trim flower-decked lawns; and pretty summer retreats hidden among the trees, whose foliage dips into the limpid gently-rolling river, aswarm with boats, freighted with prettily-dressed women and athletic oarsmen.

It may interest some who contemplate a river trip to know that good roomy Boats—a double-sculling skiff, for example, sufficient for four with comfort: two rowing and two being rowed—may be hired at, and above, Maidenhead for from six shillings to twelve shillings per day, according to the period of hiring.

A steam-launch, with due supply of fuel and properly-qualified captain, may be hired for about £5 per day.

A well-found House-boat during the Henley Regatta week would be difficult to hire at any price. The average rental might be stated at £10 per week, the hirer finding his own servants.

Cookham Reach is a good place for studying the life and luxurious ways of owners of House-boats. Some of these, too suggestive of the times of the Mosaic Cosmogony in regard of exterior build, are very modern in respect of luxurious interior equipment.

Quarry Wood and Cliveden Wood (the Duke of Westminster's place) should not be lost sight of by the Thames tripper—Great Marlow the starting-place.

HENLEY REGATTA.

Since the old pageants of Venice, nothing has been produced to excel the beauty of the scene at Henley during the Regatta.

It is far and away the prettiest festival of the kind London, or indeed England, has to offer. Formal aquatic processions on the Thames have dwindled to the "Fourth of June" Celebration at Eton, for the Lord Mayor's pageant no longer returns by water to the City from Westminster. Athleticism has taken the place of antique ceremonial; and we have now at Henley, apart from the cause of the gathering, such an assemblage of parti-coloured boats, awnings, flowers and flags, not to mention pleasant company, as could hardly be matched anywhere. Fine summer weather is indispensable to the full enjoyment of the Regatta, for then the charming upper reaches of the Thames are seen at their best. The visitor who can command the hospitalities of a "house-boat" is to be congratulated. At the annual season of festivity, all the hostelries and available ancillary lodgings of the little town are occupied. The only method left of enjoying the scene in reasonable comfort is that of having a home on the waters, a floating house of one's own (or a share of one with a friend), "a fluvial analogue," as has been said, of the four-in-hand at Ascot, and the family landau at "Lord's" during the Universities' or the Public Schools' cricket matches. Excitement in the sport going forward is agreeably tempered by strawberries and cream, and "cups" and dainty drinks mingled and iced too wisely and too well. From a little country jollification, Henley Regatta has, like Ascot Races, been growing to the proportions of a national holiday, though, luckily, the distance from London and the absence of a betting-ring, keeps the rougher people away. The competition of rival clubs and crews at Henley is fiercer than of yore. The absence of the representative University crews, which formerly met there, has been amply compensated by the presence of the numerous boating-clubs which have grown into existence since the Oxford and Cambridge crews rowed their first race over the Henley course. As watermen's regattas and rowing matches fell into discredit on the Lower Thames, clubs of amateurs increased and multiplied. Selected crews of the best of these clubs, from the Oxford and



VENETIAN GONDOLA AT HENLEY.

Cambridge Colleges and the Public Schools, and occasionally from America and France, combine to give a zest to the Henley Regatta, by exhibiting their "best form" in the several competitions.

PROCESSION OF BOATS AT ETON.

Eton "Fourth of June" (to use the time-honoured phrase) still remains one of the events of the London Season, more interesting perhaps to old Etonians and those who have sons at Eton than to less privileged folk. A former captain of



Eton College says:—"The Fourth-of-June procession of boats was instituted in commemoration of a visit of George III., and is held on his birthday. It is the great trysting-day of Eton, when her sons gather from far and wide—young and old, great and small, no matter who or what, as long as they are old Etonians; that magic bond binding them all together as brothers, and levelling, for the time, all distinctions of age or rank." The proceedings on this anniversary begin with the "speeches," delivered in "Upper School," in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, German and English. These being gone through, and "absence"

called in the old quadrangle of the college, the principal guests go to the Provost's lodging, where luncheon is served, and where one might meet half the Cabinet, a fair sprinkling of the "Lords," certain of the bench of bishops, a field-marshall or so, a number of members of the "Commons," and many of the most distinguished persons in England. Entertainments on a smaller scale are given in the various tutors' houses for the boys themselves. At 3 o'clock there is choral service in the chapel (one of the finest collegiate chapels in England); and after sisters, mothers and cousins have refreshed themselves with tea, a gay sight awaits them at "the Brocas," a large open meadow down by the river, whence starts the procession of boats to Surly Hall, a hostelry of that name, on the right bank of the Thames, some three and a half miles from the bridge which separates Eton from Windsor. It is a queer and picturesque gathering—guardsmen from the neighbouring barracks, boatmen and fishermen, young folks from London, with the ordinary admixture of street-minstrels, lollipop-vendors, gypsies, fruit-sellers, and policemen giving greeting to the boys and the distinguished guests. The procession of eight or ten boats is pretty enough, as, headed by a quaint, old-fashioned barge rowed by Thames watermen, containing the band of the Life Guards, it passes in front of the assembled spectators. Military music breaks upon the ear; the Windsor bells peal out; there are nods, and waving of handkerchiefs, from the banks; the silken flags are dipped so as to trail along in the water; and there is much cheering and general clapping of hands.

When the boats are returned to "the Brocas," the last act of the day is gone through. A rocket from an island in front of the boat-houses announces that the final scene of fireworks is set. The townfolk on the bridge, and the great people on the river-banks, give the orthodox moan of surprise as the rockets burst in the still night into stars of blue, green, crimson and gold; and round about and in and out the punts, skiffs, wherries and miniature barges, you may see the Eton crews rowing their

orthodox "three times" round the eyot in the middle of the stream. Then the boats toss their oars, and salute; the fine old bells in the Curfew Tower ring out a merry peal; the Eton Arms, with the motto *Floreat Etona*, are written in letters of fire; the boys cheer; the bands play "God save the Queen"; the last squib splutters in a slow and flickering death; and George III.'s birthday has been well and truly kept by the descendants of his "young friends" of the Royal College of Eton.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB RACES.

About the time that spring begins to lengthen into the longer and warmer days of summer, London—or at least that part of it which has a good deal of money and no occupation beyond pleasure-seeking—is reminded of the yacht-racing season. For yachting round the coast, and dawdling pleasantly from regatta to regatta in craft constructed with reference to the comfort of those on board, it is customary to wait till cricket is on the wane, and sportsmen are preparing for moor and stubble; but yacht-racing must be earlier served, and comes in as it were with the flowers. The Royal Thames Yacht Club races in May begin a yachting season which is not unlikely to prove interesting to all who care for one of England's most national pastimes. It is not unworthy of notice that despite the strenuous commercial instincts with which they are associated in the minds of foreigners, no people in the world have more thoroughly organised amusements than Englishmen. Unfortunately, many of their sports are accessible only to a limited number of persons, but others, such as cricket, fox-hunting, and yachting, afford enjoyment to many more than are lucky enough to take part in them. Cricket matches supply interest and excitement to thousands who by no means desire to face the redoubtable Mr. Spofforth, of Australian fame. In similar fashion, yacht-racing, besides providing subject of lively comment around the coast, especially in the centres of yacht

building, affords a capital pretext for a trip to the sea, with the possibility of a pleasant cruise after reaching it. With such purpose in view, we call attention to the races of the Royal Thames and Royal London Yacht Clubs. The Thames sailing-barge match is also an event to be noticed. The journey to Erith or Gravesend by river steamboat is an interesting and (in summer weather) an agreeable one; and arrived thus far, it may be hoped that the hospitality of some member of the club will ensure the visitor, if he be in the humour, a longer trip seaward. It may be mentioned that the London daily papers give due notice of these races (in May, June and July), and their advertising columns of the means of reaching from London Bridge the rendezvous of the yachts.

CRICKET MATCHES OF THE SEASON.

Stronger testimony to the popularity of cricket in London could scarcely have been afforded than by the interest shown in a recent match between Surrey and Nottinghamshire, at Kennington Oval. In the course of two days more than thirty-seven thousand people paid for admission to the Surrey Ground; and only the fact that the game was as good as over the second day prevented the gathering of another crowd on the third. There are no county matches nowadays in which the competition is quite so keen as in the meetings of Surrey and Notts, and the match we name, though it finished rather tamely in a victory for Surrey by seven wickets, produced some superb cricket, such as is a sure "draw" from all parts of London.

"Lord's" and Kennington Oval are the chief cricket-grounds of London. The former lies in the St. John's Wood district, a little north of Baker Street, the latter on the south side of the Thames, a short distance from Vauxhall Station of the London and South Western Railway. Lord's is the headquarters of the Marylebone Club, the premier cricket-club of England; Kennington Oval of the Surrey Club, which also enjoys considerable distinction. From a society standpoint the great cricket-matches



of the London Season are those at Lord's between Oxford and Cambridge Universities, generally held the last week in June; between Eton and Harrow Schools, falling the second week of July; and Marlborough *v.* Rugby about the same time. On each occasion a large crowd of fashionable people, including a great many ladies, assembles to watch the play. The scene at the schools' matches is in many ways remarkable.

"North *v.* South" at Lord's, "Surrey *v.* Middlesex" at Kennington Oval, "Gentlemen *v.* Players of England" either at the Oval or Lord's, the several meetings between the Counties, and those in which the leading clubs take part, are cricket matches of

the Season well worth the notice of a visitor who has a fondness for sports, or inclination for the entertaining incidents of a London gathering.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEETING.

The second week of July the annual meeting of the National Rifle Association is held at Bisley.

For eight-and-twenty years Wimbledon Common, a suburb of south-western London, had been its summer home, and many are the pleasant memories connected with the Volunteer Camp there pitched in July, the sojourners in which, drawn from all parts of the United Kingdom and Colonies, came to compete for the Queen's gold medal and other prizes offered for the best rifle-shooting of the year.

The site of New Wimbledon is Bisley Common, a picturesque stretch of ground lying next the London and South Western railroad (Waterloo Terminus, main line), adjacent to Brookwood. The time occupied in the journey there is an hour. Brookwood Station is alike accessible by the Midland, North Western, and Great Northern lines, and in these respects is more convenient than old Wimbledon by the Putney route.

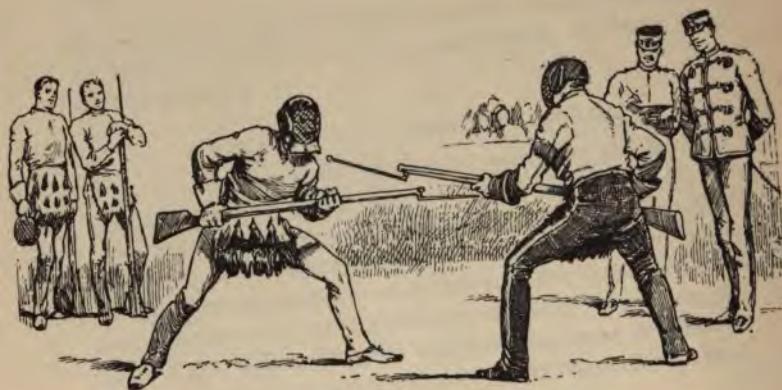
Visitors to Bisley might bear in mind that Aldershot and Sandhurst (military stations) are not far away, and that Ripley, Cobham, Weybridge, Guildford and other picturesque rural retreats of Surrey lie within measurable distance.

THE NATIONAL ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION MEETING.

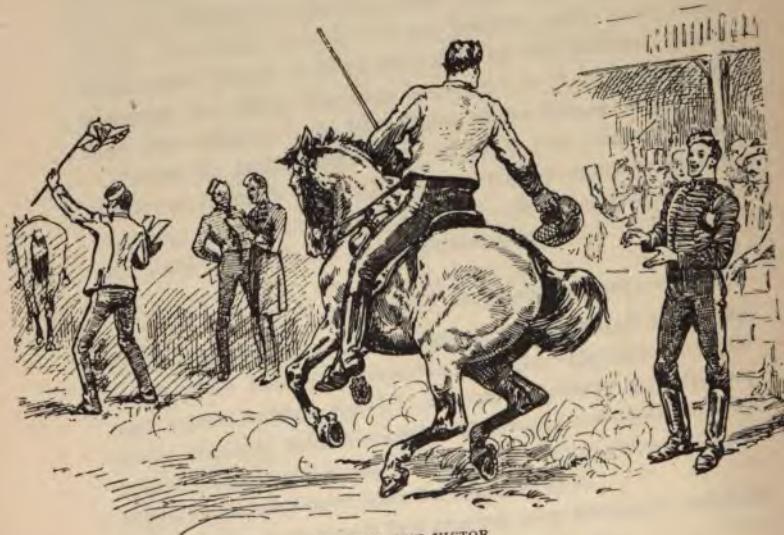
This takes place yearly in August at Shoeburyness, at the mouth of the Thames northwards. It holds relatively the same importance (perhaps more) in Volunteer Artillery organisation, as the National Rifle Association Meeting in Volunteer Infantry annals. The Artillery meeting lasts for a fortnight, and is one of downright hard work from beginning to end.

The place of meeting is best reached from London by railroad from Liverpool Street or Fenchurch Street Stations.





BAYONET FENCING.



HAILING THE VICTOR

SKETCHES AT THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

This has now come to be regarded as a national enterprise. It is probably the most popular military display ever planned, and is certainly the most interesting and instructive of its kind held in London. The period of the Tournament is brief, though this year, we are glad to announce, it is somewhat extended. Before the public had well got to know it was in progress it was over. This was unfortunate, for there are many thousands of Londoners who have never seen it. The exigencies of military discipline have of course to be considered, but these could hardly be very seriously interfered with, one would think, by placing the annual Military Tournament on the same footing, as regards the period allotted to it, as the annual competitions of the Volunteer Artillery and Rifle Corps, at Shoeburyness and Wimbledon respectively. But we must take things as they are, and be thankful.

The Royal Military Tournament will commence this year on Wednesday, May 18th, and terminate on Tuesday, May 31st, immediately following the Horse Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington. It is expected that detachments of Indian troops will attend and compete in most of the events.

No one who is in London at that time should fail to see it.

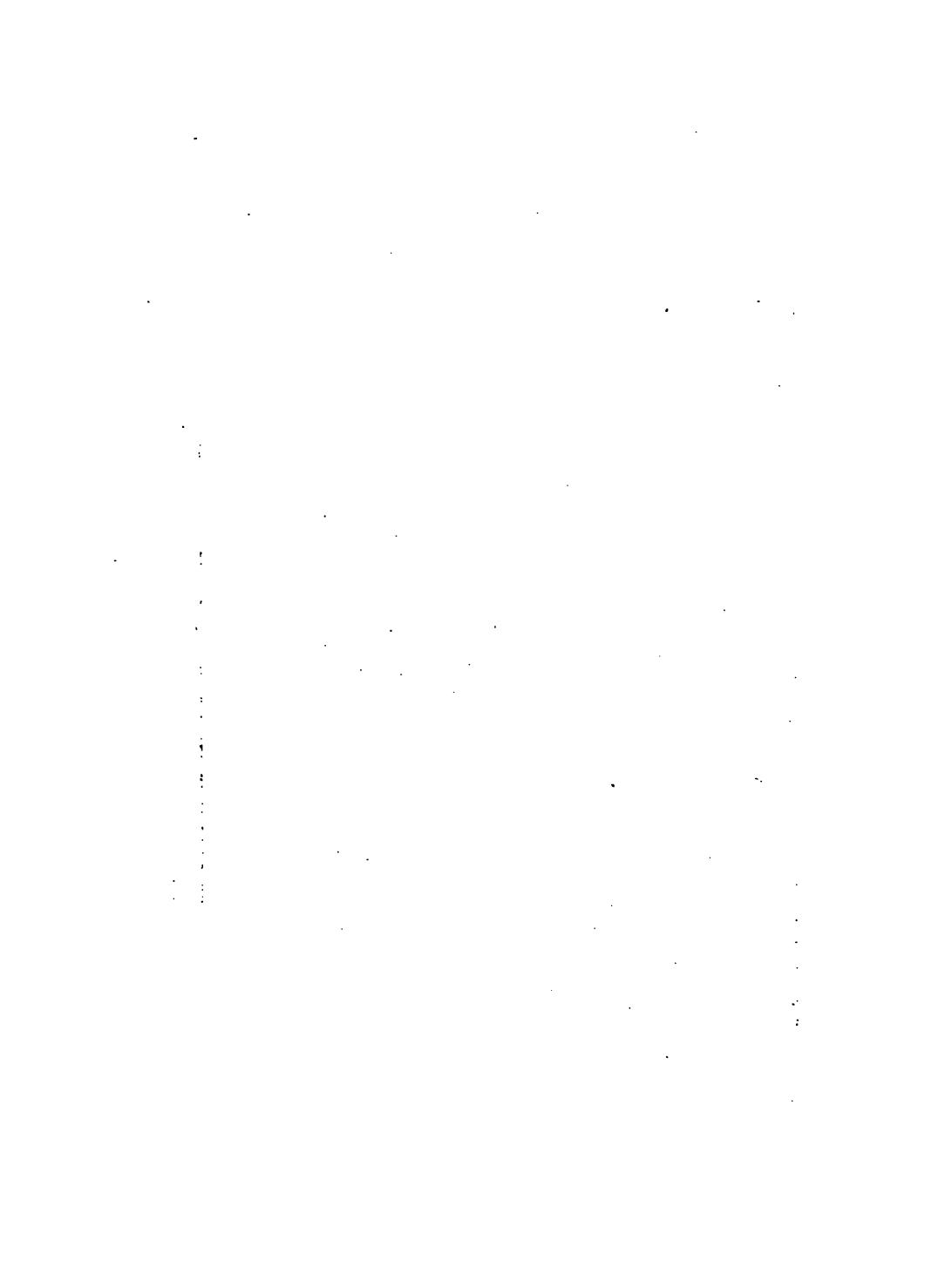


The most entertaining display is on the opening day, though the daily tournaments have the peculiar merit of increasing in popularity as they proceed. Horses and men become more expert in the purely spectacular parts, and the personal encounters are arranged on a system which ensures, so far as possible, the survival of the fittest until the end, so that the interest of sightseers is likely to increase rather than to wane. Possibly there may be a limit beyond which the repetition of athletic feats, skilful horsemanship, and exciting episodes would begin to pall upon the most persistent admirer, but that limit has not yet been reached. In the exhibitions of swordsmanship and similar exercises, there is comparatively little interest taken, as the more exciting stages of these combats are reached only after preliminary trials, and one cannot go to the Tournament every day. No incident rouses the spectators to so much enthusiasm as the appearance of the sons and daughters of old soldiers and sailors—the four hundred and eighty boys from the Royal Naval School at Greenwich and the two hundred children of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, who go through "musical" drill and dumb-bell exercise with surpassing neatness and the regularity of a mechanical motion.

The Royal Horse and Field Artillery batteries give a brilliant display of driving at the trot and gallop, the thundering stride of horses and the roll of guns producing a great impression on the visitors unaccustomed to such spectacles. Then a blare of trumpets heralds the approach of Life Guards, who in all the glory of their glittering accoutrements go through the intricate evolutions of a musical ride with faultless precision. Riding with firm, easy seats, light hands, and stately bearing, these stalwart troopers look the perfection of cavalry soldiers. At a canter their horses "change feet," without pause or break, as they circle right and left, and keep time to the music like skilful dancers in a *cotillon*. When, having finished, they slowly march out of the arena, the applause that follows them is loud and long. After this come riding and leaping competitions, for



AN INCIDENT OF THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.



which gorsed hurdles, timber, a double, an imitation stone wall, and a water jump represented by a brook of painted canvas, are the obstacles to be negotiated. Then we have a cavalry display representing the work of an advanced party sent forward to feel for and keep touch of an enemy. Without dismounting, the men make their horses lie down and go through a series of evolutions in which the results of high training and admirable discipline are very apparent. The more exciting scenes are brought to a close by a combined display of all arms, in which Royal Engineers, Artillery, etc., with mule battery, machine guns, Infantry and the Medical Staff Corps, generally take part.

THE JUNE HORSE SHOW.

This popular Annual fixture, which has now reached its twenty-ninth anniversary, and which increases in favour year



by year, both with exhibitors and the Public, is undertaken by the Royal Agricultural Hall Company jointly with the English Horse Show Society. It was formerly held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, about the second week in June, the show usually continuing for a week. This year, owing to the Royal Military

Tournament being fixed for an earlier date than usual, the Horse Show will precede that popular display the second week in May (May 5th to 11th). As we are at some disadvantage in respect of this Hand-book in having to compile necessary information so long in advance of actual events, the visitor interested in the Horse Show will do well to keep an eye on the advertising columns of the newspapers, when May comes round.

ATHLETIC SPORTS, ETC.

The chief places for Athletic sports in London are the London Athletic Club Grounds, Stamford Bridge, near to the Walham Green Station of the District Railway, and the Queen's Club Grounds near West Kensington on the same line. The annual meetings of the various athletic associations at these places are largely attended by the public. The athletic sports of Oxford and Cambridge, usually held in March, and of the Civil Service, in June, or thereabouts; or the periodical meetings of the London Athletic Club at Stamford Bridge, are specially interesting. There are Archery grounds at the Crystal Palace, at Regent's Park, and Sandown Park. Lawn Tennis may be seen to best advantage, perhaps, on the "All-England" grounds at Wimbledon, near the station, in



the pleasant days of June and July. Rowing may be seen at its best in July and August in one of the delightful Saturday-to-Monday trips on the Thames above Teddington or Hampton Court, or in an excursion from Putney to Richmond on Saturday; or, better still, above Taplow, Maidenhead, Cookham, Great Marlow and Henley. Football matches are played during the winter months at Kennington Oval, Blackheath, Battersea Park and on most of the Commons; golf chiefly on Wimbledon Common and Blackheath. A flourishing club is now in operation with its headquarters at the Royal Forest Hotel, Chingford. Rifle shooting is practised at Wormwood Scrubs, and many other places in the environs of London.

FAREWELL TO THE SEASON.

Praed sings :—

“ Good-night to the Season !—the dances,
The fillings of hot little rooms,
The glancings of rapturous glances,
The fancyings of fancy costumes ;
The pleasures which fashion makes duties,
The praisings of fiddles and flutes,
The luxury of looking at Beauties,
The tedium of talking to mutes ;
The female diplomats, planners
Of matches for Laura and Jane ;
The ice of her Ladyship’s manners,
The ice of his Lordship’s champagne.”

The races at Goodwood mark the end of the Season. Thither go the “ Quality ” whose residence for a few brief but busy weeks of summer in the capital served to denote that joyous period of the year. Goodwood is Ascot over again, with fewer “ citizens,” and “ alarms and excursions ” of the London betting gang, as in the Shakespearian stage directions. There are generally the same horses, the same jockeys, the same sets of

"swells," the same smart frocks and bonnets, the same grand array of delicacies and drinks. When Goodwood is over, comes the season of seaside places.

To the majority of mankind, the end of the Season is a matter of complete indifference. If one is obliged to stay in London (as a large number of persons not of the "Quality" are compelled to do), he finds that the streets are quieter, there are not so many men in the club; he can pass Marlborough House, and so into Pall-Mall without being arrested by a crowd of tag-rag and bobtail waiting to see the Prince and Princess of Wales. The nights are not so noisy, the days are less crowded, "our hustling morrows," do not hustle each other so rudely, and there is an end of the matter. So writes a philosopher in that admirable journal of social and political philosophy, the *Daily News*. But to many persons as much outside the pleasures of the Season as any philosopher (and much more so than philosophers who have made their fame, and are "taking their fling") : to many persons the end of the Season means the end of their harvest. The people with the money have gone away. "The cab-tout feels their absence. He leaves the theatre-doors, and prowls about in search of cabs covered with luggage. The hansom cabman will soon abate his pride. For months he has put intending fares through a catechism—'Where are they going?' 'Brixton ;' 'Oh, that won't suit!' and the lordly cabman drives on in a neat new pair of gloves. With the close of the Season he descends from the perch of pride. Instead of superciliously staring at persons who hail him, he hails them. He is anxious to be employed, and no longer picks and chooses." Waiters at the restaurants and hotels are less haughty and more attentive. One may doff his "stove-pipe" or "chimney-pot" hat, and take to mouse-coloured felt without incurring the reproach of the select. It is even permitted to take a bite of a pear in Piccadilly without fearing the "cut direct" of the man one would least desire to meet while in the act of sucking the luscious juice of a "Marie Louise" in the aforesaid aristocratic



THE PEOPLE WITH THE MONEY ARE GONE AWAY.

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thoroughfare. In short, the end of the Season brings its delights, its festivities, and pastimes; and perhaps the most delightful of all three is the knowledge that the "greatest swell" may now dress as he likes, walk where he likes (even within the sacred boundaries of the "Row"), eat and drink what, and at the time, and how he likes, and even be seen in the pit of the theatre, or on the "knifeboard" of an omnibus, without loss of caste, or danger of being outlawed.

CHAPTER XXII.

OUT OF TOWN.



VISITORS to London in the Spring and Summer months, proposing to take occasional trips about England, would do wisely to make themselves acquainted with the Tourist and Excursion Arrangements of the Railroad Companies. We need hardly limit this not altogether unprofitable line of research to those of the company by whose road it is proposed to travel. Visitors will not find such arrangements stated in full in the familiar but intricate "Bradshaw's Guide," nor in the more easily



OUT OF TOWN.

to be comprehended "ABC." At the Railway Station from which they propose to set out, let them ask for a copy of the Company's own Official Tourist and Excursion Programme, overflowing with information as to Long Trips and Short Trips, Daily Excursions by Land and Sea, Saturday to Monday, and other possibilities for leaving London; and stating the exact cost of return or excursion tickets (reduced to a minimum for the Tourist Season), extending generally throughout England from May 1st to October 1st.



MIDHURST.

The railways running south of London afford, perhaps, the best and cheapest facilities for short trips seaward; those running north and west for longer excursions and tours inland; and that going east for trips to Norfolk and Suffolk, and across the North Sea to Holland and Belgium.

The London and South Eastern, with its convenient central London terminus at Charing Cross, will take you through Kent, and to some of its pleasantest summer resorts—to Tunbridge Wells, for example, or Shorncliffe or Hythe (there is a pleasant hotel at Seabrook), Folkestone or Dover; and by a recently opened and pretty section of railway (the Elham Valley line) to Canterbury. Folkestone is a delightful summer resort; and once there (try the Pavilion Hotel, which is very comfortable)

you may make short trips to Boulogne, or along the south-east coast-line to Deal, Ramsgate or Margate, for very moderate fares.

For 7s. 6d. you may make the Channel trip to Boulogne and back, and for something less than 30s. a circular trip first-class to Boulogne, Calais, Dover, etc.

The Continental Fast Trains of this company are not to be bettered in England for comfort and a convenient rate of speed. These, it should be noted, are daily advertised in the London newspapers.

Margate, Ramsgate, Deal (all very popular with Londoners for Saturday-to-Monday trips) are easy to be reached by this line from Charing Cross.

There is no English railroad company that shows greater liberality and foresight in management, and more enterprise in providing for the wants of the pleasure-going public, than the London, Brighton and South Coast Company. Its Brighton main-line passenger traffic has possibly conduced to this, as being largely made-up of London visitors to that fashionable and popular watering-place. And where fashion and popularity go hand in hand, a railway company is bound, as a matter of policy, to do its best to maintain a good service of trains to the place which fashion and popularity make attractive.

The Tourist and Excursion Programme of the Brighton Company, issued annually in May, deserves more general attention than it probably receives. The advantages it offers for trips inland and seaward are considerable, and illustrate the company's liberality. Thus for 8s. a first-class return ticket may be had for a Sunday trip from London to Littlehampton; for the Saturday-to-Monday trip it is 15s. 6d.: the distance is about eighty miles. The third-class fares are 3s. in the one case, and 7s. 6d. in the other.

For 37s. a monthly first-class ticket may be had for the South Coast and Isle of Wight tours, offering facilities for visiting Hastings, St. Leonards, Eastbourne, Brighton, Worthing, Littlehampton, Bognor, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight; and almost



every intermediate coast town and village, comprising nearly three hundred miles of some of the most pleasant railway and steamboat travel in the United Kingdom.

There is a Saturday-to-Tuesday train from London to Brighton, the *return* third-class fare being but 5s. On Saturday, Sunday or Monday, one may travel there (by "cheap train") for 3s. the *return* journey, or less than a halfpenny per mile.

By special fast train, London to Brighton, the daily return first-class Pullman car ticket is 12s. 6d.; the ordinary first-class 10s.

If you are sojourning, let's say at Eastbourne, and wish temporarily to vary the temperature and position of your holiday resort, you have a choice of two daily trains to Tunbridge Wells, for a return first-class fare of 4s. 6d.

You may cross to the Continent by Day Tidal Express from Victoria, and pass a month at Dieppe, including about four hours of channel passage each way in first-class steamers (a summer yachting excursion) for 36s. the return first-class ticket.

Look at the L. B. & S. C. Tourist and Excursion programme for further hints. Apply 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross.

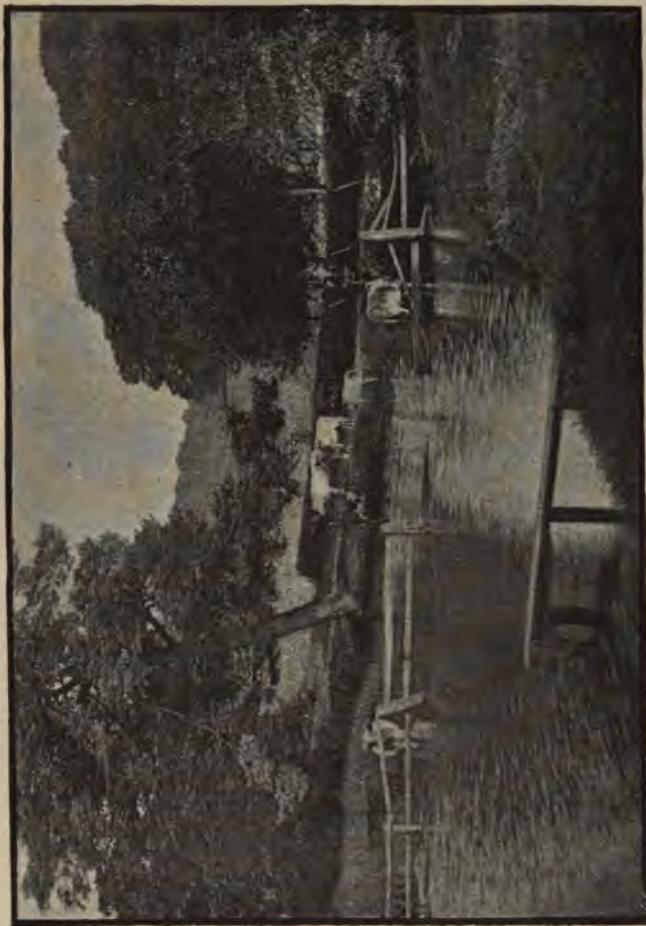
The London and South Western Railway runs through Surrey, Hampshire, Wiltshire, Dorset, Somerset and Devon—six of the most charming counties in England. Its London suburban traffic extends through the Thames Valley of Middlesex and Surrey, and many charming parts of Berkshire—as Egham, Virginia Water, Wokingham and Reading.

The company has many popular seaside resorts and pleasure-places on its line; is enterprising and liberal in respect of tourist and excursion arrangements; affords good daily service of trains, express and ordinary, both local and main line; is reasonable in respect of fares (save at one period of the year, the brief few days of Epsom and Ascot Races) and makes endeavour to meet the ever-increasing demands of the travelling and holiday-making public.

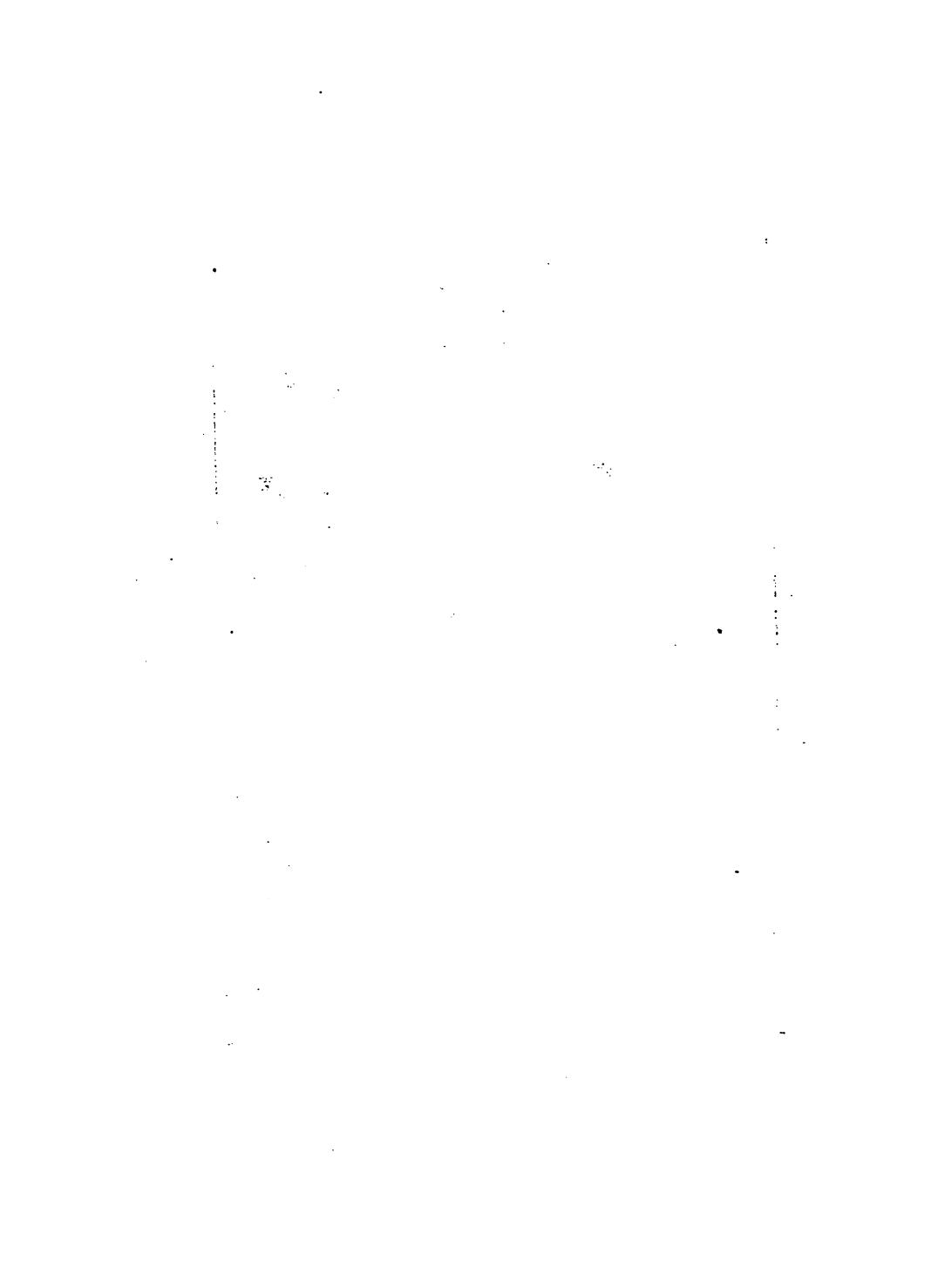
Of late it has become an enterprising competitor of the London and North Western for American passenger traffic. A large and increasing number of English and Americans now travel by the German Mail Steamships to and from Southampton and New York. It has become a fashion to do so. Whether the fashion will be fleeting, like all other fashions, remains to be seen. "They say" (a vague but persuasive phrase) that the North German Lloyd's steamers are among the finest and best-ordered on the Atlantic, and provide all manner of alluring baits to Atlantic travellers, one of which is a band of musicians, who play daily during dinner. We wonder how they play, where they play, and to whom they play in a stiff north-west gale in the "Roaring Forties"?

Of seaside resorts on the South Western line, which may be recommended to the notice of Londoners and visitors to London, as affording uncommon facilities for taking the sea-air, and seeing pretty scenery, we should name Bournemouth as the chief.

A direct line now takes Londoners to Bournemouth. By the old route passengers continued east and west from Brockenhurst to Ringwood, and then turned direct south to Christchurch.



A Bit of SURREY.





The new section represents the base of the irregular triangle thus formed, proceeding in a south-westerly direction. The new line is between ten and eleven miles in length; and the journey from London is made in about a couple of hours at a cost of 28s. 6d. first-class and 21s. 6d. second-class, return tickets, available from Friday or Saturday to the Monday week following. A Pullman Express now runs from Waterloo to Bournemouth daily. It is a delightful winter resort, no less than pleasant pleasure-place in summer; open to the sea, well-wooded in every direction, and with charming walks and drives round and about and in the vicinity. Needless to say, it is amply provided with Hotels, the principal of which is "the Royal Bath," on the sea-

front of the east cliff, under the proprietorship of Mr. Russell Coates, whose reputation in his line of business extends far beyond the confines of Bournemouth. His hotel is almost unique, a comfortable home for the visitor in search of rest and health; picturesquely located, surrounded by attractive pleasure-grounds, open to the southerly sea-breezes, admirably managed. We know it well, and confidently commend it to the notice of others as one of the best hotels in England.

Poole is worthy of attention, as are Weymouth, beloved of George III., and Swanage, to which places pleasant trips may be made by steamboat in the summer season from Bournemouth. As to these trips, one must needs go to local authority, to the "Bournemouth Express Steam Packet Company," and its competitor the "Bournemouth and Swanage Steam Packet Company," for fuller information.

It is not necessary to refer here to the London and South Western route to Southsea, Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight.

Among inland places on this line of railroad we can recommend Guildford, Liphook, Lyndhurst (the New Forest) and Winchester (with its fine cathedral and ancient college) as pleasant resting-places. Windsor is too much of a show-place, too well-known, to call for special remark.

By the London, Chatham and Dover Company's line you may travel Kent in zigzag, or in undeviating course. You may follow the road direct to Dover: the coast-line route to Ramsgate; the road indirect to Ashford on the one side, or to Sheerness (the officers of the old "Formidable" guardship used to call this muddy Thames estuary "Sheernasty") on the other; and complete your survey of Kent, its cathedral cities, seaside towns, pleasure places, gardens and hop-fields, by journeying from Dover to Walmer and Deal, the present terminus, south-east, of the company's system.

Herne Bay (commonplace and dreary); Birchington (monotonous, but restful); Westgate (aristocratic, and dull); Margate (lively, and vulgar); Ramsgate (less lively, and a trifle less vulgar);

Broadstairs (pleasant, and invigorating): all popular summer seaside-resorts with Londoners, lie on the London, Chatham and Dover line of railroad. You may visit all these places in a Friday-to-Monday trip at an outlay of 15s. for a first-class return ticket; or of 8s. for a third.

To Dover you may journey from London for 22s. 6d. first-class, 17s. 6d. second-class, or 10s. 6d. third-class; return tickets, and available Saturday to Monday.

If you wish to travel farther away, you may buy a return ticket from London to Calais, available from Friday to Monday, for 34s. 6d. first-class; 27s. second-class; or 19s. 6d. third-class.

If, staying at Dover, you have a fancy for the Channel trip, you may gratify your inclination at a cost of 7s. 6d. for first-class saloon, or 5s. 6d. fore-cabin ticket by the Mail Steamers leaving Dover daily at 9.55 a.m. and 12.55 p.m.; returning from Calais at 1.30 p.m. and 3.45 p.m. on the same day, or at 1.30 a.m. on the following morning.

There are certain cheap week-day Local Excursions which are well worth looking over by any who will be at the trouble of buying this Company's programme (price 2d.) for the month of June. Apply at London, Chatham and Dover Station (Victoria).

In the summer season the Tourist and Excursion traffic of the Midland Company is conducted with great liberality. There are no Saturday-to-Monday places on this line; but within a week a tourist may see a good deal of the picturesque inland parts of England travelling on it. For example: the Derbyshire districts, the valley of the Dove, and Matlock, Buxton and the rest of its beautiful watering-places.

American visitors to England, particularly those landing in Liverpool from the Atlantic mail steamships, will find it of advantage to look through the official Excursion and Tourist programme of this Company, to be had at Liverpool (Midland) Station, or on board the steamer itself, or they may ask for it at Queenstown. They will, probably, find themselves several shillings in pocket in the end, by mapping out a tour in accord-

ance with its programme ; and we may safely add that of all the routes to Edinburgh from London, that of the Midland (the Waverley Route) is the most picturesque and enjoyable. The service of trains is excellent, and the comfort of passengers is well studied.

The curious traveller, if he have time, should try the Westward route of the Great Western Railway from Paddington to Penzance. For speed, ease of travelling, and spacious accommodation, the carriages of this line are not excelled in England. Two or three main-line express trains daily travel over the system London to Cornwall : if we remember rightly, these are the 11.45 a.m. (" Flying Dutchman "), and the 1 p.m. and 3 p.m. expresses, from Paddington, running the first part of the journey, 53½ miles, in one hour.





THE SEA-FRONT OF THE ROYAL HOTEL, LOWESTOFT.

Certain of the river-side resorts, very popular in the summer months among boating men, lie on the Great Western line of road: as Taplow, Marlow, Maidenhead, Henley, Windsor and Reading.

Among other pleasant places on the Great Western system, equally suitable for brief excursions from London, we should name Leamington, pretty in summer and sufficiently cosy in the winter of the year, a convenient centre from which to visit Kenilworth, Warwick and Stratford-on-Avon; Bath, one of the snuggest of winter cities; Cheltenham, more fashionable in earlier days than now; Gloucester, a curious old cathedral city of interest; Malvern, one of the most frequented and fashionable health resorts; and last, not least, Oxford, the city of colleges and learning. All these may be reached from Paddington.

The Tourist Tickets are generally available to the above places for two months at these fares: To Bath, first-class, 32s. 6d.; second-class, 24s. 6d.; third-class, 16s. To Leamington, first-class, 28s. 3d.; second-class, 21s. 9d.; third-class, 14s. 6d. To Malvern, first-class, 38s. 9d.; second-class, 27s. 6d.; third-class, 18s.; and it is well to note that the tickets to this last place allow of visiting Oxford and Worcester without further charge.

Friday-to-Tuesday tickets to Malvern are issued at the following fares: first-class, 25s. 9d.; second-class, 19s. 6d.; third-class, 13s.

A word of praise is due to the Great Eastern Company (Liverpool Street terminus) which of late years has greatly improved its passenger accommodation. Its first-class carriages on the line to Harwich, the land of the Broads, Yarmouth, Lowestoft (all bracing Saturday-to-Monday seaside resorts), are comfortable and commodious. Lowestoft, is on the whole the pleasantest of these, and its Royal Hotel, under Mr. Whaley's proprietorship, one of the most comfortable of seaside hotels. It may be recommended to the jaded Londoner as a capital Saturday-to-Monday resort.



The advertised table or accelerated and improved summer service of fast and express trains, to popular places on the Great Eastern line, will convey an idea of what opportunities are within reach, of seeing somewhat of the counties of Suffolk and Norfolk. The Company issues fortnightly and Friday-to-Tuesday tickets. The fares are reasonable.

A favourite resort with Londoners on this line is Epping Forest. It is a capital place for a summer excursion; or for that matter a spring, autumn, or winter excursion. There is a comfortable, commodious and well-managed hotel at Chingford (the Royal Forest Hotel) which provides all manner of entertainment for visitors. It is picturesquely placed on the borders of the forest, and is become a favourite rendezvous in spring of riders and pedestrians, in summer of young men and maidens who indulge in lawn-tennis, picnicking and other open-air

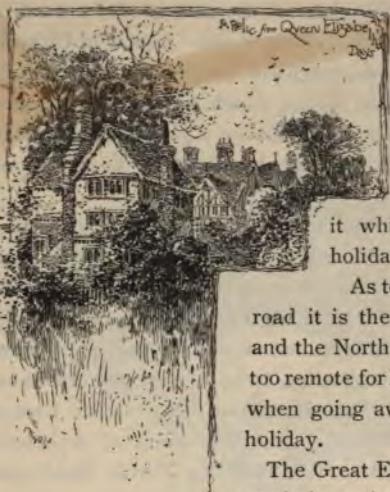
pastimes; in autumn and winter of the *personnel* of one of the most prosperous of London Golfing clubs. Lovers of Dickens's literature will find in it a convenient starting-point for the old-fashioned land of Barnaby Rudge, which may be said to centre at Chigwell. A four-horse coach makes a pleasant daily excursion from the Forest Hotel in that and other directions, and brings you back to a well-served dinner.

Epping Forest is to East what Richmond Park is to West London. We have spent many a pleasant day at its well-known hotel, which deserves to be better known to West End Londoners. They may take our word for it that a drive through Epping Forest in early summer is one of the pleasantest, most picturesque and invigorating, to be found around London. Chingford is your place of destination; the Great Eastern your line of road, Liverpool Street your point of departure; 2s. 6d. your first-class return fare; and the Forest Hotel your rendezvous.

The London and North Western railroad (which is probably



THE LAWN TENNIS GROUNDS, FOREST HOTEL, CHINGFORD.



the greatest commercial line in the kingdom) has few short-trip pleasure resorts easily accessible to Londoners, though there are many quiet rural towns about it which promise a pleasant holiday.

As to the Great Northern railroad it is the great route to Scotland and the North ; and its show-places are too remote for Londoners to visit, except when going away for the usual annual holiday.

The Great Eastern Railway Company yearly in spring issue and distribute at their stations a list of farmhouse and country lodgings in Essex, Hertfordshire, Cambridgeshire, Suffolk and Norfolk. This is an interesting addition to railway literature, besides suggesting agreeable holiday associations. It seems to be carefully compiled locally ; and states the county, name and address of the occupier, description of the house, the number of rooms to let, the nearest station, how far the lodgings are from it, the distance from London, the return fares from London, and the length of time for which a return ticket is available. The list contains some two hundred houses in which there is accommodation for visitors, and offers encouraging remarks as to Boating, Fishing and Driving opportunities.

All the railway companies carefully advertise their own Hotels in London and elsewhere. Out of town we have stayed in the Midland Hotel at Derby, and can honestly recommend it. The Pavilion Hotel at Folkestone has "something to do" with the South Eastern Company. It is one of the most comfortable and best-conducted hotels in the kingdom. The Midland, Great

Western, Great Eastern, Great Northern, London and North Western, South Western and Brighton Companies have each and all hotels under their control. We have observed on the South Eastern line that maps of the routes of the railway, with the names of the stations, are placed in the carriages, so that he who runs by railway may read. A similar plan of the railway lines hung up at the stations would be a boon to British holiday explorers of their own country. Even if the companies were liberal-minded enough to include sketches of their neighbours' lines so as to encourage pedestrians to take those journeys which facilitate cross-country walks from one line to another, they would not lose by it in the long run. But this, perhaps, is too much to hope for from competing companies. We can scarcely fancy the South Eastern advertising the Chatham and Dover Routes through Kent, or the Chatham and Dover the South Eastern way to Folkestone.

American Tourists will find it to their advantage to make inquiry at Euston (London and North Western Terminus), as to the Day-trip from London to Stratford-on-Avon and the Warwickshire country—one of the pleasantest summer excursions out of London.



CHAPTER XXIII.

SUNDAY IN LONDON: SOME UNSECTARIAN SUGGESTIONS.

THE subject is extensive, and somewhat seductive, but also embarrassing; and one must needs keep a firm hold on the pen to prevent it running astray. Sunday is a Religious

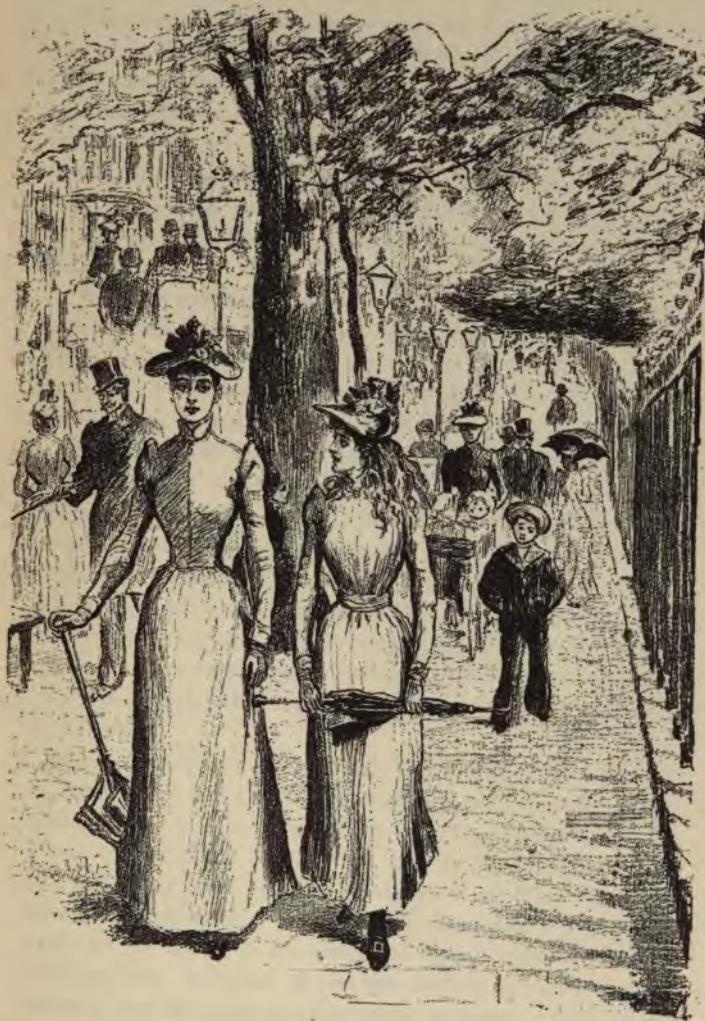
institution, and our ordinarily tractable pen might tempt us in the direction of a lay discourse on

church and chapel-going on Sundays. It might lead us that slippery course but that we at once recall the almost in-

numerable Places of Religious Worship we have happened upon in our many wanderings through London, the extraordinary variety of people we have met with, and

the strange divinity of opinions we have frequently noticed between man and man, and most of all diverse, perhaps, on matters of Religion. It is just as well to consider the fashion of the garment and how it fits, before concealing oneself under the always-convenient and inviting cloak of Zeal.





"AFTER CHURCH": ON THE WAY TO "THE PARK."



Whenever I find myself in a quandary, and needing a little rest, so as the better presently to extricate myself, and jog along again with firmer foothold, I reach down from the bookshelf an old and delightful companion of many years, and turn to and ponder what he has to say on subjects various. This habit gives opportunity for a little quiet gossip, and affords pleasant refreshment at the same time. Thus engaged lately, my eye chanced to fall upon the following passage in the *Spectator* (October 2nd, 1711):—

“There is nothing” (Addison is the writer) “in which men more deceive themselves, than in what the world calls Zeal. There are so many passions which hide themselves under it, and so many mischiefs arising from it, that some have gone so far as to say, it would have been for the benefit of mankind if it had never been reckoned in the catalogue of virtues. It is certain where it is once laudable and prudential, it is a hundred times criminal and erroneous: nor can it be otherwise, if we consider that it operates with equal violence in all Religions, however opposite they may be to one another, and in all the subdivisions of each Religion in particular.” And he goes on to advise, that every person thus zealously inclined should examine his or her heart “thoroughly,” and it would often be found that “what we call a zeal for Religion arises from either Pride, Interest, or Ill-nature.”

Having prudently adopted this sensible suggestion of one of our trustiest and best friends, and inquired into the motives which dictate the rewriting of this Chapter (which, after all, is a very commendable form of zeal, if it be but recognised), we find underlying them, an acrid admixture of all three: Pride in having the opportunity; Interest in the possibility of gaining an audience; Ill-nature in the chance of hitting some inoffensive onlooker, who perchance is not precisely of our own way of thinking, and who has no opportunity of reply. Having thus made free our confession, let us humbly crave absolution. It may be that others similarly tempted will follow our example.

The "sub-division of each Religion" (it might be correcter to say "persuasion or denomination") in London of To-Day are authoritatively set down at over two hundred, not including the students of the new Theosophy, which may possibly produce a sect hereafter, if it has not already done so. These figures approximately represent the various Religious denominations to-day to be found in London: each, more or less, zealous in its own behalf and in increasing the numbers of its adherents. Church, chapel, meeting-house, mission-house, hall, severally serve as the appointed place of periodical assembling for religious worship of the followers of each persuasion, more or less scattered through the length and breadth of the metropolis; those of the "Established Church" itself divided into distinctive parts or parties—"Anglo-Catholic," "High," "Broad," "Evangelical,"—largely predominating.

The one universal church of the one universal creed is still lacking; and "pity 't is 't is true." But let us keep to our text, evidencing some zeal in that respect.

One day in seven being happily appointed as a release from work, the blessedness of the gift might dispose us, one would suppose, to greater gratitude in rendering thanks to the Giver of the gift. The opportunities of showing forth our thankfulness, "not only with our lips, but in our lives," are nowhere so apparent as in London, on Sundays and week-days alike. That recognition of the Service of Man as the true Worship of God, which is characteristic of the present age, may be practised every day of the week and almost every hour of the day in London. The befitting observance of this responsibility will be the less likely, perhaps, to tempt us to those little frivolities, those holiday-excursions to this, that, or the other place, anywhere in fact but to the right place, to which on Sundays we poor hard-driven work-a-day toilers with brains and hands in London are all too prone.

We cannot forbear here to quote from an obituary notice appearing in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, on the late Mr. James

Russell Lowell, some time American Minister to London, a city which he delighted in. “‘ He’s true to God who’s true to Man’ might be written over the portals of many of the modern churches. And as for modern philanthropy, is not its gospel written in *The Vision of Sir Launfal* :—

“‘ The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso we share with another’s need ;
Not what we give but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare ;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and me.’”

It would be well if Zeal for Religion left us free always to remember that.

We need no Preachers, spiritual pastors, or masters to teach us gratitude. It is inherent in the dog that lies at our feet. Possibly if we showed less dependence on preachers (excellent friends to us though many of them are) and each depended more on the dictates of his own conscience, as to the right or the wrong thing to do, we might find the bench of English Bishops less exercised in its mind to find a means of drawing men to Church on Sunday, and no necessity for a Sunday Observance Society. Women form the majority of the congregations, at the London churches, save in isolated instances, almost in every direction. The men are mostly driven away from them by “what the world calls Zeal” on the part of too many of the clergy—too great eagerness, for example, in theological wrangling, to the detriment of weightier things; a restiveness in the matter of “ritual,” engendering frequent controversy; unbefitting dogmatism on doubtful points of politics delivered from the pulpit; a too-uncandid and perhaps defiant attitude in general, observed towards lay-students; an unpleasing insidiousness in the matter of school-teaching of the young; a wholesale disregard of the wholesome policy: “In things doubtful liberty, in things essential unity, in all things charity”—which word “zeal” as we have just pointed out on the worthy authority of the classic Addison will often stand for “Pride, Interest, or Ill-nature.” It is the men who run off to

their clubs—to Hurlingham, to the Lyric Club's entertainments, to Brighton, to Cycling-club meets, to Marlow, Henley, and elsewhere on Sundays. And as for the working-man so-called, in what London congregation does he appear with his "chums and his pals" in any considerable number?

Let us have reasonable latitude in our goings and comings on Sundays as on weekdays. Let us have reasonable enjoyment of God's gifts—as in pleasurable enjoyment of the country, in temperate enjoyment of the town, in strolling through a picture gallery, in walking around the courts, gardens, and grounds, let's say, of picturesque Hampton Court Palace; and why not in reading a good book in some of the Public Libraries, or in studying the handiwork of man in the Public Museums? But these being made accessible to us (or most of them) let us not shut our ears to the summons (on one brief morning of the week at all events) to Prayer, whithersoever churchman or chapelman or other man's zeal may tend—be he High, Low, Broad, Moderate, Extravagant in his particular religious views: Romanist, Ritualist, Evangelist, Catholic-Apostolic, Methodist, Downward-grade-Baptist, Congregationalist, Presbyterian, of the Society of Friends, Salvationist, Bible Christian, Positivist, what not. "Prayer ardent opens Heaven." And if we elect afterwards to remain to hear the Preacher of the day—why not? To hear a good sermon well-delivered is, we may be sure, a better way of spending twenty-five minutes of Sunday than expending that time perhaps in devising some means of wasting it.

That good sermons and eloquent sermons may be listened to in many of the London Churches, Chapels, and other places of religious meeting on Sundays every one knows. I have gotten some good at times in listening to the discourses of the Rev. Charles Honeyman. He was not so bad a fellow after all. His frailties were no greater than our own; his slips were not so many but what in charity they might be forgiven. And if he erred, he duly paid the penalty—as do we all, alas! sooner or later. To preach is easier than to practise; as any one may dis-

cover for himself who turns to the eloquent Sermons of Sterne, and compares them with his Life, Letters, and Published books. You will find the comparison more profitable than in running hazard in London, after this preacher and that, only to find—

“How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.”

When all else fails, we perhaps may be drawn into the competition with the average Sunday-sermon composer, as a writer of weekday tracts. Thackeray was a famous weekday Preacher of his time. So indeed was Dickens: and no more excellent authorities could be followed. Johnson was for ever delivering sermons in and about Fleet Street. Read his Life as written by Boswell, and judge for yourself. Only the other day we met a friend, for ever inveighing against the sermons he had been doomed to listen to in church, who had only just run across Boswell's “Life of Johnson.” He had passed the meridian of “the remorseful forties”!

We could refer you to other and more modern weekday Preachers who might be allowed to afford pleasing variety to the too many as yet undisciplined and inexperienced Sunday occupants of London pulpits. The kindly “Professor at the Breakfast Table,” for example, hailing from Boston, U.S.A., will provide you with abundant wholesome food for thought. Read his weekday discourses delivered before the Little Gentleman, Iris, the Divinity Student, and others of that notable city. Every one ought to read them. We have in our time heard many a good sermon from Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Tom Hood, Carlyle (no one dare deliver his kind of sermon from a pulpit, the occupant being dependent on “voluntary contributions” from below), from Mr. Ruskin, too; sermons innumerable from R. W. Emerson, from Robert Browning, Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, and Oliver Wendell Holmes afore referred to.

We have listened with great attention to a weekday discourse from Mr. Walter Besant, touching humanity in treatment of the poor. We believe few more earnest-minded preachers are to be

found than Mr. Hall Caine. In the occasional week-day utterances of Mr. Andrew Lang (one of the most delightful of modern essayists) we have found much to occupy the thoughts, and to nerve one to better things. From Mr. William Morris (author of the *Earthly Paradise*) we have received great encouragement to strive and yet continue to strive in well-doing. And the Christmas season before last we had the pleasure of reading two excellent sermons from the pens of Mr. Louis Stevenson and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, each drawn from the common experiences and everyday temptations of the work-a-day world. These are among some of the best of the weekday Preachers to be met with in London of To-Day.

In regard of Sunday Preachers in particular, you will find an overwhelming choice.

There are, for example, among the more popular and eloquent—Second thoughts, might it not be well to leave the Reader to select his own preacher, as is done (or was done) in the case of the Chapels Royal and the Universities? After all, no man having the privilege of standing in the pulpit of a church (meaning by that word all religious communions) to preach to an assembly of people, should fail of bringing some good to some one. The very fact of his having an audience disposed to listen to him is of itself indication of good.

But who are the Sunday Preachers of London of To-Day? Whom shall we place first? Who, indeed? (Alas! that in this place we should have to run the pen through what we had already sent to the printers, touching the excellent late Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster). There are the Deans and Canons-in-residence (when? you must needs ascertain for yourself) at the Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral—Knox-Little, Scott-Holland, Farrar among the number. There are Dr. Vaughan at the Temple Church and Canon Curteis at the Chapel of the Savoy. Parenthetically, a friend tells us that Robert Browning used to attend a Congregational Church in Allen Street, near High Street, Kensington, very peaceful and soul-satisfying in its ser-

vise. There are Stopford-Brooke at Bloomsbury Chapel and Boyd-Carpenter at the larger Church close at hand. Everyone's hope that Mr. Spurgeon might yet be spared to preach more of his world-read sermons at the Metropolitan Tabernacle is ended, alas, by his death. Earnest minded Hugh Price Hughes may generally be heard at St. James' Hall. A thoughtful preacher should be found at the Chapel of the Foundling Hospital, his audience being mainly composed of little children. A. H. Stanton is, generally, occupant of the pulpit on Sundays at St. Alban's, Holborn. The Catholics (of the Roman Church) do not, we believe, attach great importance to preaching: St. Mary Moor-fields, the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, or the Oratory, Brompton, perchance, may serve to test the point. John McNeill, late of Regent Square Chapel (Gray's Inn Road), will probably be heard occasionally in London; Parker preaches at the City Temple, Holborn; Voysey at the Theistic Church (Swallow Street, Piccadilly); Dr. John Clifford at Westbourne Park Church; Philip Wicksteed at Little Portland Street Unitarian Chapel; Haweis at St. James', Marylebone; Kitto at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields (Trafalgar Square).

The principal Catholic Apostolic Church in central London is in Gordon Square. The Great Central Synagogue of the Jews in London is in Great Portland Street. In Argyll Square, King's Cross may be found one of the principal of the Swedenborgian Churches. University Hall, having its origin with Mrs. Humphry Ward (author of *Robert Elsmere*), is in Gordon Square. At Newton Hall, Fetter Lane, the "Positivists" chiefly meet. The Society of Friends has a meeting-house in St. Martin's Lane (110-111). The Salvation Army Headquarters are at Queen Victoria Street, near St. Paul's Railway Station.

For the rest, churches and chapels, Established Church of England, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Wesleyan Methodist, Congregational, Baptist, and others innumerable are to be found within Metropolitan London. It is impossible to print here an extended list of the whole. For any particular church, chapel

or meeting-place, the best guide is the London Directory to be found in every Hotel.

In general, the Hours of Service on Sunday are at 11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m. At the Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral the morning service begins at 10.30; at the Chapel Royal, St. James' (order from Lord Chamberlain's Office, St. James' Palace, necessary) at 10, 12 a.m., and 5.30 p.m.; at the Savoy, 11.30 a.m., 4 and 7 p.m.

THE STREETS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE STREETS AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

INTRODUCTORY.

“YOU only find in Rome what you take thither,” said Goethe. In Goethe’s sense you only gather in the streets of London what you take into them, what you have heard or read about them.

An hour or two in a library with the works of Cunningham, Leigh Hunt, Jesse, or Timbs, is about the best preparation one can have for a ramble through the London streets. If the visitor looks forward to finding now many of the once familiar vestiges of Old London—familiar even to us of to-day—he will be disappointed. It is true we may still point with pride to a few splendid monuments of bygone centuries—the “Minster of the West”; the Hall of William the Red; the Round of the Templars; and the Tower of William the Norman; but of buildings of lesser fame and out-of-the-way works of interest, old houses, old inns, old shops, and the like, the rambler in search of the picturesque will find but few remaining.

To the historical student, of course, the streets of London are paved with memories. Dr. Johnson, when he took his walk, down Fleet Street, passed from end to end of it as he might have paced from end to end of his library. Each side of the road was full of suggestions to his well-stored mind, and spoke of men and things perhaps unheard-of by the companion of his ramble. In like manner may the student of the present—the student versed in the rich antiquarian lore of London of the past—trace the plan of the Roman city, identify the sites of buildings of Norman and Tudor times, and of what were once

the homes, birthplaces, or graves (since many of the old church-yards are now made over as gardens to the poor) of those whose fame is written in the pages of England's own eventful story. But he must no longer expect to eat his dinner in the Thatched House Tavern or Turk's Head of Johnson's day, or sit in the little room where Marvell refused the bribe of Danby, or stand within the railed gallery looking down upon the courtyard of the Belle Sauvage Inn. He may be directed to the spots where once these stood; but every vestige of the buildings sacred to such memories has disappeared under the rapidly destructive influences of metropolitan and city improvements.

One of Lamb's friends (Godwin) proposed a subscription to all well-disposed people, "to raise a certain sum of money to be expended in the care of a cheap monument for the former and the future great dead men. The monument to be a white cross with a wooden slab at the end telling their names and qualifications." This wooden slab and white cross to be perpetuated to the end of time; to survive, as Lamb humorously writes, the fall of empires and the destruction of cities, by means of a map which in case of an insurrection or any other cause by which a city or country may be destroyed, was to be carefully preserved. When things got again into their regular order, the white-cross-wooden-slab-makers were to go to work again and re-establish the wooden slabs in their former places. Charles Lamb cuts a joke at the project in his kindly way, and tells how his friend wrote a pamphlet of many pages in its favour. But if such a map had been drawn—a map on the scale of the splendid sheet published by the proprietors of the London *Graphic*, "London, as seen from a Balloon, 1884"—indicating the exact sizes of the various birthplaces, some time dwellings, chambers, lodgings, etc., of the great men who once flourished in London, what an interesting record we should have! We might, for example, have taken in at a glance the lodgings at No. 7, Little Queen Street, Holborn, through his

several removals — Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane; Mitre Court, Temple; 4, Inner Temple Lane; 20, Russell Street, Covent Garden; to Enfield; and, lastly, to Church Street, Edmonton. We might have traced Thackeray through his wanderings from street to street, Dickens through his, and all the other great writers, whom we love to think about in our ramblings over London, through theirs. As it is, we have to go to innumerable books for a key to each particular house, and even then we may miss it.*

Like all other cities and towns, the great city had a beginning. The original Llyn-din, or Fort of the Lake, a collection of rude huts set upon one of two or three knolls, rising out of fens, salt estuaries, and tidal swamps, denotes that beginning. This gave place to Roman London, of which we may yet trace the plan, and show many relics to this day. We have still the Roman milestone, fragments of Roman walls and of Roman houses, and the line of Roman streets. In Cripplegate, for example, not far from the General Post Office, may yet be seen a splendid specimen of the original Roman wall. The Londoner may (or until lately could) lave his limbs in a genuine Roman bath of icy water, for the trouble of turning a few paces down Strand Lane. One of the only two Roman milestones in Britain remains in Cannon Street, the other being at Chesterholm in Northumberland. There is Roman work about the Tower. Until quite recently an old Roman turret was standing within a hundred yards of Ludgate Hill Station. These and other remains faintly attest the perfection to which our first conquerors brought the system of colonisation. The visitor may view, in the museum of the Guildhall of London, statues, pavements, altars, domestic utensils, which have been found in Leadenhall Street, in Lime Street, in Lombard Street, in Broad Street—their shapes and their colours almost as fresh as when interred. A recent writer (it is impossible to give his name, since he appears anonymously in

* Since this was written Mr. Laurence Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of London" has been published.

the columns of a London newspaper),* remarks :—" It would be a curious task, albeit an almost impossible one, to map out Roman London as the Rome of the Cæsars is mapped out—to see the temple of Diana standing hard by what the stone in Panyer Alley† says is the highest ground in the City;

' When you have sought the city round,
Yet still this is the highest ground ; '

—to trace the street which converged at the milestone in Cannon Street—the Watling Street‡ coming from the south and proceeding again north-west; the Ermine and Stane Streets from the south-east; the North Road running to the ancient colonial capital; the east road going to Colchester; to place the pleasant villas along the Wall-brook,§ and the Old Bourne;|| to see the great citadel in its entirety, and to follow the sturdy wall with its turrets and gates around the city. If, as archæologists aver, the great Roman temple stood where now stands the chief Protestant Cathedral of the world; if the ancient London Forum was where is now the Royal Exchange; if the chief Roman cemeteries were on the sites of the Bunhill Fields' burying-ground and St. Sepulchre's Church;¶ if the Roman citadel was where now stands the Tower of London—it is sufficient proof that posterity has been faithful to the lines laid down by the old Roman colonists. The great arteries of London run almost precisely upon the line of the great Roman arteries; we have still a Watling Street and a Stone Street; the Gray's Inn Road, formerly in the North Road, was known before the railway era as

* *Globe*, April 5th, 1884.

† A street leading out of Cannon Street towards St. Paul's.

‡ A narrow thoroughfare between Paternoster Row and Newgate Street. A stone built into one of the houses on the east side bears the inscription.

§ Walbrook, a street on the west side of the Mansion House.

|| Holborn.

¶ St. Sepulchre's Church stands at the western end of Newgate Street.

Maiden Lane, a name still preserved by the same road in Maiden Way, far up into the North ; there is Stratford to the East. So there is little reason to doubt that the archæologists are right in their former supposition."

From the time of the Roman colony to the era of the Conquest, we are able to place the sites of a series of buildings civil and ecclesiastical, and have scores of local names which remain to this day. That great edifice and memorial of English history, the Tower of London, of the beginnings of which Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, builder of the old Norman Keep in his episcopal city, is the reputed architect, stands among the foremost of London's Norman buildings. The Abbey of Westminster commemorates the church dedicated to St. Peter, built by Sebert on the Isle of Thorney; as does St. Paul's, "the stately and beautiful" structure described by William of Malmesbury as erected in the place of Ethelbert's first Christian church. The original Westminster Hall, the work of William Rufus, which was "only a bed-chamber in comparison with the building he intended to make," is yet another memorial of the Norman age. Then we have the St. John's Gate at Clerkenwell ; the relics of the priory of St. Bartholomew at Smithfield; and the beautiful reproduction of the Chapel of St. Stephen's (which has given a name to the House of Commons),—taking us back to Norman times.

Langbourne, Tyburn, Ludgate, Bishopsgate, Cripplegate, Blackfriars, Whitefriars, Cheapside, Eastcheap, St. Martin's-le-Grand, St. Mary-le-Bow, Holywell, Clerkenwell, are among the local names of that or of a subsequent period which still remain ; and to these others might be added. The Temple Church, restored in recent years, kept its original beauty to the commencement of the fourteenth century. In the Savoy (still retaining its ancient designation) we stand upon the ground where once stood the palace of John of Gaunt. The thoroughfare which borders the Thames from Blackfriars to the Tower, and known centuries ago by the name of Thames Street, marks the place where lived Geoffrey Chaucer, "in the house of his

father, a vintner." The Vintry, the district occupied by the wine-sellers of the Plantagenet period, still survives in the civic "ward" of that name.

Coming to a later period, we find memorials on every hand of the prominent personages of English history—Gresham Street, commemorating the public-spirited merchant of Tudor days who founded the Royal Exchange; Essex Street, the sometime residence of Elizabeth's favourite; Northumberland Street, of Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, son of the poet Surrey; Rupert Street, taking us back to the period of the Civil War; Chandos Street, to Queen Anne's days and the magnificence of Canons; Milton Street, commemorating the poet Milton, and so on.

"If," says Mr. Frederic Harrison, "you omit Dryden, Pope, Handel, Addison, Swift, Fielding, Richardson, Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Garrick, Hogarth, Reynolds, Turner, Byron, Lamb, Dickens, Thackeray and De Quincey—if you strike out of our literature, our history, our law, our art, all that is locally associated with definite spots of London, London sights, London life, and London monuments—the gap would be huge. The features of London are themselves so vast, their local history so rich, that they each have a history of their own. No city in Europe possesses a river like the Thames, with its leagues of historic buildings along its course, its mighty ports, and bridges, and docks; nor have the Rhine or the Tiber a closer association with poetry, literature and art. English history and English literature abound with memories of the river. Nor has any city of Europe so great an array of parks associated as much with poetry, literature and art, each with a long history and endless traditions of its own."

We propose now, the Reader willing, to point out some of the traditions of the more noteworthy spots which we shall visit in a ramble through London streets.

CHAPTER XXV.

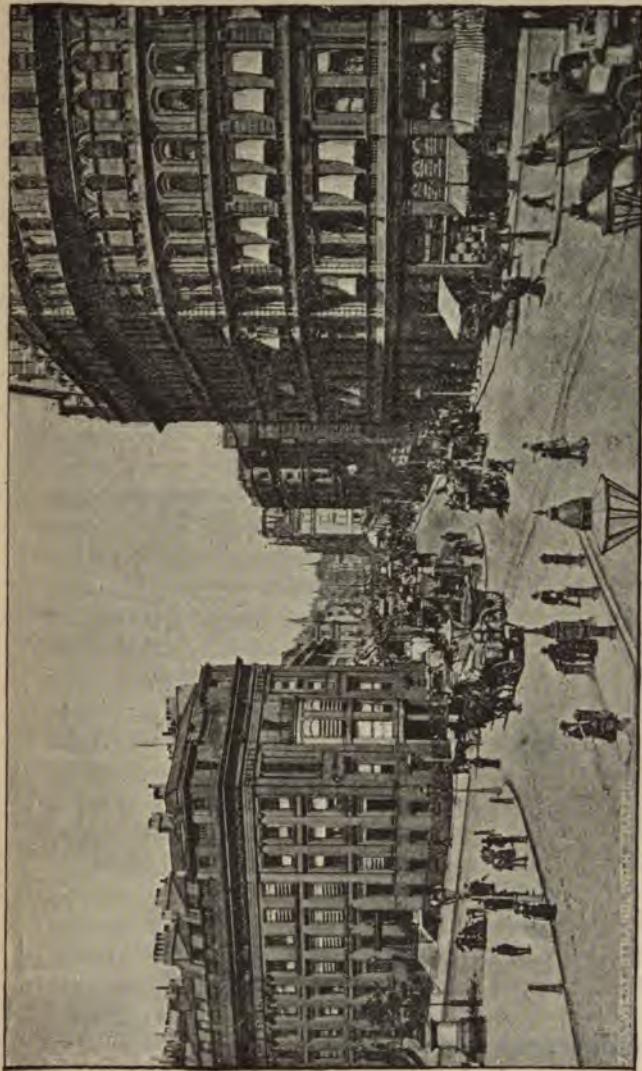
“THE BUSTLING STRAND.”

THE Strand, which so greatly delighted Charles Lamb, and which, in a letter to Wordsworth, he described as having as many charms for him as had the tinted hills and lakes and leaves rustling in the wood for the poet, is still the “bustling Strand.” It is still the great main thoroughfare of London from its most central point to the City. From early morning till past midnight it is more frequented than any other London street. It is the locality of the principal Theatres, the Law Courts, the Inland Revenue Departments, of not a few important newspaper offices, and many of the best shops. Its historical associations are innumerable. Where now the maze of little courts and side streets extends to the Thames Embankment, there stood, centuries ago, the town-houses of the bishops, the ambassadors, and the powerful nobles. Beautiful gardens surrounded them, and against their walls plashed the waters of the then “silver” Thames. Here was Bedford House, Essex House, Northumberland House, the palace of John of Gaunt of the Savoy, and the mansion of the Lord High Admiral Seymour, now vanished from the places where they stood, and leaving only their names to the streets and districts of new London.

Northumberland House, on the site of which (or near it) now stands the Grand Hotel, was the last of all the great mansions which lorded it on the river-side. It stood till 1876. It was built by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, son of the famous Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, the poet; but a very unworthy son, except in point of ability. “He was one of those men,” says Leigh Hunt, “who, wanting a sense of moral beauty, are in every other respect wise in vain, and succeed only to become

despised and unhappy. . . It is thought by the historians that he died just in time to save him from the disgraceful consequences of the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury."

Taking the south side of the Strand from Charing Cross, leaving the Grand Hotel—between the entrances of which are to be noticed two or three good shops—we find the mansion of the earls of Northumberland commemorated in Northumberland Street, still one of the older streets of London, where are the offices of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. In Craven Street, a quiet street running parallel with it, there are many good lodging-houses and private hotels patronised by Americans. Dr. Franklin lived here in 1771; a plaque on the front distinguishes the house. The Craven Hotel stands upon the site of an inn of very ancient date. The Golden Cross, on the opposite side of the Strand, was at the beginning of the present century an hotel of European reputation. The Charing Cross Railway Station—a copy of the ancient cross erected to Queen Eleanor in what was once the hamlet of Charing should be noticed in the courtyard—is the terminus of the South Eastern Company, the most convenient and, on the whole, the pleasantest route to the Continent. The Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, across the road, built in the reign of George I., was years ago one of the "fashionable" churches of London. Its Corinthian portico fronting on St. Martin's Lane is imposing. Within the church lie buried the remains of Nell Gwynne, the "little sprightly, fair-haired woman with laughing blue eyes, round but beautiful face, and turned-up nose," who was one of the "favourites" of Charles II. Here, too, are interred Roubiliac, the sculptor of some fine monuments in Westminster Abbey; Farquhar, author of *The Beaux's Stratagem*; Hunter, the distinguished surgeon; and Robert Boyle, the philosopher. This is the parish church of the many hotels in the vicinity of Trafalgar Square, and is freely open to strangers most week-days, as well as Sundays. Charing Cross Road, running north from this point to Oxford Street, has taken the place of acres of "slums" once standing on its line of route.



CHARING CROSS

Villiers Street, on the south side of the Strand, so named after the dukes of Buckingham, whose town mansion once stood here, leads to the Charing Cross Station of the Underground Railway, the Charing Cross Steamboat Pier, and to one of the prettiest of the Thames Embankment Gardens. Here one may see a last relic of one of the great mansions which stood by the riverside, in the Water Gate of old York House, "unquestionably the most perfect piece of building that does honour to Inigo Jones." Hungerford Market, so late as 1859, stood at the eastern foot of the railway bridge. George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, Buckingham Street (where once lived S. Pepys) all commemorate the second Duke of Buckingham, George Villiers, who pulled down the famous York House, and built these in place of it.

The streets in the Adelphi—John, Robert, Adam, etc., are named after the builders. Garrick lived on the Adelphi Terrace in 1771. The rooms of the Society of Arts (open from 10 till 4, except on Wednesday and Saturday) are in John Street. Between Adam Street and George Street, on the other side of the Strand, is Bedford Street, the site of an old mansion of the earls and dukes of Bedford. Coutts's Bank is nearly opposite. The Adelphi Theatre (twice rebuilt), a few doors east of Bedford Street, was at one time the famous home of English melodrama. It still shows some preference for that side of dramatic art. The Vaudeville Theatre, whose speciality is chiefly comedy, is near at hand. On the same side of the Strand, after passing Southampton Street (leading to Covent Garden), is Haxell's Hotel. Mr. Haxell has a good and indeed unique collection of theatrical portraits in the smoking-room. The famous Savage Club (now permanently located on Adelphi Terrace) once had rooms at this house, resorted to by literary men, actors and artists. Exeter Hall (the headquarters of the Young Men's Christian Association), a building with a narrow but tall and conspicuous frontage, with a Greek inscription on the fascia of the pediment, is next the hotel. The large hall is chiefly used for public meetings; it was

erected in 1831, and is capable of accommodating upwards of 4,000 persons seated. During May many religious and other societies hold their annual meetings here.

On the south side of the Strand, on the site of Cecil and Salisbury Streets, presently to be cleared away, stood the mansion of Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, "the cunning son of a wise father." In Beaufort Buildings once lived Fielding, author of "Tom Jones"; and at the corner, near the site of Mr. Rimmell's shop, flourished Mr. Lillie, the perfumer so often named in the *Tatler*. Close at hand is the Savoy, once famous as the locality of the palace of the dukes of Lancaster. Here is the interesting restored Chapel Royal of the Savoy. It is a small building, richly decorated, and is historically remarkable as the scene of the Savoy Conference for the revision of the Liturgy at the Restoration of Charles II. The Savoy Theatre lies within the ancient "precincts."

At the end of Wellington Street is Waterloo Bridge (opened in 1817), leading to the terminus of the South Western Railway. From the centre of the bridge a good view of Somerset House and the principal buildings on both sides of the river may be obtained. At night, when the Embankment is lighted up, the scene is very impressive. On the north side of the Strand, with its chief entrance in Wellington Street, is the Lyceum Theatre, where Mr. Henry Irving and his excellent company have obtained their greatest successes. The Gaiety Theatre, originally a music-hall, built on the site of old Exeter 'Change, is close at hand. Somerset House, over the way, occupies part of the site of the former palace of the Protector of that name. Here, in the old building, Henrietta Maria (consort of Charles I.) and Catherine of Braganza (Charles II.'s wife) held their courts. Cromwell's body lay in state here. The present handsome and spacious building dates so late as 1776, and was planned by Sir William Chambers. It is now the seat of various Government offices—Exchequer and Audit, Inland Revenue, Registrar-General, and Wills and Probate. In this last office all wills are proved. The

calendars may be searched for 1s. ; the original of a will may be seen for 1s.—the wills of Shakespeare, Newton, Dr. Johnson, and of nearly all the great Englishmen of past times, among the number. The rooms to the right of the Strand entrance were used for the exhibition of the pictures of the Royal Academy in the days of West, Fuseli, Reynolds, Opie, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and others. Notice the statue of George III., at the north end of the quadrangle, and the fine bronze allegorical figure of The Thames, the work of John Bacon.

Next Somerset House are King's College and Schools, founded in 1828 ; one of the most prominent of the great educational institutions of London. Near here stood the Turk's Head Coffee-house, frequented by Dr. Johnson. The Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, opposite the entrance of King's College, was built by Gibbs, the architect of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. In front of the spot where the church stands a "tall May-pole overlooked the Strand," which, in the days when May ushered in a great holiday in the streets of London, was decorated with flags and garlands. The May-pole was removed in 1718. The Strand Theatre, once the most popular play-house for burlesque in London, lies not far from the church on the south side ; nearly opposite to it is the Opéra Comique.

Between the Strand and Drury Lane and Wych Street (where is the New Olympic Theatre) is Holywell Street, so called from the former existence of a spring or holy well. This street, which is a narrow thoroughfare, is principally inhabited by the sellers of cheap and second-hand books and clothes. There has been a talk for some years past of taking down the two churches which now stand in the Strand roadway, together with the block of old buildings which separate Holywell Street from the Strand. This would widen the Strand at a very congested spot—that opposite the *Graphic* Office—and would create a fine space in front of the Palace of Justice. These alterations made, and the widening of Ludgate Hill completed, there would then exist one grand thoroughfare from Charing Cross to St. Paul's.

In Norfolk Street, at the south-west corner, lived Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania; and there also lived and died here Dr. Brocklesby, the friend and physician of Dr. Johnson. In Surrey Street lived Congreve, the dramatist; and Mrs. Bracegirdle in Howard Street, adjoining. The Church of St. Clement Danes (which Johnson attended), opposite the Offices of the *Graphic* and *Illustrated London News*, was built in 1682 by William Pearce, from a design of Sir Christopher Wren, on the site of a former edifice of the same name, which was said to have been called "Danes," because in it were buried Harold, a Danish king, and others of his nation. The poets Otway and Nat Lee lie buried here, and Dr. Brocklesby, above-named. The chimes still ring out from St. Clement's steeple, as Falstaff describes having heard them with Justice Shallow. Clement's Inn, north side of the church, still retains its name, but the older part of it has been demolished, like everything else old about London.

Essex Street, on the site of which stood Essex House, and Devereux Court, upon the south side of the Strand, formerly known as the "Outer Temple," were named after Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth. Dr. Johnson established one of his minor clubs, called "Sam's," at the Essex Head Tavern. Essex Hall still holds to its ancient connection with Unitarianism. The Grecian Coffee-house, in Devereux Court, was one of the famous coffee-houses of London in the last century. In this court are the premises of one of the oldest firms in London—those of the Messrs. Twining, tea-dealers and bankers.

The aspect of the East Strand has been entirely changed of late years by the erection of the Royal Courts of Justice. These fine buildings, built from designs of the late Sir G. E. Street, were opened to the public with great ceremony and by the Queen in person in December 1882. Including staircases, corridors, halls and rooms, there are 800 apartments in the main edifice, and 300 in the eastern building. The contract price for erecting them was £700,000. The land upon which they are built

cost the country £1,453,000. It was occupied of late years by some of the most wretched tenements in London. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that the Law Courts had previously been held in Westminster Hall from the days of the early English Sovereigns to those of Queen Victoria. The migration of the Judges from that ancient building was an event of the highest historic interest, for it broke a continuity of 800 years. For all that time justice had been dispensed within the precincts of the earliest palace of the English kings at Westminster. The old Law Courts in Westminster Hall are now gone, and the west side where they stood for so many years has been restored.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ROUND ABOUT COVENT GARDEN.

BOW STREET, now best known for its police-court and for the theatrical costumiers who make this thoroughfare and the streets adjoining their headquarters, was once the Bond Street of London. Those were the days when the oldest and most honourable of the coffee-houses "sacred to polite letters," "Will's," stood at the corner of Bow Street and Russell Street. The district was at that time fashionable. Macaulay's description of "Will's" has been very often quoted; it is in its way as classic as the classic spot itself: "Earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars, sheepish lads from the Universities, translators and index-makers in ragged coats of frieze"—these, among others, comprised its *habitues*. "The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to him, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy, or of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff-box was an honour sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast."

When about a hundred years later Doctor Johnson, then still an obscure man, came to collect materials for the "Life of Dryden," there were only two old people living who could remember the glory of "Will's"—Mr. Swinney, successively director of Drury Lane and Haymarket Theatres (died 1754) and Colley Cibber, comedian and dramatic poet (died 1757). But before that time Steele and Addison had made the place once more famous, when Button's Coffee-house took the place of "Will's." This became Addison's resort, as "Will's" was that of Dryden. "Button's," sacred to the memory of England's greatest wits and

essayists, was pulled down in 1865. "I myself remember to have seen it," writes Mr. Julius Rodenburg.* "Often have I come into this neighbourhood, standing between the two houses in the comparatively quiet street, to think of the departed times and men. On the right was Covent Garden, whose two piazzas, once highly fashionable, the Great and the Little Piazza, built after the designs of Inigo Jones, surrounded by red-brick houses with balconies, have long ago been changed into the famous market; on the left was Drury Lane Theatre, the old street and the theatre blackened by smoke and soot, if not by age. In a little side street, Maiden Lane, in the time of Queen Anne inhabited by the finest milliners, there lived, in the house of the 'White Peruke,' Voltaire (1728-30), when he was writing his 'Lettres de Londres sur les Anglais'; and before me, over the arches of the Adelphi, rose the terrace on which the 'New Exchange' bazaar showed its tempting treasures in gloves, ribbons, and fine essences to the fair world in hoop petticoat and peruke. Will's Coffee-house alone survives; but it is now inhabited by a respectable butcher." It is needless to say that not a vestige of "Will's" now remains.

At the house of "Mr. Thomas Davies the actor," then bookseller, of No. 8, Russell Street, Boswell was introduced to Johnson. To "The Hummums," an old-fashioned hotel which occupied the south-west corner of the street, Londoners used to go to bathe, or "take the warm bath," as a luxury, much as they now do the Turkish bath. The "Hummums" of Johnson's day was the "Hammam" of our own. A new "Hummums" hotel has taken the place of the older structure, and the old Bedford has gone; in fact, little remains of old Covent Garden and its neighbourhood, but the Northern Piazza and the Tavistock Hotel.

St. Paul's, Covent Garden, the church facing the market, is the burial-place of several actors, and others of more or less fame—Butler, the author of "Hudibras," among those of greater. He lies in the churchyard, as do Arne, the celebrated musician; Macklin, the famous comedian, who died at the age of 107; and

* "England, from a German Point of View" (Bentley & Son).

Sir Robert Strange, the "greatest of engravers." Sir Peter Lely, the painter of the meretricious beauties of the court of Charles II, also rests here, with one or two others of lesser note. Henrietta Street, now almost completely rebuilt, is said to have been named after Charles I's queen. In King Street was born young Arne, "a musician against his father's will, who practised in the garret on a muffled spinnet when the family had gone to bed." "Arne," says Leigh Hunt, "was the most flowing, Italian-like musician of any we have had in England; not capable of the grandeur and profound style of Purcell, but more sustained, continuous, and seductive. His 'Water Parted' is a stream of sweetness; his song, 'When daisies pied' is truly Shakespearian, full of archness and originality."

Writing of old English music reminds us that one of the most popular and best conducted (during the reign of genial "Paddy Green") of the supper-rooms of London, "Evans," where one could hear a good old English glee well sung, while smoking a cigar, or, if hungry, partaking of a well-cooked mutton chop, stood opposite the church at the north-west corner of Covent Garden. Tavistock Street on the south side, parallel with Henrietta Street, was once the great emporium of millinery, but not one of the older houses once so dear to the "bucks" remains. Garrick Street is completely new from end to end; on its south side is the "Garrick Club," the membership of which is generally supposed to be restricted to men of letters and actors. As a matter of fact, a number of persons who are but remotely connected with either profession belong to it. It is one of the most popular and comfortable of London clubs.

Long Acre, so named when it was but a rural highway skirting the fields of St. Giles, is now the headquarters of the carriage-builders. During the early days of Whig and Tory, when party spirit ran high, it was famous for beer-drinking clubs, called "mug-houses," where "gentlemen, lawyers and tradesmen" used periodically to meet to sing patriotic songs and discuss the political situation. These mug-houses might be said to be the

fore-runners of the Cogers' Hall, "discussion forum," and artisan clubs, of our day, though hardly, perhaps, conducted with so much decorum. "They had a president, who sat in an armchair some steps higher than the rest of the company, to keep the company in order. A harp played all the time at the lower end of the room, and every now and then one or other of the company rose and entertained the rest with a song. . . . There was nothing drunk but ale (a considerable improvement on our day) and every gentleman had his separate mug, which he chalked on the table where he sat, as it was brought in. . . . One was obliged to be there by seven to get room, and after ten the company were for the most part gone."

At the western end of Long Acre runs St. Martin's Lane, once the favourite residence of the artists. Here may be said to have originated the Royal Academy. Says Leigh Hunt: * "Perhaps there was not a single artist contemporary with Sir Joshua Reynolds who was unconnected with St. Martin's Lane, either as a lodger, student, or visitor." Wilson and Gainsborough lived here; Hogarth and Sir Joshua in Leicester Square adjoining; the latter at No. 47, now Puttick & Simpson's auction rooms; Hogarth at the south-east corner, where Archbishop Tenison's Schools now stand. Sir Isaac Newton lived in St. Martin's Street, on the south side of the square; his house was afterwards occupied by Dr. Burney and his clever daughter, Madame d'Arblay, who wrote her most popular novel here. "The Alhambra," originally the Panopticon of Science and Art (1852), whose beautiful fountain, reaching to the many-coloured roof, was the delight of our boyhood, subsequently a circus and later a theatre, burnt down in 1882, and rebuilt and re-opened in 1883, was long the recognised home of the Ballet. The Empire Theatre, over the way, has seen vicissitudes, but is now the most popular music-hall and place of ballet spectacle in London. On its site once stood the town mansion of the Sydneys, earls of Leicester—whence the name "Leicester Square"—of the family of Sir Philip

* "The Town" (Smith, Elder & Co.: 1859).

and Algernon Sydney. Afterwards it became the residence of some of the family of "the Georges." "Here George III. passed his boyhood," says Hare,* "and used to act plays (of which the handbills still exist) with his little brothers and sisters. It was in front of this house that he was first proclaimed king." The mansion was pillaged in the Lord George Gordon riots, when the people tore up the rails of the square and used them as weapons. It was afterwards a public exhibition as to its upper part, and a dining saloon as to its lower. In the centre of the pleasant public garden, for the which the weary pedestrian is indebted to the generosity of Mr. Albert Grant, stood, not many years ago, "Wyld's Great Globe." It sheltered among other things of greater and lesser note a statue of George I., brought from what was the magnificent seat of the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos at Canons. The last time we saw the statue it had been painted in striking colours by some jocose individual as a protest against the dilapidated condition of the statue and the square generally. Mr. Albert Grant's gift remedied that state of things. Leicester Square has been long the popular resort of foreigners of the middle classes; as the restaurants, big and little, good and bad, in the smaller thoroughfares and courts leading therefrom sufficiently testify. The region of Soho, at the back of Leicester Square, is crowded with lodging-houses patronised by foreigners. At No. 43 in Gerrard Street—its windows used to look out upon the garden of Leicester House—lived (for a time) and died John Dryden. In this street also resided Edmund Burke; and here, at the Turk's Head, was founded, in 1764, one of the many clubs of Dr. Johnson, the "Literary Club"—on the whole, the most famous of them all. Originally it met on Monday evenings, afterwards changed to Friday. The Literary Club, which met at the Turk's Head till 1783, when the landlord died and the house was shut up, still survives in "The Club,"† which now meets periodically

* *Walks in London* (1878).

† *"Boswell's Johnson"* (Napier: 1884).

elsewhere. From the foundation to this time the number of members has been one hundred and eighty-four; among whom are found—omitting the mention of living members—many illustrious historical names: Johnson, Goldsmith, Adam Smith, Walter Scott, Sydney Smith, among men of letters; Burke, C. J. Fox, Sheridan, Windham, Canning, Mackintosh, Brougham, Russell, among statesmen; Gibbon, Hallam, Grote, Macaulay, among historians; Reynolds, Chantry, Lawrence, among artists; Davy, Wollaston, Young, Whewell, among men of science; and Copleston, Wilberforce, Milman, Stanley, Tait, among Churchmen. In Cranbourne Street, which runs into Long Acre, lived Oliver Cromwell, then "Captain Cromwell," from 1637 to 1643. The site of his residence, like many another once famous spot in London, is not known, but it is stated that his house stood on the south side.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THROUGH FLEET STREET.

EVERY part of Fleet Street brings to mind some interesting memorial of the earlier history of London. That famous obstruction, "the Griffin," marks the place where once stood a yet more famous obstacle to the traffic citywards, Temple Bar. The citizens were trying to remove it for the best part of a century, and now it is gone there are not a few old-fashioned people who lament its loss. But the other day we were asked if it might be possible to view the stones which composed it.

The modern history of this the last of the ancient City gates, presents some memorable scenes in the history of London. It stood the silent witness of many an exciting and auspicious event after the Great Fire, the period which marked the removal of its predecessor. These include state pageants and Lord Mayors' processions without number; Mohock and 'prentice raids; Templar frolics: exhibitions of traitors' heads; the exciting Temple Bar battle for "Wilkes and Liberty"; the rioting of Lord George Gordon; the passage of kings, queens, princes, statesmen, heroes, philanthropists, ambassadors, judges and thousands of less important personages, to partake of the City's hospitality; the funerals of Nelson and Wellington, and the public rejoicings associated with many national victories, beginning with those of Marlborough, and ending with those of the Crimean War. When the houses on old London Bridge were demolished Temple Bar became the Traitors' Gate of London, on which the heads of persons executed for treason were exposed. One Sir Thomas Armstrong, Master of the Horse to Charles II., a ring-leader in the Rye House Plot, was the first whose head was stuck
e of the spikes which originally stood over the archway.

Child's Bank, the first house on the south side of the Temple Bar memorial—at one time the bank's muniment room was the principal chamber of the Bar itself—was founded something over two hundred years ago. The earliest notice relating to the bank is an advertisement dated 1661, respecting the loss of a gold watch: "Whoever brings it to the 'Marygold' (the ancient sign of the bank), a goldsmith's shop without Temple Barre, shall receive £5 with hearty thanks." The goldsmiths anciently kept "the running cashes" of the citizens. On the site of Child's Bank stood the Devil tavern, the resort of Ben Jonson and the wits of his time; while opposite was Sheer, or Shire, Lane (so-called because it divided "the city" from "the shire"), otherwise Rogue's Lane.

A short distance beyond the bank is Middle Temple Lane, and a few doors farther on is the gateway of the Inner Temple, one of the so-called Inns of Court. Originally colleges for legal study, these Inns of Court are now little more than offices for lawyers, or indeed for any one who chooses to hire chambers in them. They are not incorporated, and cannot, consequently, make by-laws; but, by prescription, their customs have obtained the force of laws. A law student, before being called to the Bar, has to be entered as a member of one of these inns, to attend lectures, to dine a certain number of times in the common hall, and to pass an examination at the end of his studentship. The Inner and Middle Temple, in the "liberty," or district so called, are the two senior Inns. These famous abodes of the lawyers occupy the ground between Fleet Street and the Thames, north to south; and east to west from Whitefriars to Essex Street, Strand. A few years ago the rental of this property was stated to be £32,866 per annum, but it is probably very much more now, since the rebuilding of a large part of the premises. The Temple is a refreshing and delightful resting-place from the whirl and confusion of Fleet Street. If the "Benchers" permitted the citizens the quiet enjoyment of the pleasant gardens (under suitable rules and regulations, such as govern the admission to

other open spaces in the Metropolis), the concession would be a precious boon in the summer months to the toil-worn wayfarer.

The Temple came into the possession of the law students in the fifteenth century. Originally it belonged to the Knights Templars, some memorials of whom are still to be found in the highly interesting Round (built 1185) of the Temple Church, which forms the older portion of the present fabric. Under the roof of this ancient edifice the solemn ceremonies attendant upon the admission of a novice to the holy vows of the Temple were in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries performed. It was the severe religious exercises, the vigils that were kept up at night in this old church, together with the reputed terrors of the penitential cell connected with it, that gave rise to those strange and horrible tales of impiety and crime, of magic and sorcery, which led to the unjust and terrible execution at the stake of the Grand Master and some hundreds of the Knights Templars themselves and finally to the suppression and annihilation of their powerful Order. The final blow came in 1310, when an examination into their conduct took place in St. Dunstan's Church (the parish of St. Dunstan's still exists in Fleet Street), and the Pope dissolved the society; the last Prior of the great religious house dying in the Tower of London. Upon the pavement of the Round are the cross-legged effigies of buried Knights, so represented in token that they had assumed the "cross," and taken the vow to march to the defence of Christendom. The cloisters adjoining the church were built by Sir Christopher Wren, as was the Middle Temple Gateway.

Not far from the altar, in the modern part, is a white marble tomb over the remains of the learned Selden, who died in 1654. "He was," says Wood ("Athenæ"), "a great philologist, antiquary, herald, linguist, statesman, and what-not"; and in the little vestry beneath the organ gallery is a marble tablet to Oliver Goldsmith, buried at the east end of the choir, April 9th, 1774. His tomb, with the inscription "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith," is without the church on the north side. There are memorials in the

church erected to Plowden, the jurist ; to Howell, writer of the "Familiar Letters" ; to Edmund Gibbon, an ancestor of the historian ; to Lord Chancellor Thurlow ; and to other eminent English lawyers. There is also, on the south wall, a tablet to Ann Littleton, 1623, daughter-in-law to Sir Edward Littleton, with the following quaint epitaph :—

"Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest ;
Till it be called for, let it rest ;
For, while the jewel here is set,
The grave is but a cabinet."

Middle Temple Hall, half-way down Middle Temple Lane, was built in 1572, and there is a tradition that here Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* was first played. The interior is well worth seeing. The Inner Temple Hall is modern, as is also the Middle Temple Library. The list of illustrious personages, lawyers, and men of letters who at one time or other have occupied chambers in the Temple would fill a book : among their number, Bacon, Clarendon, Raleigh, Selden, Blackstone, Somers, Mansfield, Beaumont, Wycherley, Congreve, Rowe, Fielding, Burke, Goldsmith, Johnson and Lamb. Goldsmith died on the second floor of 2, Brick Court, April 4th, 1744. Johnson's chambers when he lived in the Temple, were on the first floor of No. 1, Middle Temple Lane.

Between the Temple Gates in Fleet Street at one time lived Bernard Lintot, who was in no better esteem with authors than the other great bookseller of those times, Jacob Tonson. There is an anecdote of Dr. Young's addressing a letter, intended for some other person, to Lintot, which began thus: "That Lintot is so great a scoundrel," etc., etc. The Cock Tavern stood for more than two centuries opposite Middle Temple Lane, on the site now occupied by the branch bank of the Bank of England. Once a popular resort of the students of the law; it has been immortalised by Tennyson in the lines beginning, "O, plump head-waiter at the Cock, to which I most resort!" The cock of

gilt, proudly perched upon a bottle, which served as the sign, has gone along with the tavern. Chancery Lane, anciently called Chancellor's Lane, the great legal thoroughfare of London, leads to the Public Record Office and Lincoln's Inn, in the erection of the garden wall of which worked Ben Jonson, the poet, as a bricklayer, "having a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket." To the west, till the reign of the Stuarts, fields extended to St. Giles' and Tyburn, and on the east was the garden of the Rolls. The Chapel of the Rolls lies within the gateway to the right, a short distance up "the Lane."

No. 120, Fleet Street, is said to be the site of Izaak Walton's old shop from 1627-34. Cardinal Wolsey resided "over against the Rolls." Clifford's Inn, an ancient Inn of Court, lies in the rear of St. Dunstan's Church. The house No. 17, a hairdresser's shop (next Inner Temple Gate), one of the oldest in the street, is stated to have been "formerly a palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey," but without any authority for the statement. No. 19, close by, is the banking-house of Messrs. Gosling; the "Three Squirrels" over the entrance is the sign under which the firm traded in the year 1650. The house of Messrs. Hoare, the bankers, on the same side, a few doors east, occupies the site of several buildings (34 to 39), including the famous old Mitre Tavern, at which Johnson, Goldsmith and their friends used to sup. Between Chancery Lane and the Church of St. Dunstan-in-the-West (Crown Buildings) is the well-known banking house of Messrs. Praed & Co. St. Dunstan's Church stands on the site of an older edifice dedicated to the same patron saint, and dating from the thirteenth century. The present building was erected in 1831. The registers of this church are extremely curious, says Mr. T. C. Noble in his entertaining accounts of this district,* having been handed down in unbroken sequence from Elizabeth's reign. Fetter Lane, on the same side of the way, is said at one time to have had the honour of Dryden's presence. Johnson also lived here for a time. In

* "Memorials of Temple Bar" (T. C. Noble: 1863).

Fleur-de-Lis Court the infamous "Mother Brownrigg" used to starve and torture her apprentices. She was executed at Tyburn, 1767. At No. 32 in the lane, is the Moravian Chapel, originally one of the eight conventicles where divine worship was permitted. Here, 1662, Richard Baxter preached, and was lecturer till 1682; and here Wesley and Whitefield preached before the founding of the "cradle of Methodism" in Moorfields.

Going back into Fleet Street, a little to the left, is Crane Court, where resided Dr. Nicholas Barbone, promoter of the Phoenix Fire Office, son of the extraordinary personage Praise-God Barebone. His house was rebuilt by Wren, and ultimately (1710) came into possession of the Royal Society; and here the Society remained for seventy-two years. In Red Lion Court, a few doors farther east, was the press of Nichols & Sons, who for some years (1779-81 and 1792-1820) printed the old *Gentleman's Magazine*. Dr. Johnson, who is so intimately connected with the history of Fleet Street, lived, successively, in Fetter Lane, Boswell Court, Gough Square, in Inner Temple Lane, Johnson's Court, and finally, and for the longest period, in Bolt Court (No. 8), where he died. Bolt Court is opposite the *Daily News* advertising office. In Gough Square (No. 17), lying in the rear of this and Johnson's Court (by the way, this particular locality is not named after the great lexicographer), he (1747-58) compiled the largest portion of his Dictionary. At No. 6, Wine Office Court, Oliver Goldsmith finished his charming "Vicar of Wakefield." The old Cheshire Cheese Tavern in this court once enjoyed more than a mere local reputation. Like all the other old taverns of London, it has seen its best days.

Passing down Bouverie Street, on the south side of Fleet Street, we enter upon the district of Whitefriars, so called from a Carmelite convent which originally stood here. Before the Reformation Whitefriars had been a sanctuary for criminals, and till the reign of William III. it still gave protection to debtors, and took the cant name of "Alsatia." Insolvents thronged the

houses from cellar to garret, and knaves and libertines found shelter here with women as abandoned as themselves. Soon cheats, forgers and highwaymen, and worse, found within the "precincts" a refuge; and once within them, no peace officer dare follow. At a cry of "Rescue!" all the available residents turned out in a body, and while the orders of the Lord Mayor were laughed at, those of the Lord Chief Justice could only be executed with the help of a company of His Majesty's Guards. The "privileges" of "Alsatia" were abolished by special Act in 1697. A little lower down, on the right side of Fleet Street (from the Strand), is St. Bride's Church, in the vicinity of which lived Milton "at the time that he undertook the education of his sister's children," and at the west end of which lies buried Richard Lovelace, author of the beautiful ballad that contains the well-known lines—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage."

In Salisbury Square, close at hand, then, with its approaches called Salisbury Court, lived Samuel Richardson, printer, publisher, and novelist. Probably a good part of his works were composed there, as well as at Fulham, where he subsequently resided, for his pen was never out of his hand. He was a friend of Dr. Johnson and other well-known literary personages of his time.

Shoe Lane, on the opposite side of the main thoroughfare, now one of the labyrinths of the newspaper world, leading to Farringdon Market and Holborn, was in Pepys' time noted for its cock-pit. Earlier still, the town mansion of the Bishops of Bangor gave respectability to the locality. A portion of the garden, with its lime-trees and rookeries, existed till 1759.

It is hardly necessary to tell the reader that the Fleet Street of to-day is best known as the place of publication of the most

important English newspapers—the *Daily News*, *Daily Telegraph*, the *Standard* (in Shoe Lane), the *Daily Chronicle*, etc., etc., boasting of being “the largest daily,” “the oldest Liberal,” “the cheapest local,” and, what is more, of having the largest circulations in the world. The offices of these newspapers, whose enterprise, liberality and independence have secured them world-wide reputation, are to be found on either side of this interesting and still famous thoroughfare; with the exception of those of the *Daily News*, which are in Bouverie Street, and of the *Standard* in Saint Bride Street.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LUDGATE CIRCUS TO ST. PAUL'S.

STANDING at that corner of Ludgate Circus which is occupied by the offices of the founders and organisers of tourists' excursions, Messrs. Cook & Son, we have Ludgate Hill facing us; New Bridge Street, leading to Blackfriars Bridge, on our right; and Farringdon Street, leading to Holborn Viaduct, on our left. Opposite, a little to the right, is the Ludgate Hill Station of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway. If the visitor be in the mood, he may here take the train for the Crystal Palace, or any of the pleasant places in the vicinity, or even farther afield—to Bromley, Sevenoaks, Rochester, etc. Blackfriars, marking the site of an ancient monastery of the Dominicans (of which, it is needless to say, not a vestige remains, or, indeed, of any other old part of this ancient highway), was in Elizabeth's reign the Court end of the City. In Playhouse Yard, at the back of the railway station, stood the famous theatre in Blackfriars where Shakespeare's, Ben Jonson's, and Beaumont and Fletcher's plays were (in many instances) first performed. Here and in Printing-house Square are the offices of the *Times* newspaper. The curious in such matters may, we believe, see the work of printing the early edition by making application, by letter, to the publisher. But the *Times*, wealthy as it is, cannot boast the circulation, nor, indeed, the political prominence, of its cheaper contemporaries, though it is still the fashion to yield it place at the head of the London Press. The printing of the *Daily News*, *Daily Telegraph*, or *Standard* would be equally interesting, from the point of numbers printed,

to any one who cared to stay up till 4 o'clock in the morning to witness the process.

In Bridge Street, opposite the railway station, stood the ancient palace of Bridewell, occupied, from time to time, by several of the earlier English sovereigns—Plantagenet, Lancaster, York and Tudor; and afterwards constituted one of the so-called royal hospitals of London by Edward VI. Of these, "Christ's" and "Bartholomew's" are the oldest present representatives. Belle Sauvage Yard, on the left side of Ludgate Hill, passing under the railway bridge, now occupied by the extensive printing and publishing company of Cassell, Limited, was the courtyard of the old Belle Sauvage Inn. Leigh Hunt says it was one of the inns at which the famous Tarlton used to act, in the days when comedy and tragedy were performed in the yards of carriers' inns. In the galleries which formerly were built round the inn-yard the wealthier spectators used to sit, the servants and others on rude forms or benches, placed on the ground fronting the temporary stage.

Sir Thomas Wyatt's insurrection against Queen Mary was stopped at this spot, where once stood the old Lud-gate. A short distance farther up the hill, to the left, is the thoroughfare called the Old Bailey, where is Newgate prison, and adjoining it the chief criminal court of the Metropolis. Newgate is a gloomy-looking, ancient building. It is the *beau ideal* of prison architecture, gloomy, massive and cold. Newgate has gone down in the world, and but for its convenience as a prison next the Central Criminal Court would probably have long since been demolished. Its days are supposed to be numbered. The names of Sidney Smith, a late governor, and the Rev. Lloyd Jones, long time "ordinary," are the pleasantest memories connected with the later history of old Newgate. In its early days it was devoted to the reception of persons of rank; it has since submitted to the principle of legal equality, and rich and poor, high and low, have passed through its stunted outer door to freedom or to penal servitude—perhaps to a still more dreadful

doom. The public executions which disgraced London thirty years ago took place in front of the heavy-looking door left of the "quarters" of the governor.

Returning to Ludgate Hill: a small court, Stationers' Hall Court, leads to Paternoster Row, the great centre of the book-selling and publishing trade of London. There was a time when Paternoster Row harboured the grocery trade of the City, while the upper stories of the houses were taken by *marchandes des modes*, and visited by all the beauty and elegance of the old City. Gaiety gave way to religion, and the *marchandes des modes* took flight to more modern streets westward, their place being taken by the rosary girls of Henry VIII.'s time. Luther's translation of the Bible was publicly burnt in this neighbourhood, and, soon after, warrants were issued against those who burned it. So varied have been the applications of this inconvenient dingy "row," in an ancient alley of which the wayfarer may read an inscription stating that this is the highest point of old London. Amen Corner and Creed, Sermon and Ave Maria Lanes will testify to the sacred associations of the locality whose central point of interest is that great and famous landmark of metropolitan London, the Cathedral of St. Paul.

The history of a church, albeit the grandest and best known in all England, that dates back less than two centuries, must needs be meagre in detail. Apart from its architectural glories, the historical interest of the present cathedral chiefly centres in the records of its predecessors. It is said that a temple to Diana of the Ephesians once occupied the same spot in the old days when the Romans had brought their pagan worship to Britain. In this spot the pagan temple was succeeded by the first St. Paul's, which was destroyed by fire in the reign of Stephen. Then arose one of the most famous of the world's churches, Old St. Paul's, a splendid Gothic cathedral with a towering spire, worthy of the greatest city in the world. But it enjoyed no great reputation as a place of worship in the best sense of the term. Every reader of the old dramatists will call to mind

Paul's Walk, and to what strange uses it was applied. An Act of the Common Council of Mary's reign was deemed necessary to prevent the citizens carrying casks of beer, or baskets of bread, fish, flesh, vegetables and fruit through the cathedral. Elizabeth, in her turn, forbade duelling, sword-drawing or shooting there, and made agreements to pay money there illegal. For the church was thronged, in those days, by business men, who turned it into an exchange, and by lawyers who met their clients there, each selecting a particular pillar, which he used as a place of consultation. Advertisements of all sorts covered the walls; the least desirable kind of servants came there to be hired; and even cheats, thieves and assassins made it their meeting-place. Bishop Earle describes the noise of this motley crowd "as that of bees—a strange hum, mixed of walking tongues and feet—a kind of still roar or loud whisper." Another bishop, Bishop Corbet, speaks of

" the walk

Where all our British sinners swear and talk,
Old hardy ruffians, bankrupts, soothsayers,
And youths whose cozenage is as old as theirs."

Lotteries were, in old time, drawn at the west door; and altogether the great cathedral of London seems to have been a place which honest men and women might have been at some pains to avoid. One of the strangest facts in its story is that this ex-temple of Diana, with all its shame and all its glory, was nearly purchased of Cromwell by the London Jews for a synagogue. Old St. Paul's was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666.

The first stone of the present St. Paul's was laid on the 21st of June, 1675, by Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the building. He notices in his "Parentalia" a little circumstance connected with the preparations, which was construed by those present to be a favourable omen, and which evidently interested and pleased his own mind. When the centre of the dimensions of the great dome was fixed upon, a man was ordered to bring a

flat stone from the rubbish to be laid as a mark for the masons. The piece he happened to pick up for his purpose was the fragment of a gravestone, with nothing of the inscription left but the word "Resurgam," "I shall rise again." And true enough St. Paul's did rise again, with a splendour which posterity has ever admired. It is undoubtedly the second church in Christendom of its particular style of architecture, St. Peter's at Rome being the first. Inferior in point of dimensions, and gloomy in contrast of St. Peter's comparatively untarnished freshness—destitute, too, of marble linings, gilded arches and splendid mosaics, save in respect of its beautiful reredos—it is, on the whole, as Eustace, a critic prejudiced on the side of Rome acknowledged, a most extensive and stately edifice: "It fixes the eye of the spectator as he passes, and challenges his admiration, and even next to the Vatican, though by a long interval, it claims superiority over all the trans-alpine churches, and furnishes a just subject of national pride and exultation."* It was not till 1710 that the building was complete, when the architect's son laid the topmost stone on the lantern of the cupola. The total cost was £747,954. The opening sermon was preached December 2nd, 1697, on the text, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the House of the Lord." Sir Christopher Wren's tomb was the first to be erected in the church in the crypt. The famous epitaph in Latin originally chiselled upon it is repeated in gold lettering over the north door: "Subtus conditum hujus ecclesiæ et urbis conditor Ch. Wren qui vixit annos ultra nonaginta, non sibi sed bono publico. Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice." Which may be translated: "Beneath is buried Ch. Wren, architect of this Church and City, who lived for more than ninety years, not for himself, but for the public good. Reader, if thou seekest his monument, look around."

For a long time the only tomb in the church was that of Wren.

* "London in Ancient and Modern Times" (The Religious Tract Society: London).

The next to be admitted to the honour of sepulture there was Howard, the philanthropist. His biographers say he was a cantankerous fellow at home, in spite of his great philanthropy; and his face looks cross enough in his marble portrait statue. The third tomb in St. Paul's was that of the great painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds; and then came the scholar, Sir William Jones. Since that day, St. Paul's has become the mausoleum of great soldiers and sailors, as Westminster Abbey is of poets and statesmen. Nelson's tomb is here, with a monument by Flaxman; and also the massive tomb of the Duke of Wellington, surmounted by huge allegorical groups in bronze. There are memorials also to Lord Cornwallis, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, Collingwood, Sir John Moore, Lord Rodney, Earl St. Vincent, Sir Thomas Picton; to those lost in the ill-fated *Captain*, to General Gordon, the Special Correspondents in the Soudan Campaign, and others.

For some unknown reason, painters have shared this mausoleum of the soldiers and sailors, instead of finding what would have seemed a more fitting home with the poets and musicians in Westminster Abbey; besides Sir Joshua, West, Lawrence, Barry, Opie, Fuseli and others; but, above all, Turner. As a whole, the monuments in St. Paul's are remarkable chiefly for their subjects, though some few have special merit. The Reredos lately erected is of great beauty. It has been made the subject of litigation by the intolerant.

The inner dome, painted by Sir James Thornhill, portrays events in the history of St. Paul. The Whispering Gallery is reached from an angle under the dome by 260 steps. The Stone Gallery is outside the base of the dome. The Outer Golden Gallery is at the summit of the dome, and the Inner Golden Gallery at the base of the lantern, whence the ascent is made by ladders to the Ball and Cross. From the Outer Golden Gallery may be obtained at early morning of a clear day the most perfect view of London possible. "In high winds the creaking and whistling resemble those of a ship labouring

in a storm." Visitors are admitted to the cathedral without fee, daily, except during Divine Service, which is appointed on Sundays, at 8 and 10.30 a.m., 3.15 and 7 p.m.; on weekdays at 8, 10 and 4. The arrangements for admission to the parts not open to the public generally are as follows: namely, choir, which contains much exquisite carving by Grinling Gibbons, free, but closed except during Divine Service; whispering and other galleries, 6*d.*; clock, bell, library and staircase, 6*d.*; ball, 1*s.* 6*d.* Compared with the Abbey, St. Paul's has but slight wealth of association, though its solemn and ponderous bell (the fourth largest in England) suggests many melancholy memories, since it never gives forth a sound save when it is tolled on the occasion of the death of some member of the Royal Family, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop or Lord Mayor of London, or the Dean of the cathedral. On the east side of the cathedral stood the famous St. Paul's School, founded by Dean Colet, in 1639. This school, with all its traditions, has now passed to the less interesting but more airy district of Kensington.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHEAPSIDE TO THE BANK.

WE are now well within "the City's" boundaries and the jurisdiction of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor. His territory barely exceeds one square mile, and the numbers of its resident subjects are hardly more than 50,000; yet within a stone's-throw of his official residence is concentrated most of the material wealth of London. At the farther end of Cheapside, in the heart of the City, less than half a mile from the Thames and London Bridge, various streets meeting form an irregular open place. This irregular open place is one of the most remarkable spots in London. For no other place, except that of Westminster, can vie with this in the importance of its buildings and the crowding of its streets, though many may surpass it in extent, beauty and architectural regularity. It has been designated "the Capitoline Forum of British Rome. It holds its temples, the Mansion House, the Exchange and the Bank of England. In the centre the equestrian statue of the saviour of the Capitol, the Duke of Wellington."* "All round are islands of pavements, as in other parts of the town, for the foot passengers to retire to from the maelström of vehicles." It is well that there are these "islands," for the traffic of omnibuses, cabs, carriages and carts at this point is greater, more confusing and dangerous, than in any other part of London.

The City of London is under the government of the Lord Mayor, two sheriffs, 25 aldermen, 206 common councilmen, a recorder, and other officers, and is divided for municipal purposes into 26 wards, each of which is under the government

* "Saunterings in and about London" (London: 1853).

of an alderman. How long this arrangement shall continue is at present a matter of grave deliberation in metropolitan London. The Saxon denomination for the governor of London was *portgrafs*, or *portreeve*, which, about a century after the Conquest, was changed to Mayor. This officer was appointed by the Crown till 1215, when the citizens obtained the right of electing their own mayor. The mode of election now followed was fixed in 1476 by an Act of Common Council. The Lord Mayor is annually chosen from the body of aldermen, at a court held at Guildhall on Michaelmas Day, and is sworn-in to the duties of his office on the 9th of November following. A grand pageant takes place on the occasion, followed by a dinner at Guildhall. Generally (though not always) the alderman next in seniority to the Lord Mayor is elected his successor. He is always "free" of one of the City Companies, and must have served the office of sheriff. The Lord Mayor is second only to the Sovereign within the City, and at the Sovereign's death, by courtesy, he takes his seat at the Privy Council. His powers are similar to those of a lord-lieutenant of a county, and his authority extends only over the City, or, as it is now designated the County of the City of London.

At the Mansion House lives the Lord Mayor. Here he holds his court, and during his year of office receives the homage of Statesmen, Lords spiritual and temporal, leaders of the Commons; Her Majesty's Judges, and others learned in the law; the representatives of art, science, literature and commerce; naval and military commanders, and his principal colleagues of the municipality. During the time he holds, if not "the seals," the gold chain and other insignia of the dignified and exalted chief magistracy, the greater part of that time is taken up in dispensing the hospitality of the City. To enable him to do this with becoming splendour, he receives an official salary not much less than that which was formerly paid to the President of the United States, and has reserved to his use plate and other historic valuables which, according to a moderate computation,

are worth not less than £20,000. The Lord Mayor is expected to spend all his official salary in maintaining the immemorial splendour of his office, as well in respect of the banquets and entertainments he provides for the guests of the municipality, as of the carriages, horses, and retinue of servants he keeps. It is highly meritorious in him if he should spend a great deal more. Loud are the cheers and congratulations that await him on his taking leave of the citizens in the Guildhall on the 8th of November if he shall have succeeded in spending double his official salary.

It is only right to say that the Lord Mayors of London have been always ready to do something more for the citizens than give magnificent feasts and show themselves in gilded carriages. The civic power of which they are the elected representatives and spokesmen has been used to good purpose for the people on many an eventful occasion. It offered a firm bulwark against the encroachments of the kings of England of former days, supported as they too often were by venal judges and parliaments. In evil days the City government became a champion of liberty against the State government at Whitehall. The monument to Lord Mayor Beckford in the Guildhall sufficiently testifies that the City magistrates have not been without boldness, and even eloquence, in addressing the sovereigns of England (though, by the way, there is some doubt as to whether Beckford did deliver the extempore speech imputed to him) when the occasion seemed to call for it. Having now, so to say, presented our humble duty to the Lord Mayor on entering his territory, let us retrace our steps, for the moment, to the westward end of Cheapside.

To the left, in St. Martin's-le-Grand, are the General Post and Central Telegraph Offices. The older building was designed and built 1825-9, by Sir R. Smirke; the modern building, by J. Williams, dates from 1873. The present penny postal system (adopted at the suggestion of Rowland Hill) was introduced in 1840.

In 1839 (the year before the introduction of the new postage)

there were 82,000,000 of letters posted, of which about 1 in every 13 was franked. In 1840, the circulation rose to 169,000,000, although franking was abolished. In 1888 it had reached the astonishing total of 1,300,000,000. Statistics show that in Scotland each member of the community there writes on the average 31 letters in the year, while in England and Wales the number is 41; in Ireland only 17. But increased letter correspondence is only one item in the growth of the Post Office. The circulation of post cards now exceeds 144,000,000. In addition, 288,000,000 of book packets and circulars, and 140,000,000 of newspapers passed through the post in one year, making a total of more than 1,852,000,000 of packets of one kind and another. The increase in the circulation during a single year is now nearly equal to the total number of letters carried by the Department in 1839. The conveyance of correspondence is no longer the sole duty which the Post Office undertakes. It provides a speedy and safe way of remitting money, by means of post office orders and postal notes. The Post Office also carries on an enormous banking business. One person in every ten in England and Wales is its customer, and it holds deposits to the extent of £40,000,000. Investments in Consols have been placed within the reach of the poor through the medium of the Savings Bank, while children have been encouraged to make a beginning of saving by means of the penny stamp slips. The carriage of parcels, the most important reform since the introduction of the penny post, has been initiated, and sixpenny telegrams have long been in operation. At the present day there are nearly 6,000 post offices and railway stations opened for the receipt and despatch of telegraph messages, and more than 30,000,000 of such messages are forwarded in the course of the year. These continual adaptations of the postal system to the needs of the public have quickened the interest felt in the General Post Office, and that far-reaching organisation controlled by it which plays so active a part in our daily life.

We are still at the point where Newgate Street opens into Cheapside, and before making our way eastward may find it convenient to take a peep at Christ's Hospital, which lies at the back of the modern Post Office buildings. The main entrance is in Christchurch Passage, Newgate Street; and there is a private entrance in Little Britain. This school, which will probably soon be a reminiscence of the past (so far as Newgate Street is concerned), was founded by King Edward VI., June 26th, 1553, on the site of the famous Gray Friars Monastery as part of a general scheme of charity for London, which had for its purpose the providing for the wants of the sick poor, the thriftless poor, the aged poor, the afflicted poor, and the vicious poor. In course of time the qualifications for admission of children to Christ's Hospital have been more and more relaxed, until the one *sine qui non* of Edward's time, that they should be poor fatherless children, no longer exists. The government of the charity, which is the second richest in Great Britain, is vested in a President, Treasurer, and Board of Governors, comprising every class of persons, from the Queen and Royal Family downwards. To admit of a person becoming a Life Governor, he must have subscribed £400 to the school fund, which donation entitles him, always, to have one boy in the institution on his presentation, and to a vote at general meetings of the governors. The uniform of the boys is the same as that worn by children of humble rank in the days of the Tudors, a blue cloth gown with silvered buttons, black velveteen knee breeches, yellow stockings, shoes, a red leather belt, and clerical bands of white linen. Christ's Hospital not only clothes, feeds, boards, and educates her children gratuitously, but in some cases provides for them at starting in life. In connection with the institution are charities for assisting "Old Boys" in distress, and a society formed of ex-scholars themselves, called the "Benevolent Society of Blues."

School work all through the year begins in the morning at 9, and ends at 12; in the afternoon at 2, and ends at 5. The

meals are taken in the "Great Hall"—next to Westminster the finest in London ; and everything in the way of diet is clean, ample and wholesome. Before each of the meals, which consist of breakfast, dinner and supper, grace is said by one of the "Grecians," or senior scholars, from a pulpit in the centre of the hall—which, among other things, contains a good collection of paintings, and one of the finest organs in London. The boys dine at 1, and strangers are permitted to be present.

Adjoining Christ's Hospital is another of the "royal hospitals" which were founded by Edward VI., that of St. Bartholomew. It may be most conveniently reached by leaving Christ's Hospital by the lodge-gate in Little Britain, and keeping the same side of the street (the west) for about fifty yards.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital was first founded in the twelfth century, and refounded by Henry VIII. in 1546. The building, a spacious quadrangular structure, is principally modern, having been finished in 1770. It makes up 710 beds, of which about 400 are for surgical cases. About 106,000 patients are relieved by this hospital annually, viz., 6,000 in-patients, 100,000 outpatients. Necessity is the only recommendation to this institution ; and patients are relieved without limitation. The medical staff is equal to any in the Metropolis. Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, was for thirty-four years physician to St. Bartholomew's. Abernethy was one of its famous lecturers ; and Richard Owen, "the greatest anatomist," according to Cuvier, "of his age." The staircase was gratuitously painted by Hogarth.

Retracing our steps once more to the great central thoroughfare of Cheapside, one of the oldest and most famous of London streets, intimately associated with its civic glories for centuries past : on its north side is Foster Lane, where stands the hall of the Goldsmiths' Company. Then follow in order, Wood, Milk and King Streets, all centres of great commercial activity, connected with the silk, woollen and "Manchester" trades.

At the foot of King Street stands the Guildhall, where the

Corporation meetings, festivals and Common Halls are held. Having been much damaged in the Great Fire of 1666, it was replaced by an edifice in some part constructed of the materials of the old building, of which the crypt and walls alone remained. The present front was added in 1865-68, when the fine Gothic roof was built. The great hall, 153 feet in length by 48 in breadth, and 53 in height, built and paved of stone, is capable of accommodating 6,000 persons: at least that number were present at the grand entertainment given by the Corporation to the Allied Sovereigns in 1814. At each end of the hall is a magnificent painted glass window in the pointed style. In the hall are statues erected by the Corporation in honour of Lord Chatham and his son the Right Honourable William Pitt, Nelson and Alderman Beckford. On the pedestal of the latter is inscribed the reply (already referred to) made, or rather said to have been made, in 1770, by Beckford, who was then Lord Mayor and one of the Members for the City, to the answer of George III. to an address and remonstrance of the Common Council. At the west end of the hall are the two wooden giants called Gog and Magog, the subject of so many nursery tales. In the council-chamber, where the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Common Council hold their courts, is a statue of George III. by Chantry.

The adjoining library and City Art Gallery contain, besides a large and valuable collection of works of reference, etc., specimens of Roman antiquities found in London, and MSS., coins, medals, and pictures, interesting memorials connected with the City and its Corporation. The nucleus of the collection began with the interesting discoveries made in excavating for the foundations of the Royal Exchange. Thirty feet below the surface a deep pit was reached, and was found to be full of the remains of Roman London, comprising a number of coins of the Roman Empire, bushels of the red Samian pottery, sandals, tablets, bronze styles and other curious articles.

In Cheapside, on the south side of the way, is the famous

church of St. Mary-le-Bow, otherwise St. Mary de Arcubus, so-called from being built on arches, wherefrom was named the ecclesiastical Court of Arches, formerly held here. Bow Church is known to every student of English legendary lore for those bells which are supposed to have enticed Dick Whittington back to the City. That hero's poetic fancy led him to believe (so, at least, runs the story) that they sweetly chimed out the invitation, "Turn again Whittington, Lord Mayor of London." So he made his way back from Highgate, and afterward rode in state as chief magistrate of the City through Cheapside no less than four times to the sound of these same bells. The bishops-elect of the province of Canterbury take the oaths of supremacy at this church before their consecration.

In Bread Street, close at hand, England's greatest epic poet, John Milton, was born (December 9th, 1608), being baptized in the Church of Allhallows, which till the year 1877, when it was demolished, stood in this old thoroughfare. Here also anciently stood the Mermaid, the tavern which Shakespeare most frequented, and where he held the famous sittings with his friends. Milton's house showed the sign of the "Spread Eagle," after the arms of his family, which the poet also bore, and which surviving in a little alley named Spread Eagle Court, long indicated the spot where, before the fire of 1666, stood the house in which John Milton was born. The Mermaid was also destroyed in the same fire. Milk Street, nearly opposite, was the birthplace of Sir Thomas More. The greater part of the streets hereabouts, with the lanes adjoining, are occupied by the offices or warehouses of wholesale dealers in carpets, cloth, silk, hosiery, lace, etc., and are resorted to by London and country shopkeepers for supplies. Occasionally one may see some very beautiful "newest fashions" in those "lines" displayed in the somewhat dingy shop-windows hereabouts. The wayfarer, if he be in the mood, may perchance find an old church, churchyard, or court worth peeping into in these by-places off the main thoroughfares. At the east end of Cheapside is the Poultry, so

designated, in centuries past, when the stalls of the dealers in poultry stood here. Their principal market now lies at the back of Leadenhall Street. The father of Tom Hood lived at No. 31 in the Poultry, and here (1798) the author of the "Song of the Shirt" himself was born. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the Old Jewry, which lies on the north side, was so named from the Hebrew merchants who once congregated here. The head office of the City Police is at 26, Old Jewry. Facing Cheapside is the building in which daily "in all great States the fate of Europe is bought and sold." The Royal Exchange, originally erected by Sir Thomas Gresham, in 1566, was burnt down in the Great Fire. It was rebuilt within three years, and extensively repaired between 1820 and 1826. Having been again destroyed by fire on the 10th of January, 1838, it was again rebuilt, from a design by Mr. Tite, and is now one of the colossal fabrics of the City. The building was opened in 1844. It is quadrangular, and has a colonnade and pediment fronting Cornhill. The court inside is surrounded by piazzas. The merchants and others frequenting the building long complained of not being sufficiently protected from the weather, a defect which is now remedied. In the quadrangle is a statue of Her Majesty, by Lough, and it is further ornamented with statues of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Thomas Gresham, and Sir Hugh Myddelton. Lloyd's, and the Royal Exchange Assurance, have their offices in the building. The busiest time "on 'Change" is from 3.30 to 4.30 in the afternoon, during which hour may be seen there the representatives of the great banking and shipping firms of London.

On the north side of the Royal Exchange stands the Bank of England, which occupies some three acres of ground. From its first incorporation in 1694 to 1734 it transacted its affairs at Grocers' Hall in the Poultry. The first stone of the present building was laid in 1732; forty years after the east and west wings were added; and in 1781 the Church of St. Christopher was taken down to make room for further additions. Until

1825 this edifice exhibited a great variety of incongruous styles, but endeavours were subsequently made, and with some success, to secure uniformity. In shape the building is an irregular parallelogram, the longest side measuring 440 feet. Many of the rooms in the interior, such as the Bank parlour, payroom, and dividend office are spacious and well-proportioned; the largest and loftiest of all is the rotunda, a circular hall 57 feet in diameter, and crowned by a handsome cupola and lantern. The chief transactions with the Funds take place in this apartment. The management of the Bank of England is vested in a board of twenty-four directors, a governor and a deputy-governor. Nominally, the election of the directors is in the hands of the stockholders; virtually, they are self-elected. In theory, a certain portion retire annually; but if the board recommends it, they are re-elected. The elder members of the board, those who have passed the chair, constitute an important body, called the Committee of Treasury, which settles many vital questions affecting the money market. It may be mentioned that the qualification for governor is £4,000 of stock; deputy-governor, £3,000; and director, £2,000. The directors meet weekly, on Thursdays, at eleven. The Bank is the agent of the Government, on behalf of which it receives the taxes, pays the interest of the National Debt—about twenty-five millions in dividends to 284,000 holders of stock, and, in return for work done, the Bank receives a commission equivalent to about £120,000, with more than the same sum, usually, profit derived from the discounting of mercantile bills, with the floating balance of about four millions sterling of public money deposited in its cellars. It has notes in circulation to the value of eighteen millions, every note being cancelled on its being paid in. The Bullion Office is inaccessible to visitors except in company of a director; the other parts of the building, as the weighing office, the bank-note machinery room, are open to the public by a governor's order. The official hours are from 10 to 4. A sub-altern's guard of one of the regiments doing duty in London

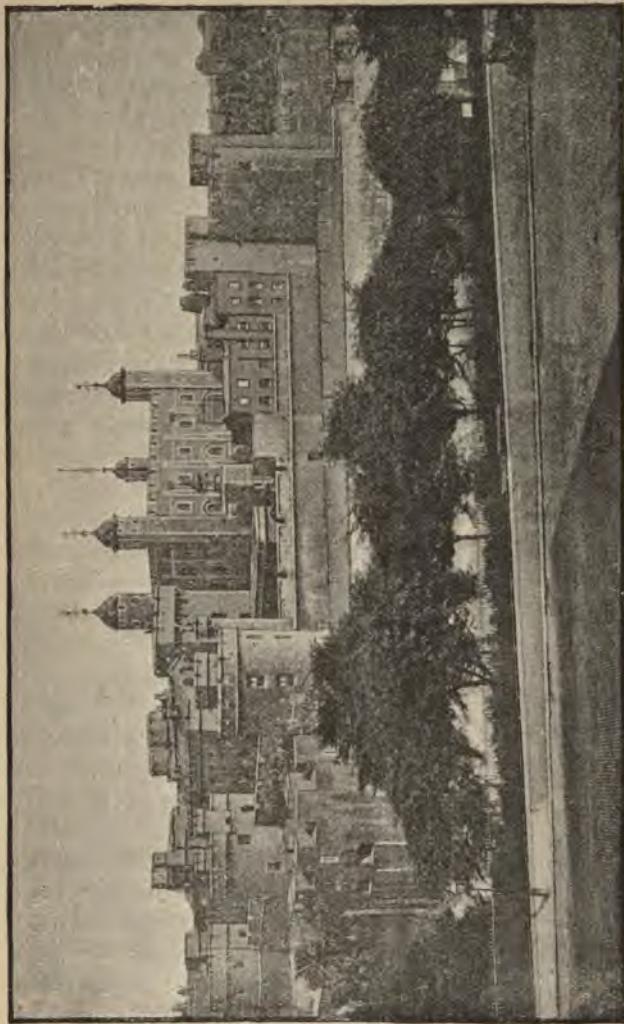
takes possession of the Bank at night. Upwards of a thousand persons are employed by the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," the salaries and wages of whom amount to nearly £260,000 a year, in addition to pensions to superannuated officials amounting annually to £35,000. Close to the east side of the Bank of England, in Capel Court, is the Stock Exchange, whose origin may be traced to Jonathan's Coffee-house, which in the last century had its location in Change Alley. The Stock Exchange has about 2,000 members, who pay an entrance fee of £100 and an annual subscription of £21, unless the candidate for admission shall have previously stood as clerk to a member, in which case he pays an entrance fee of £60, and an annual subscription of twelve guineas.

CHAPTER XXX.

THROUGH THE CITY TO THE TOWER.

WE say "through the City," although we are already more than half-way "through" its great centre thoroughfares in the direction of the Tower. But when one has arrived at the Bank, he has got to travel many a crowded street before he arrives at what we will suppose to be his destination. Few persons, on sight-seeing bent, go beyond the famous old fortress on Tower Hill; many, it is to be regretted, seldom get so far. A First Commissioner of Works, to whom is due the merit of restoring a portion of the old Tower wall, and pulling down the hideous warehouses that disfigured the river front, took a party of 500 gentlemen, members of the Houses of Lords and Commons, to view the improvements he had brought about. Of that number, according to Mr. Shaw Lefevre, the Minister referred to, not more than a hundred had ever seen the interior of the Tower of London. We venture to hope that our readers may be more curious about a building of such world-wide fame as the Tower, and we therefore propose in the present chapter to devote some space to pointing out its most interesting features.

Leaving the neighbourhood of the Bank by way of King William Street, and turning sharp round to the left, we enter upon Eastcheap, the Eastcheap of the famous Boar's Head Tavern of Shakespeare's days. We shall see nothing of that ancient hostelry, though some relics of it, in the shape of a boar's head carved in wood, which some time served as its sign, and a parcel-gilt goblet, out of which Jack Falstaff drank (or is said to have drunk), are still, we believe, extant. The old tavern stood where the statue of William IV. now stands, facing London



THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Bridge. On Fish Street Hill is the Monument, a fluted column of the Doric order, erected in 1671-77, by Sir Christopher Wren, to commemorate the Great Fire of London (1666), which commenced at the house of one Farryner, a baker, in Pudding Lane, close by. It is 202 feet high, and the diameter at the base is 15 feet; the cone at the top, with its blazing urn of gilt brass, measures 42 feet. On the west side of the pedestal is a bas-relief by C. G. Cibber. It is hollow, and contains 345 steps. Admittance from 9 till dusk; charge, 3*d.* each person. At the north-west corner of London Bridge (to be seen from Eastcheap) is the hall of the ancient company of Fishmongers, whose banquets are of the most sumptuous character, sumptuous even beyond those of its more famous contemporaries of the City guilds. Continuing our walk down Eastcheap, right and left of which are many well-known commercial thoroughfares, the proper description of which would require more space than we can conveniently spare for the purpose, we come into Great Tower Street, and so upon Tower Hill, where stood the wooden scaffold on which so many eminent persons were beheaded in days past. Tradition points to the present garden of Trinity Square as the spot where it stood. It is best, before we proceed farther, to give the regulations for admission to the Tower; these are as follows:—Open on week days from 10 till 4; and on free days, from May 1st to September 30th, from 10 till 6. Free on Mondays and Saturdays. On other days 6*d.* to the Armoury and the White Tower, and 6*d.* to the Crown Jewels.

The Tower of London was begun by William the Conqueror in 1078. The original building, now called the White Tower, was completed in 1098. Additions were made by Henry III. in 1240, by Edward IV. in 1465, and the whole was substantially repaired in 1663, by Charles II. The Grand Storehouse, a large building north of the White Tower, begun by James II. and finished by William III., was destroyed by fire in 1841. On the site of this storehouse, barracks for the troops stationed here were built. The ditch, or moat, was drained in 1834. The Tower

was a royal palace during more than five hundred years. It was long also, and still in fact is, a State prison ; and several royal personages and some of the most illustrious of Englishmen have perished in this edifice, not a few by the hands of public executioners, and some by the dagger and bowl of the assassin. Next the river there is a broad quay ; and on this side also there was a channel (now closed) by which boats formerly passed into the main body of the place. This water entrance is known by the name of Traitors' Gate, being that by which, in former days, State prisoners were brought in boats after their trial at Westminster. It was generally considered to be a work of much merit architecturally ; and the spot itself is as sacred as any that recalls the notable events of English history. Through the grim old archway once passed Buckingham, "no man's enemy but his own," though the professed enemy of the ambitious Wolsey,—a man, we are told, "apparently too vain and incautious in disposition." Here stood Elizabeth refusing to land until the lords who escorted her threatened to use force ; placing her foot upon the stairs, and declaring with the energy peculiar to her character : "Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs ; and before thee, O God ! I speak it, having none other friend than Thee." In January of 1640, Strafford came back to the Tower through the gateway, with the axe towards him : that Strafford who, with composed and undaunted air, from the scaffold told the furious populace that were ready to tear him in pieces, "He was come there to satisfy them with his head ; but that he much feared the Reformation, which was begun in blood, would not prove so fortunate to the kingdom as they expected and he desired." Fisher, the cardinal, and Surrey the elegant poet and distinguished soldier, landed here prisoners : as did Sir Walter Raleigh and Lady Jane Grey, and, tradition says, Wallace and Bruce, and many others whose names are to be found in the earlier pages of English history— "names in which," says Mr. Hepworth Dixon, "the splendour, poetry and sentiment of England's national story are embalmed."

There are three other entrances or postern-gates—Lion Gate, Iron Gate and Water Gate. The interior of the Tower is an irregular assemblage of short streets and courtyards, bounded by various structures. The White Tower, or Keep, is the oldest of these buildings ; and the Chapel in it is a fine specimen of a small Norman church. Other towers are—the Lion Tower, near the principal entrance ; the Middle Tower, the first seen on passing the ditch ; the Bell Tower, adjacent to it ; the Bloody Tower, nearly opposite Traitors' Gate ; the Salt Tower, near the Iron Gate ; the Brick Tower, the Bowyer Tower and the Beauchamp Tower. In the upper chamber of the Bowyer Tower, after the total defeat of the Lancastrians at Tewkesbury, during the Wars of the Roses in 1471, Henry VI. was murdered by the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. In a room of the Bloody Tower were lodged Edward V., and his brother the Duke of York ; and here, behind a stair, were said to have been found the bones of these ill-fated youths in the reign of the Second Charles. Every one knows the story of the murder of the infant princes.

In the Bowyer Tower (named from being the residence of the King's bowyer), the Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV., having been permitted to chose his mode of death, is said to have been drowned in a butt of malmsey, 1474. The Devereux Tower was named after Devereux, Earl of Essex, who was imprisoned herein by Queen Elizabeth. In the Jewel or Martin Tower the Crown jewels were formerly kept. In the Salt Tower is a curious device on the wall, of a sphere, the signs of the Zodiac, etc., said to have been drawn by Hugh Draper, of Bristol, 1561, imprisoned here on suspicion of sorcery. In the Bell Tower (the Governor's House, not now exhibited) were imprisoned Queen Elizabeth when princess ; Lady Lennox, grandmother of James I. ; Bishop Fisher, and Guy Faux and some of "the Gunpowder Plot" conspirators. The Beauchamp Tower—taking its name from the Earl of Warwick, imprisoned here in 1397—is a very interesting museum of inscriptions, devices and coats-of-arms, sculptured by sad inmates (Anne Boleyn among the

number) to beguile the hours of imprisonment, many long years ago. A sentence rudely carved on the wall bears the superscription—"Arundell, June 22, 1587. *Quanto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc saeculo, tanto plus gloriae cum Christo in futuro.*" There you have in a few words, says Mr. Hepworth Dixon, the "whole character of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundell, an austere man, the tenor of whose behaviour was not unbecoming the primitive ages of the Christian Church." And there is a name—IANE—carved on the wall of the Brick Tower, that tells whole chapters of love, ambition and suffering—carved by the hand of a foolish but affectionate husband. Lord Guilford Dudley dug the word out of the masonry before he passed from his prison to the scaffold. Lady Jane Grey herself was imprisoned at "Master Partridge's lodgings," probably the rooms of one of the officials of the Tower; Queen Anne Boleyn in "the palace," long since demolished. The most ancient part of the fortress, as we have said, is the White Tower, ascribed to William the Conqueror. It has three lofty stories, and vaults below, each story having one large room and two smaller ones. The smallest apartment on the first floor, called Queen Elizabeth's Armoury, has a doorway communicating with a cell 10 feet long by 8 feet wide, but unlighted except by the door. Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have been imprisoned in these rooms, and to have here written his "History of the World." There are inscriptions near the door of the little cell of Rudstone, Fane and Culpepper, adherents of Sir Thomas Wyatt in his rebellion, 1553. Above it is St. John's Chapel, one of the finest specimens of Norman architecture in England, but long unused for religious purposes. Upon the next floor is the Council Room and Banqueting Hall, when the kings of England held their Court at the Tower, but which is now used for the storage of small arms, arranged in various ingeniously contrived groups and devices. The Horse Armoury, which is the chief "show-place" of the Tower, contains a number of equestrian and other figures in the armour of several reigns, from Henry VI., 1422, to James II., 1685. The

Regalia, or Crown Jewels, to be seen in the Wakefield Tower, are said to be worth £3,000,000.

The little Chapel of St. Peter-ad-Vincula, on what was once Tower Green, stands at the north-west corner of the parade. It has been so often renovated that but little remains of the earlier structure. It was long used by the State prisoners in the Tower, and dates from 1305-6. The great historical interest which attaches to a spot where so many remarkable persons have been buried far exceeds that which the church itself possesses on the score of antiquity. "There is no sadder place on earth," wrote Macaulay, "than this little cemetery. Hither have been carried through successive ages by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts." The memorial tablet at the entrance shows the names of thirty-four persons of historical note who were buried in this spot; among them Fisher, Sir Thomas More, Anne Boleyn, Thomas Cromwell Earl of Essex, Queen Katherine Howard, the Lord Protector Somerset, Lady Jane Grey, etc. The warders, one of whom is told off to conduct the visitor and his party through the Tower, are vulgarly called "beef-eaters." These battle-axe guards were first raised by Henry VII., in 1485. They still attend the Sovereign on State occasions, standing guard in the corridors and on the stairways of the Queen's Palace. The warders wear a costume which dates from Tudor Times.

North-east of the Tower lies the Mint, the establishment in which the coinage of the realm is made. The rooms, the machinery, and processes for coining are full of interest, and may be viewed by "visitors who have previously obtained a written order from the Master of the Mint, 'Available but for one day,' marked thereon, and for a small number of persons not exceeding six, the number to be stated when the application is made."

The building north of the Tower (on Tower Hill) is the Trinity House, built by Samuel Wyatt for a corporation (founded *temp.*

Henry VIII.) having for its object the increase and encouragement of navigation, the regulation of lighthouses and sea-marks, etc., and incorporated as "The Masters, Wardens and Assistants of the Guild or Fraternity or Brotherhood of the most Glorious and Undividable Trinity." There are here some pictures and busts of celebrated persons, a large painting by Gainsborough of the "Elder Brethren of the Trinity House," and some interesting naval relics and curiosities. Applications for admission should be made to the secretary. Skirting the Tower to the east, the visitor will reach St. Katherine Docks, a part of London interesting only to travellers coastwise in the summer months, and to shippers. If he should be desirous of seeing the docks and shipping of the port, he can hardly do better than take the river steamer from London Bridge (Old Swan Stairs), on the south-west side of the bridge), to Blackwall, or the train from Fenchurch Street Station to the same point.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CORNHILL AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

CORNHILL is the principal street east of the Mansion House. It forms one side of a scalene triangle, of which Lombard Street may be said to form the other, and Gracechurch Street the base. Skirting the Royal Exchange for a short distance, it terminates in Leadenhall Street, whence the wayfarer may reach Aldgate, Houndsditch (the Hebrew quarter) and the populous but poor district of Whitechapel.

Between Cornhill and Lombard Street lie a number of courts, at one time well-known for their taverns and commercial rooms. Change Alley is not the least famous of these places. Here was Garraway's Coffee-house, in its day one of the oldest in London—which existed, indeed, for more than two centuries. From the time of its establishment by Thomas Garraway, "tobacco-dealer and coffee-man," in the seventeenth century, to the date of its being closed in 1866, it was a place for auctions—at first of wine, then of tea, and later of mahogany and logwood. During the year of the South Sea scheme the waves of speculation and of swindling rose nowhere higher than in and around this little alley. In a poem on this subject, Swift says that Change Alley is "a gulf deep as hell, in which thousands are wrecked; and 'Garraway's' is the rock on which the wild race of wreckers lie in ambush to plunder those who are cast ashore." The great auction room was on the first floor. Here public sales took place "by the candle"—that is, at the commencement the auctioneer lighted a bit of wax candle, usually an inch in length, and then decided in favour of him who, when the light went out, had made the highest bid. "Jonathan's" Coffee-house, which was contemporary with "Garraway's," was a place for stock-jobbers as early as the time of "Mr. Spectator." "Lloyd's"

Coffee-rooms survives in the present world-famous "Lloyd's" at the north-western corner of the Royal Exchange. The "Jerusalem" was another celebrated commercial coffee-house which, like others, had its location between Lombard Street and Cornhill.

Lombard Street is the centre of the banking interest of England. It derives its name from the Longobards, a rich race of merchants and money-lenders who settled here in Edward II.'s reign, and whose badge, the three golden balls of the Medici family, still survives in the well-known sign of the pawn-brokers. Pope (according to Dr. Warton) was born in this street.

At the bottom of Cornhill, Bishopsgate Street branches out on the left, and Gracechurch Street on the right. In the first-named thoroughfare anciently stood one of the old City gates. Its principal places of historic interest now are the Church of Great St. Helen's, in which are some memorials of eminent personages who in time past used to reside in the neighbourhood; and the restored Crosby Hall (in parts a fair example of fifteenth-century architecture), now used as a restaurant. The original edifice was built by Sir John Crosby, an alderman and M.P. for London, in 1461. For four centuries it played a part in national as well as civic history. It was used as prison and as palace, was the scene of royal gaieties and civic splendour, and finally for commercial speculation. Its rooms have resounded with the wit and wisdom of More and Sully, the strains solemn and airy of Byrde and Morley, and with old Puritan and modern eloquence. Within sight of this tavern Shakespeare fixed his abode at that period of his career when he was writing some of the choicest of his works. The poet's name appears (October 1st, 1598) in the parish records of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, as payer of an assessment of £5 13s. 4d. Sir Thomas More (who himself once lodged at Crosby Hall) addressed to his "dearest friend," Antonio Bonvici, merchant of Lucca (who, by the way, first taught the English to spin with the distaff), then living there, his last sad letter from the Tower, written with a bit of charcoal, on the night before his execution.

Leadenhall Street, well-known from its old associations with the East India House, which formerly stood here, and to which for many years Charles Lamb used daily to trudge to his uncongenial "scribbling" in the great leather-covered ledgers, is now the centre of the shipping trade. Its most interesting building to-day is the old Ship and Turtle Tavern, where may be had the toothsomest meal of turtle to be found within a city famous for its turtle. It is right to add that the Ship and Turtle does not provide this succulent dish without demanding a handsome *quid pro quo*.

The Church of St. Catherine Cree (or Christ) Church is historically remarkable as having been consecrated (1631) by Laud, then Bishop of London, with such ceremonies as laid him open to the charges upon which he was subsequently tried. "At his approach to the west door," says Rushworth, "some that was prepared for it cried with a loud voice, 'Open, open, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may enter in.' And presently the doors were opened, and the Bishop, with three Doctors of Divinity, and many other principal men, went in, and immediately falling down upon his knees, with his eyes lifted up, and his arms spread abroad, uttered the words: 'This place is holy, this ground is holy. In the Name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.' Then he took up some of the dust and threw it up into the air several times in his going up towards the church. When they approached near to the rail and communion table the Bishop bowed several times." Laud, to judge from Rushworth's description, afterwards went through such ceremonial at the communion table as any one may now witness on most Sundays of the year at any of the so-called Ritualistic places of worship in London.

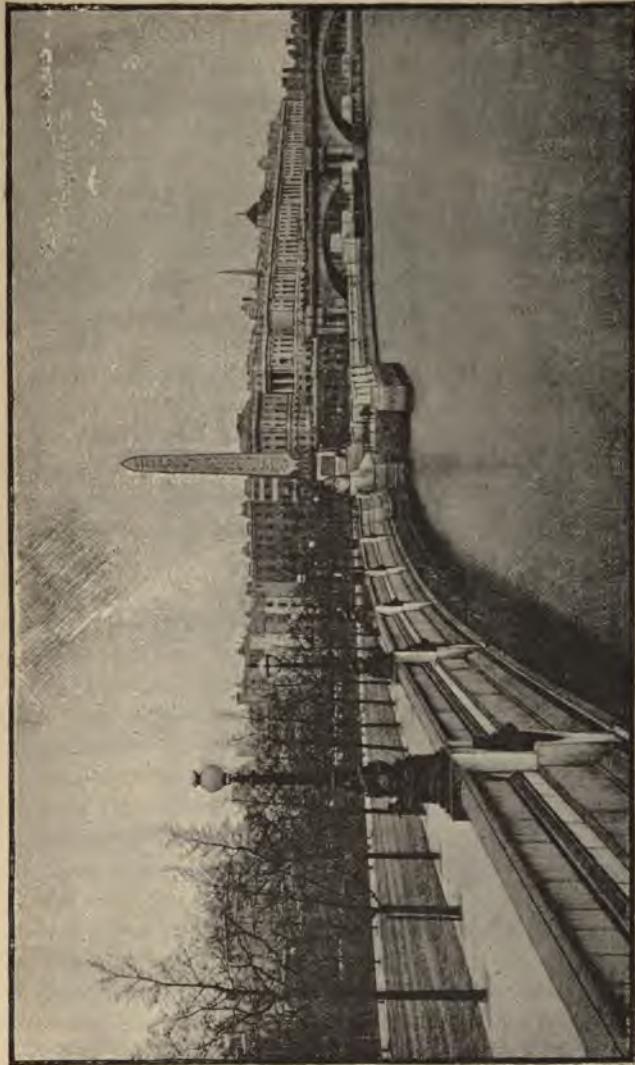
Fenchurch Street, beyond which, eastward, it is not our purpose to take the reader, is best known as being the locality of the great markets for corn and colonial produce—Mark and Mincing Lanes. Here is the station for Shadwell, the East and West India Docks, Tilbury, etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FROM THE TOWER TO WESTMINSTER, BY WAY
OF THE EMBANKMENT.

THREE is a choice of ways of returning from the Tower district to "the West End": either by the more direct route of Great Tower Street, Eastcheap and Cannon Street; or by Thames Street, up Fish Street Hill, and so into Cannon Street. Since by following the first we should be only traversing the same ground twice over, we will choose the second, though it is perhaps the more crowded and less desirable of the two.

Thames Street—that part of it below London Bridge is called Lower Thames Street, the above-bridge portion being known as Upper Thames Street—is now one of the oldest, busiest and most crowded of London highways. Its narrow thoroughfare is hemmed-in on either hand by lofty warehouses; those on the left fronting on the river. From early morning till late afternoon the street is almost impassable, by reason of the heavy waggons loading and unloading goods for, or from, the great railroads, the docks, and the shipping in the river. If the Reader were to search the City far and wide he would hardly find another so densely packed business quarter. Here, in the days when Edward III., that king who led the stalwart English bowmen against the French at Crecy, ruled England, lived Geoffrey Chaucer, at the house of his father, a vintner. Thames Street, dirty and gloomy and crowded as it now is, was then a peaceful and rural highway, connecting the king's fortress of the Tower, by way of the Black Friars' Monastery, the Strand, and the village of Charing, with the King's Palace at Westminster. Trees, fields and such primitive gardens as were then in vogue skirted it, with houses of the well-to-do citizens at irregular intervals; and here and there



THE EMBANKMENT.



stood some of the more imposing dwellings of the nobility. The river, broad and clear, flowed near at hand, its waters lapping the shingly shore which now forms the foundations of the City wharves and warehouses. At the eastern end, toward the Tower, was the broad approach to London Bridge (then not long built), forming the only access across the Thames to Southwark, and so to the main road through Kent to its capital city of Canterbury. He, whose chief interest in London lies in bringing to mind such reminiscences as these, may in imagination follow Geoffrey Chaucer from his dwelling in Thames Street to The Tabard in Southwark, and thence follow the pilgrims in their journey through Kent to the sacred shrine in Canterbury Cathedral. We can only regret that our business with the reader does not admit of our going with him farther in that direction.

In Lower Thames Street are two public buildings whose river-front is somewhat imposing—the Custom House and Billingsgate Fish Market. The latter, though old in name, is comparatively a new building, greater part of it dating from 1877, when considerable additions to the older market were completed. Some persons, we believe, are sufficiently venturesome to visit Billingsgate when at the high-tide of business, namely, at five o'clock in the morning; but we cannot advise this excursion. The noise, wrangling and unsavoury smells, to say nothing of the great difficulty of pushing one's way through the market, are enough to deter any but a very spirited student of London life from making such a visit. The "river-borne" fish arrive in steamers, smacks and boats from the coast or more distant seas, consigned to salesmen, who, during the early market hours, deal with the retail fishmongers from every part of London. The inferior fish, such as haddock and plaice, are bought by costermongers or street-dealers. When the season's fish are scarce, the West End dealers will pay handsomely for the rarity; hence a struggle between the boats to reach the market early. At times, so many boats come laden with the same kind of fish as

to produce a glut; and instead of being sold at a high price, as is usually the case, the fish are then retailed for a mere trifle. Fish is also brought largely to London by rail, from ports on the east and south coasts. There are fish markets at Smithfield and South London (near the Elephant and Castle Railway Station); and at Bethnal Green. Notwithstanding the enormous quantities of fish daily brought into London, it is not only dear but difficult to be had in really good condition. There is little of interest to be found in the dingy but busy byways north of Thames Street, except in recalling the time when they were inhabited by the most thriving London merchants. Old Swan Pier is a landing-stage from which the river steamboats start, up, and down, the river.

Cannon Street is one of the great channels of communication between London "the City" and London "the West End." It commences at King William Street and terminates in a north-westerly direction at St. Paul's Churchyard, being crossed about midway by Queen Victoria Street, which leads from the Mansion House to Blackfriars Bridge. A short distance up Cannon Street, on the left-hand side, is the Cannon Street Railway Station, the City terminus of the South Eastern Company, which provides communication by rail, every five minutes, with Waterloo Bridge Junction and Charing Cross. Opposite the station is the Church of St. Swithin, rebuilt by Wren and since modernised. Dryden was married here, in 1663, to Lady Elizabeth Howard. London Stone, one of the most interesting relics of ancient London, is to be seen fixed into the outer wall of this church. According to Stowe, it formerly stood on the south side of the street; but being regarded as an obstruction, it was removed in 1798. London Stone was the "Milliarium," or central milestone, of Roman London, whence, as from a centre, the miles were reckoned throughout Britain, even as the Milliarium in the Forum was the centre from which all Roman roads radiated.

The Mansion House Station of the Underground railroad lies a short distance west (coming from the City) of Cannon Street

terminus. Watling Street, on the opposite side of the way, a small, but busy commercial thoroughfare leading from Queen Victoria Street to St. Paul's Churchyard, formed part of the great Roman highway which may still be traced from Dover in the south, through London, to Chester in the north.

Retracing our steps, and following the main route to Blackfriars Bridge on the north side of Queen Victoria Street, we notice an old building of red brick, with a forecourt and gateway. This is Heralds College, a foundation of great antiquity "in which," writes Pennant, "the records are kept of all the old blood in the kingdom." But this, according to Leigh Hunt, is a mistake. "Heralds, indeed, are of great antiquity, in the sense of messengers of peace and war; but in the modern sense they are no older than the reign of Edward III., and were not incorporated before that of the usurper Richard. The house which they formerly occupied was a mansion of the earls of Derby. It was burnt in the Great Fire, and the present building erected. As to their keeping records of 'all the old blood in the kingdom,' they may keep them or not as they may have the luck to find them; but the blood was old before they had anything to do with it. Men bore arms and crests when there were no officers to register them." At the head of the college is the Earl Marshal of England, a dignity which has been hereditary since 1672 in the family of Howard, dukes of Norfolk. The royal commands are directed to him, and under his care are prepared the programmes for public ceremonies. Under him are three kings-at-arms, styled Garter, Clarencieux and Norroy. Their subordinates are six heralds, called respectively Chester, Lancaster, Richmond, York, Windsor, and Somerset; and four pursuivants, Portcullis, Rouge-dragon, Blue-mantle, and Rouge-croix. The Bath King-at-Arms, attached to the Order of the Bath, is not a member of the College of Heralds. In Scotland, the principal heraldic official is the Lyon King-at-Arms, who holds the position by commission under the Great Seal. He has six subordinate heralds, styled Rothesay, Marchmont, Albany,

Richard II., in whose time Westminster Hall was used for the sittings of Parliament, raised the walls by two feet, re-cased them, and inserted new windows in them. The present roof and a new northern porch were added; and the flying buttresses, which the removal of the Law Courts has revealed, were built. It seems also that "divers lodgings" on the west side were erected at the same time, and these were mostly contained by a wall erected parallel to the hall, and connecting together the new great buttresses. This suggested the leading feature of the design for the restoration of the building now completed. The architect entrusted with this important work (Mr. Pearson) has again connected these great buttresses by an outer wall. A cloister has been constructed with a gallery over it extending nearly the whole length of the Hall. On the wall of Westminster Hall, as uncovered by recent demolitions, there are plainly visible the traces of wall arches erected by Richard II., between the older and flat buttresses of the Norman wall. These suggested to Mr. Pearson the series of arches by which his cloister is formed, and the formation of which is a protection to the original Norman wall of Rufus. This wall is, naturally, of great antiquarian interest, and its preservation is of the first importance. Between the first flying buttress and the Palace Yard end of Westminster Hall is some spare space, upon which is built "a two-storied building, projecting westward, of the same height as the cloister, with a high-pitched roof and gable towards St. Margaret's Church." Originally, it seems, there was an Early English building here, supposed to have been erected in the time of Henry III. One plan of the old foundations shows a doorway leading from the Early English building which at the date of the plan was the Court of Exchequer, into a small yard called "Hell." Elizabeth, according to tradition, used the Exchequer Court as her breakfast-chamber and concert-room. The building consisted of three stories: the basement; the hall used as the Court of Exchequer, in which was the music gallery; and attics over. These attics were said traditionally to have been the royal

Ross, Snowdon and Islay; and six pursuivants, Kintyre, Dingwall, Carrick, Ormond, Unicorn and Bute. The chief officer for Ireland is the Ulster King-at-Arms, who is appointed by the Crown. He has two heralds, Cork and Dublin, and two pursuivants, Athlone and St. Patrick.

The next building of importance on our way westward is the *Times* Office, to which we have already elsewhere briefly alluded. Passing under the railway bridge of the London, Chatham and Dover Company, and crossing the road, we find ourselves on the Victoria Embankment, a noble boulevard skirting the Thames in unbroken line from Blackfriars to Westminster. At that point the imposing new frontage of the Houses of Parliament intervenes; and at Pimlico, a short distance beyond this point, the Victoria Embankment is continued to Chelsea. On the southern side of the river, the Albert Embankment extends from Vauxhall Bridge to Westminster Bridge.

The uniform line of the northern Embankment is broken at intervals by massive piers of granite, flanking recesses for pontoons, or landing-stages for steamboats, and at other places by stairs projecting into the river, and intended as landing-piers for small craft. There are five regular approaches into the Strand; namely: by way of the Savoy, Villiers, Norfolk, Surrey and Arundel Streets; and there are four principal thoroughfares—those, namely, from Westminster, Whitehall, Blackfriars and Charing Cross. The Metropolitan District Railway has along this Embankment four stations: Westminster, Charing Cross, Temple and Blackfriars.

Returning whence we diverged, the handsome edifice next De Keyser's Royal Hotel at Blackfriars is the City of London School, a foundation of comparatively modern date (1834), which provides a first-class education for boys of the middle-classes at the moderate charge of £5 per annum. The red brick building a few yards westward is Sion College Library. Next we pass the pleasant Temple Gardens and the modern buildings which front upon them, forming one of the most delightful retreats in central

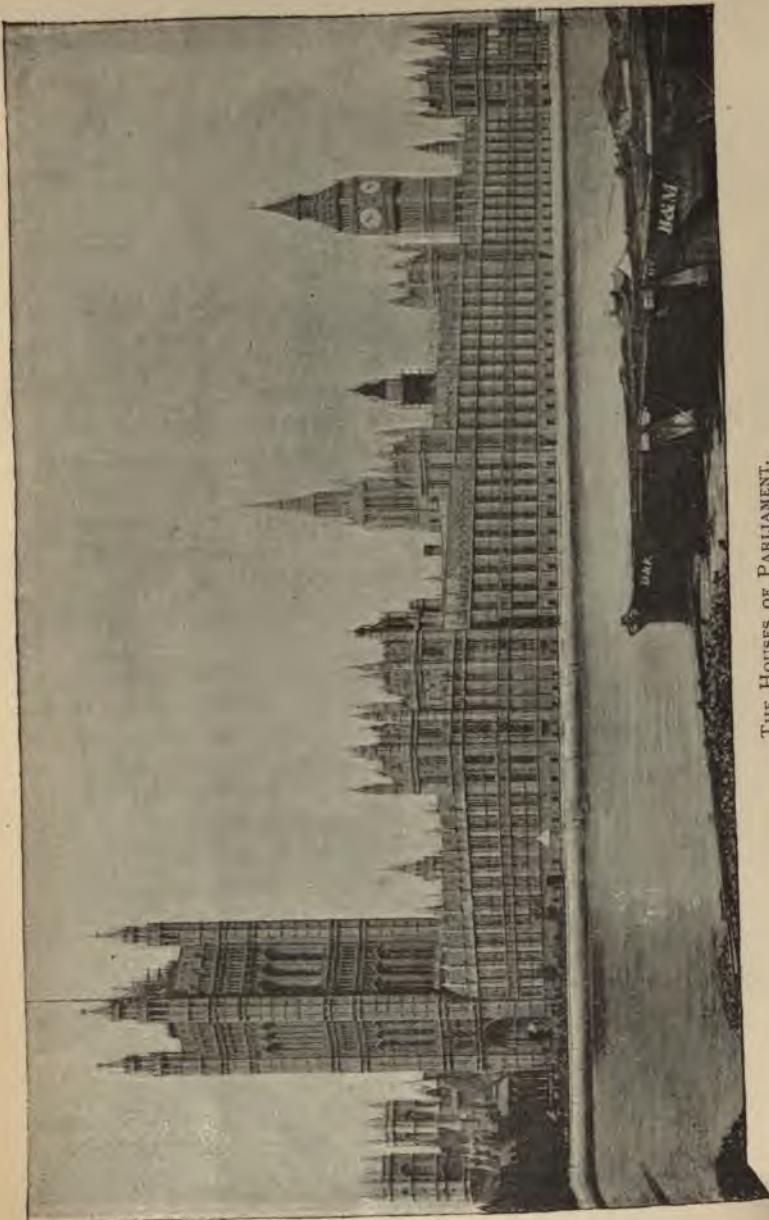
elaborately carved and sculptured with the effigies of kings, etc. The principal public entrance is, as we have said, through Westminster Hall, or St. Stephen's Porch, up a broad flight of steps to St. Stephen's Hall, on either side of which are ranged statues of some of England's greatest statesmen, including Hampden, Selden, Walpole, Mansfield, Fox, Chatham and Clarendon. From this gallery access is obtained to the Central Octagon Hall, whence the passage on the right leads to the House of Lords, and on the left to the Commons. This branch of the Legislature used to sit in St. Stephen's Chapel, until the year 1834, when that building was destroyed by fire. St. Stephen's Hall now occupies the site of the old House of Commons. The original basement story of the chapel still exists in the crypt of St. Stephen's, which has been superbly embellished, and restored for use as a chapel. The representatives of the people of the United Kingdom, in February, 1852, first assembled in their present chamber, which is not far from the north end of what was anciently the palace of the Sovereign.

The House of Commons is more simple in regard to its furniture and decoration than the Upper Chamber of the Legislature. The Speaker's chair is at the north end; right of it, on the front bench, sometimes called the Treasury Bench, sit the Ministers in office; on the left front bench sit the leaders of the Opposition; the supporters of each party being ranged behind their respective leaders. The "Gangway," so called, separates the more advanced section of each party from the principal body. The "Strangers' Gallery," and what was the "Speaker's Gallery," now formed into one Members' Strangers' Gallery, is opposite the Speaker's chair. Behind the Speaker's chair is a gallery appropriated to reporters. The side-galleries were intended to be strictly reserved for Members; but during great debates Peers are tacitly permitted to occupy the benches farthest removed from the Speaker. Persons obtain access to the Members' Strangers' Gallery through written application to a member—as to

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WESTMINSTER: THE HALL, THE PALACE AND THE ABBEY.

WE are now within the limits of the ancient city of Westminster, which, from the earliest period of England's history has, more than any other spot, been intimately connected with the government of the realm. Here stands that ancient landmark of London, the venerable and beautiful Abbey, or "minster of the west," from which the locality takes its name; and adjoining it are the stately Houses of Parliament, raised on the site of the older place of meeting of the Legislature; and that grand old building, founded in Norman times, known as Westminster Hall. William the Red, second son of the Conqueror, has the credit of being the founder of Westminster Hall; but only the western wall of his building remains. In erecting it, he is said to have provoked the animosity of his subjects by imposing upon them unreasonable tasks and tributes to furnish the means; and when it was completed, he roughly complained that it was not half so large as it should have been, being but a bed-chamber in comparison with the hall he had intended to make. The original building lasted through his reign and the reigns of some of his successors. The Westminster Hall that we now see, the main beauty of which is to be found in its superb interior roof, restored during the present century, is the building of Richard II.'s time, with the important exception of the front, which has been condemned as having an air of spuriousness. It measures 239 feet in length by 68 feet in breadth, and is 110 feet high. The original Norman wall of William Rufus has been brought into view by the removal of the old Law Courts.



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

to it by Henry VII., who built the splendid chapel that still bears his name ; and at the beginning of the eighteenth century the two towers of the west front were added, from designs furnished, it is said, by Sir Christopher Wren. In 1803 a considerable part of the building was destroyed by fire, but it was subsequently completely repaired, and Henry VII.'s Chapel renovated in its original style. It has undergone still further renovation in recent time. No other church in the world is so rich in historic associations. In the words of Dr. A. P. Stanley, the eloquent and learned predecessor of the present Dean of Westminster : "Here lies the body of the Confessor, himself like the now decayed seed from which the wonderful pile has grown. Around his shrine are clustered not only the names, but the early relics, of the principal actors in every scene of English history. Seventeen kings lie here, from Edward the Confessor to George II. ; and ten queens lie buried with them, amid England's greatest statesmen, warriors, divines, poets and scholars."

The number of statues and monuments in Westminster Abbey is very great ; most of them are contained in side chapels, of which there are several, viz., St. Benedict's, St. Edmund's, St. Nicholas', St. Paul's, St. Erasmus', John the Baptist's, and Bishop Islip's ; besides Henry VII.'s, and Edward the Confessor's Chapels. These chapels contain about ninety monuments and shrines, some of great beauty.

Of the Anglo-Saxon line of monarchs, Sebert, king of the East Angles, and his queen Ethelgonda, lie beneath a sarcophagus next the shrine of the last of the Saxon kings, Edward the Confessor. Nine of the early wielders of England's sceptre lie in Westminster Abbey, the warrior kings Edward I., Edward III., and Henry V., enshrined in marble altar-tombs ; that of the last-named lacking the silver plates and silver head of the king's effigy, which were removed by sacrilegious thieves in 1546. Weak Henry III., and that degenerate scion of a noble stock, Richard II., have no meaner tombs than better-deserving monarchs. A marble urn, erected by Charles II., suffices to

record the interment of the supposed bones of Edward V. and his brother Richard of York. The shrewd founder of the Tudor line rests in one tomb with his consort, the Rose of York; his famous grand-daughter shares her canopied altar-tomb with her sister and predecessor; while not far from the grave of Elizabeth and Mary is that of the former's thorn in life, Mary of Scotland. One may stand by the tomb of one of the wives of Henry VIII., and of his son by Jane Seymour, Edward VI.; and out of seven queens-consort, not counting Anne of Cleves, the aforesaid wife of the eighth Henry, Westminster Abbey shelters the remains of Eleanor of Castile, the queen of many crosses; Philippa of Hainault, of Nevill's Cross renown; Anne of Bohemia, and Elizabeth of York. Charles II. lies here, William III. and Queen Mary, Queen Anne, George II., and Queen Caroline. The choir, the transept, and the nave, also contain a large number of memorials—many specimens of sculpture in questionable taste, by the side of some of the first works of Flaxman, Chantrey, Nollekens, Bacon, Westmacott, Gibson, Behnes and others.

Poets' Corner, occupying about half of the south transept, is famous for the busts and monuments of eminent men there placed—including Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Drayton, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler, Davenant, Cowley, Dryden, Prior, Rowe, Gay, Addison, Thomson, Goldsmith, Gray, Mason, Sheridan, Southeby, Campbell, Grote, Thirlwall and Macaulay. William Makepeace Thackeray does not lie here, but at Kensal Green, though his bust is placed next to the statue of Joseph Addison. On the 14th June, 1870, Charles Dickens was interred here. His grave is situated at the foot of the coffin of Handel, and at the head of that of Sheridan. Close by lie Dr. Johnson and David Garrick, while near them lies Thomas Campbell. Shakespeare's monument is not far from the foot of Dickens' grave; Goldsmith's is on the left. A bust of the poet Longfellow is at hand; and a memorial tablet to Robert Browning.

The most noticeable monuments in the nave are erected to great statesmen, to naval commanders, to former deans of

Westminster, and to England's great Indian heroes. The inscriptions on the memorials of the last-named are simple enough. That on the grave of Clyde briefly records his "fifty years of arduous service." On Outram's monument is a bas-relief of the memorable scene in which he met Havelock at Delhi, and resigning to him the command, nobly served as a volunteer under his military inferior. On Pollock's grave is the appropriate text, "O God, Thou strength of my health, Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle." Under the bust of Lawrence are carved the striking words, "He feared man so little because he feared God so much." In the north transept, against those of George Canning and Earl Canning, and not far from that of Lord Beaconsfield, has been placed a monument to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, "for fifty years the honoured representative of his Sovereign in Turkey and other foreign countries." The tomb of Newton, one of the most beautiful in the Abbey, is well worth studying. The monument is by Rysbraeck. Over it is a celestial globe, on which is marked the course of the comet of 1680. Leaning on this is the figure of Astronomy, who has closed her book, as though, for the time, her labours were over. The very ingenious bas-relief below expresses in allegory the various spheres of Newton's labours. At the right three lovely little genii are minting money, to indicate Newton's services to the currency; near them, a boy looking through a prism symbolises the discoveries of Newton respecting the laws of light; a fifth is weighing the sun on a steelyard against Mercury, Mars, Venus, the Earth, Jupiter and Saturn, which very strikingly shadows forth the discovery of the laws of gravitation; at the extreme left, two other genii reverently tend an aloe, the emblem of immortal fame. Over the bas-relief reclines the fine statue of the great discoverer, whose elbow leans on four volumes indicative of Divinity, Optics, Astronomy and Mathematics.

There is one monument in the nave at which Americans will look with interest. It is the tomb of the gallant and ill-fated André. Every American knows how he was arrested in disguise

within the American lines in 1780, and for a moment lost his presence of mind and neglected to produce the safe-conduct of the traitor Benedict Arnold. He was sentenced to be hanged as a spy; and in spite of the deep sympathy which his fate excited, even among Americans, Washington did not think himself justified in relaxing the sentence.

Over the western door, with arm outstretched and head thrown back, as though, in loud and sonorous utterance, he were still pouring forth to the Parliament of England the language of courage and resolution, stands William Pitt. History is recording his words of eloquence; Anarchy sits, like a chained giant, at his feet. And within a few yards of this fine monument is the no less interesting memorial of Charles James Fox—of Fox, who opposed Pitt's public funeral; of Fox, whom he once charged with using the language of a man "mad with desperation and disappointment."

Archdeacon Farrar advises the visitor, before beginning to study the Abbey in detail, to wander through the length and breadth of it without any attention to minor points, but with the single object of recognising its exquisite beauty and magnificence. He will best understand its magnificence as a place of worship if he visit it on any Sunday afternoon, and see the choir and transepts crowded from end to end by perhaps three thousand people, among whom he will observe hundreds contented to stand through the whole of a long service. "Here the Puritan divines thundered against the errors of Rome; here the Romish preachers anathematised the apostasies of Luther. These walls have heard Cranmer as he preached before the boy-king on whom he rested the hopes of the Reformation, and the voice of Feckenham as he preached before Philip of Spain and Mary Tudor. They have heard South shooting the envenomed arrows of his wit against the Independents, and Baxter pleading the cause of toleration. They have heard Bishop Bonner chanting the Mass in his mitre, and Stephen Marshall preaching at the funeral of Pym. Here Romish bishop and Protestant dean, who cursed each other when

living, lie side by side in death; and Queen Elizabeth, who burned Papists, and Queen Mary, who burned Protestants, share one quiet grave, as they once bore the same uneasy crown."

The Cloisters and the Chapter House are worth seeing. This latter, during three centuries of English history, was the meeting-place of the House of Commons, and was built in 1250 by Henry III. When the House of Commons was first convened in the Parliament of 1265—called by Earl Simon de Montfort, after the battle of Lewes, summoning two knights from every shire, two citizens from every city, and two burgesses from every borough—these first sat in Westminster Hall, side by side with the earls and barons, the bishops and abbots, who constituted the House of Lords. But from and after 1282, with a view to separate acts of self-taxation, the different estates of the realm were assembled in places apart from each other. The Commons were then provided with temporary accommodation in Westminster Abbey, for the convenience of being near the other members of the king's parliament in Westminster Palace and Hall. They sometimes used to sit in the refectory of the ancient monastery, now destroyed; but at other times in the Chapter House, as might best suit the occasions of the abbot and his monks. Upon this tenure of good will and custom, as it appears, did the representatives elect of the people continue nearly 300 years to occupy the quarters assigned to them, probably at the king's request, in the precincts of the Abbey. But, on the dissolution of the ancient monastery in 1540, the Chapter House passed into possession of the Crown. From that time the Dean and Chapter held their meetings in the Jerusalem Chamber, the Chapter House becoming a depository of public records. In 1865, after the removal of the records to the Rolls House, on the eight-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Chapter and the six-hundredth anniversary of the House of Commons, its restoration was undertaken by Sir Gilbert Scott, at the request of the Society of Antiquaries.

Among the interesting features of Westminster Abbey the

Coronation Chair has always been popular. Many years ago an inscription in Latin was attached to it stating that the stone was the pillow on which Jacob rested his head at Bethel; and the legend went on to say that it was carried from Palestine to Egypt, and thence to Spain. From Spain it was said to have been conveyed to the Hill of Tara, in Ireland. In the year 1851, in order to meet the convenience of the visitors to the Great Exhibition held in London, the head guide of the Abbey wrote on a label a notice to the effect that the stone had been used at the coronation of the ancient kings of Scotland and Ireland; but he omitted all reference to the legend relating to Jacob's pillow, whilst retaining the closing part referring to Ireland. The label having become dusty and dirty, the guide, who had considerable antiquarian knowledge, wrote on the back simply the historical fact with regard to Scotland, and ignored the legend entirely. The present Dean of Westminster (Dr. Bradley) has stated that geologists have conclusively shown that the chair is of Scotch limestone, and that no stone of the kind is to be found in Palestine or Egypt. He has, however, altered the inscription, setting forth the curious legend of its travels in the Holy Land, as distinct from the authenticated history of the stone.

Westminster Abbey is a collegiate church (the famous Westminster School, the nursery of so many of England's foremost men, is an appendage of it), with a Dean and Chapter, which possess a considerable authority over the adjoining district, and a revenue of about £30,000 per annum. The Abbey may be considered as sub-divided into chapels; but in the present day divine service (at 7.45, 10, and 3) is performed only in a large enclosed space near the eastern extremity of the building—except on Sunday evenings during a portion of the year, when service is performed in the nave, in a similar way to the Sunday evening services under the dome of St. Paul's. This evening service, at 7 o'clock, is very striking in effect. There are usually a considerable number of strangers present at the services, particularly at that on Sunday evenings. The entrance chiefly used is

that at Poets' Corner, nearly opposite the royal entrance to the Houses of Parliament ; but on Sunday evenings the great western entrance is used. There is admittance every weekday from 9 to 6 free to the chief parts of the building (except during the winter months, when the Abbey is closed at 4) ; and to other parts on payment of a fee of 6d.

Westminster Hospital and the adjacent Sessions House stand upon the site of the ancient Sanctuary of Westminster, the only one of the old-time "sanctuaries" of London of which the name still exists. The right of sanctuary, or protection of criminals and debtors from arrest, was retained by Westminster after the Dissolution of Monasteries in 1540 ; and the privilege (which was not abolished until James I., in 1623) caused the houses within the precinct to be let for high rents. A church once standing here was removed in 1750, to give place to a Market House, which was pulled down fifty years later to make way for the present Sessions House—a mean-looking building, out of character with the surrounding edifices. The parish church of St. Margaret, opposite, dates from the time of Edward I., but was rebuilt in Edward IV.'s reign. It has been for many years the church of the House of Commons, and in this connection many historical reminiscences belong to it.

Incidentally, we may remark that Lambeth Palace is not far from Westminster. Crossing the bridge, and taking the first turning to the right, it may be reached in ten minutes. Lambeth Palace has been a residence of the archbishops of Canterbury for more than six centuries. The chapel dates from 1244-70 ; the Lollards' Tower from 1434-35.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PARLIAMENT STREET TO PALL MALL.

TWO streets running in parallel lines lead from Westminster to Whitehall. One of these streets, King Street, is narrow, dark and gloomy; and probably will soon cease to be. In it lived Edmund Spenser and Oliver Cromwell; and through it passed Elizabeth, Charles and the Protector, whenever their presence was required in either House of Parliament. The street was large enough for the royal processions and parliament men of those days, but it became inconveniently narrow when the traffic of the Metropolis extended to this point. So Parliament Street was built, which is now become one of the most crowded thoroughfares of western London. After passing through it in the direction of Charing Cross, you emerge into a broader way, which is named Whitehall, after the palace which formerly stood midway between Westminster and the Strand. "The whole district," writes the gossiping author of "The Town," "containing all that collection of streets and houses which extend from Scotland Yard to Parliament Street, and from the river-side to St. James' Park, and which is still known by the general appellation of Whitehall, was formerly occupied by a sumptuous palace and its appurtenances, the only relics of which, perhaps the noblest specimen, is the beautiful edifice built by Inigo Jones, and retaining its old name of the Banqueting House." A recent writer calls it a singularly over-rated building. But with its architectural merits we have no concern. Suffice it to say that, except for its interesting history, it would present fewer attractions to most persons than other public buildings in the vicinity.

On the west side of Whitehall, we first notice the principal Government Offices, those nearest King Street forming one grand

block, with a frontage to St. James' Park. In this handsome range of buildings are located the India, Colonial and Foreign Offices. At the northern extremity lies Downing Street, an old-fashioned street, in which, on the north side, are the official residence of the Prime Minister for the time being and the Privy Council Office. The Exchequer Office, Treasury, Education Department and Home Office front on Parliament Street.

The Foreign Office is, of all the public offices, the one most worth seeing. There, meetings of the Cabinet are sometimes held, and such International Conferences in which Great Britain takes a part as may be appointed to be held in London. The principal apartments of the Foreign Office are very fine. The public are admitted to see them on application between 2 and 5.

On the east side of Whitehall, opposite these offices, is the mansion of the Duke of Buccleuch. In Whitehall Gardens, adjoining it, Lord Beaconsfield lived for a short time towards the latter part of his life. Dover House, now used as a public office (formerly York House, when tenanted by the Duke of York), built in 1774, is the building, with low dome over the entrance-way, next the edifice called the Horse Guards. Here for upwards of a century the Commander-in-Chief directed the affairs of the army. The building is still utilised for military purposes, though the Commander-in-Chief and his staff are now located at the War Office in Pall Mall. Mounted sentries, belonging to one of the three regiments of the Household Cavalry, are on duty at the principal gateway facing Whitehall, from 10 till 4. On the Horse Guards' Parade, in the rear, military reviews occasionally take place in the presence of members of the Royal Family. There are some cannon here, trophies of the Peninsular campaign of the Duke of Wellington.

Next the Horse Guards is the Admiralty, where the principal affairs of the navy are conducted. The famous reprobate, Villiers Duke of Buckingham, the second of that name, was born in Wallingford House, which occupied the site of the

present Admiralty. "From the roof," says Pennant, "the pious Usher, Archbishop of Armagh, then living here with the Countess of Peterborough, was prevailed upon to take the sight of his beloved master, Charles I., when brought on the scaffold before Whitehall. He sank at the horror of the sight and was carried in a swoon to his apartment." Wallingford House was often used by Cromwell and others in their consultations. The Admiralty Office is not a handsome structure; its western front is, on the whole, the most pleasing part of it, notwithstanding the screen on the Whitehall side, which has been praised as a good example of the work of one of the brothers Adam, of considerable reputation as architects in the early part of the century.

Whitehall Palace was the abode of a series of English sovereigns, beginning with Henry VIII., who took it from Wolsey, the cardinal, and terminating with James II., at whose downfall it was destroyed by fire. The present Banqueting House, converted into a chapel by George I., and restored in 1829 and 1837, alone remains to mark the site of the once famous palace of the Tudor and Stuart sovereigns.

The Chapel Royal is closed as a place of worship, and has been handed over to the United Service Institution. Rubens is said to have painted the ceiling. The chief historical events connected with the present structure are the marriage of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria; the death of Charles I., who passed to execution through a passage in the wall, and was beheaded beneath its windows; and the restoration of Charles II. The royal alms were distributed here annually to deserving poor and aged persons, recommended by the metropolitan clergy, on Thursday in Holy Week. This ceremony was one of the few remaining relics of the times when the sovereign was Roman Catholic, and derived its origin from the washing of the feet of the poor, in commemoration of the Saviour's act of grace and charity in washing His disciples' feet previous to His Crucifixion. The last of the English sovereigns who performed the ceremony

of "washing the feet" in person was James II. After his day the duty was for a time relegated to the king's lord high almoner. At the accession of the first of the Hanoverian sovereigns some changes were made in the ancient custom; and in George III.'s reign (or, possibly, in the reign before) it was abolished, an increase in the royal bounties being substituted for the more imposing but less rational act of charity aforetime publicly done by the king. The Sovereign's Easter bounties, designated the "Royal Maundy," are distributed to aged men and women, the number of each sex corresponding with the age of the reigning Sovereign at Westminster Abbey.

The Royal United Service Institution, a military and naval museum of interest, open free to the public, will, as we have said, be found removed from its old quarters in the rear, to what till recently was the Chapel Royal. Milton, when he was secretary to Cromwell, lodged for a time in Scotland Yard. At the east end of Scotland Yard is the central office of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. This part of London, has been, lately, almost entirely rebuilt. Spring Gardens, opposite, was originally a place of public entertainment; it is now occupied principally by the Admiralty and other offices. The statue of Charles I., fronting Whitehall, stands on the site of the ancient cross which once marked the centre of the village of Charing. The pedestal of the statue is the work of Grinling Gibbons. On this spot, before it was erected, the regicides, so-called, were executed in a barbarous manner; and here for many years stood one of the pillories in which criminals and others used to suffer torture, and the infamy of public exposure.

On the north side of Trafalgar Square, which faces us, is the National Gallery. The priceless collection of pictures here brought together originated in 1824 (during the administration of the Earl of Liverpool) in the purchase of thirty-eight pictures from Mr. Angerstein with a parliamentary grant of money. In 1826 the collection was increased by a liberal donation of sixteen pictures by Sir George Beaumont; and in 1831 by a valuable

bequest of thirty-five pictures from the Rev. W. H. Carr. Other gifts and bequests were made from time to time by William IV., Lord Farnborough, R. Simmons, Robert Vernon, Turner the painter, Lord Colborne, Wynn Ellis, and by the nation at large. Of the entire number of works, more than one-third have been purchased by parliamentary grants amounting in the aggregate to about £400,000. The National Gallery was in 1887 completely reorganised. The Italian Masters are now for the first time arranged by schools, with such precision as the nature of the case permits; the Dutch, Flemish and Early German pictures are better hung than ever before; and the three great English portrait painters—Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney—have a room to themselves and may be studied in their perfection; the fine Hogarts are placed in one gallery; and the French pictures also. The effect is to bring home to every intelligent visitor the immense value and importance of the English National Gallery among the public collections of Europe.

It is open to the public on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Saturdays (except in the month of October)—from 10 till 5 in the winter months; from 10 till 6 in summer.

Cockspur Street unites Whitehall with Pall Mall on the south side of Trafalgar Square. It presents no very striking feature save on its right side, which is occupied by the Union Club-house. An equestrian statue of George III., by M. C. Wyatt, occupies the ground where Cockspur Street and Pall Mall East join. In Suffolk Street, a quiet thoroughfare leading to the Haymarket, lived Miss Vanhomrigh, who died for love of Swift. The famous Calves' Head Club (in ridicule, it is said, of the memory of Charles I.) was held at a tavern here. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the "street" of this, and of the Swift, period exists now only in name. At the corner is the house of the United University Club, one of the oldest of London clubs.

A few yards westward the Haymarket leads to Regent Street and Piccadilly. On the east side of it is the Haymarket Theatre which has a history going back more than a century. The

present building, as regards its interior at least, was constructed by the Bancrofts (the late lessees) in 1880. This theatre has a well-earned reputation for comedy, to which, in general, it restricts itself. The acting has for several years been of a superior character, and the pieces are mounted with much care and elaboration. At the west corner of the Haymarket is Her Majesty's Theatre, an edifice of comparatively recent date, having been built, 1876-77, on the site of the older theatre destroyed by fire. Originally the only Italian Opera House in London, and afterwards the King's, Her Majesty's, theatre was the aristocratic play-house of the fashionable quarter. Of late years its doors have not been so frequently opened as formerly.

We are now come to Pall Mall, one of the famous thoroughfares of London, deriving its present prestige from its club-houses. It is the resort of representative Englishmen of all classes and most professions. Every political celebrity belongs to one or other of these associations—either to the Carlton, the Reform, the Junior Carlton or the Conservative. The Army and Navy and the United Service Clubs embrace all the men illustrious in arms; while the Church and learning are represented by the Athenæum and the Oxford and Cambridge. Fond as London is of Gothic architecture, that style has no representative in Pall Mall. Here everything is classical, although the degree to which the classical architecture is adhered to differs widely between the chaste Italian of the Reform and the florid display of its next-door neighbour, the Carlton. The one blot of the street is the property of the nation. The War Office is altogether out of keeping with the clubs upon the same and opposite sides of the way. The building is already doomed, and some day another more worthy of its surroundings will rise in its place. At the south-east corner of Pall Mall and Carlton Place (the open space where stands the Duke of York's column) is the Senior United Service Club, erected in 1826; members may not hold rank under that of major in the army, or commander in the navy. The Athenæum, at the opposite corner, was opened in

1830. Membership is limited to individuals known for their literary or scientific attainments, artists of eminence, or gentlemen distinguished as patrons of literature, science and art. The Travellers' Club-house, built in 1831, comes next the Athenæum; foreign travel is a necessary qualification for membership. The Reform Club adjoins this. It was erected in 1839. There is a large number of members, all of whom are supposed to be of Liberal politics. The Carlton, the most splendid of all the club-houses, is the headquarters of the Tory or Conservative party. It comes next the palatial mansion of the rival faction. The Oxford and Cambridge Club-house, built in 1838, follows next in order (with the War Office intervening—in the courtyard of which stands a statue of Sidney Herbert, a former Secretary of War), with the Guards' and another Club-house occupying the principal part of the ground between it and the Prince of Wales' residence. The Marlborough Club, the membership of which is restricted to a few persons of social prominence, stands opposite. The Army and Navy Club-house, built 1847-50, and reserved exclusively for the use of officers of the military and naval services, is at the corner of Pall Mall and George Street, St. James' Square, fronting the War Department. At the opposite corner is the Junior Carlton Club-house, members of which are in alliance with the Conservative party. At No. 14, St. James' Square, near at hand, is the East India United Service Club-house; at No. 11, the Wyndham; at No. 12, the London Library; and at No. 10, the Salisbury Club-house. At No. 21 George III. was born. Returning to Pall Mall, in the direction of Waterloo Place, denoted by the memorial to the Guards who fell in the Crimean War, we have the Wanderers' Club-house at the north-east corner.

There are in all more than eighty clubs frequented by persons of the higher class in the Metropolis. A few of these establishments, such as White's, Brooks', Boodle's and Arthur's, in St. James' Street (White's can show a record of more than a century) are of ancient date; but their present arrangements and

constitution are of modern origin. The accommodation they afford to gentlemen only occasionally visiting town, and to others desirous of enjoying the conveniences of a large establishment at a moderate expense, and of meeting with a great variety of society, has made them popular among the upper classes. The principal club-houses, as we have already seen in our walk through Pall Mall, are edifices of a sumptuous character. Each club consists of a limited number of members, varying from 400 to 2,000, admitted by ballot and paying a certain sum at entrance, from five to forty guineas, and an annual subscription varying from five to twenty guineas. The club-houses generally are fitted up with some show of grandeur, have excellent libraries, take in the leading publications, and provide dinners, coffee, wines, etc., at reasonable prices. Some of the clubs are, as we have indicated, avowedly of a political character, and others are devoted exclusively to certain classes. Among the latter might be named the Garrick (in Garrick Street, Covent Garden), a theatrical and literary club; the Guards', for present and past officers of the Guards; the Savage, for persons connected with literature, the arts, drama or science; the Royal Thames Yacht Club, for yacht-owners and gentlemen; the Bachelors' Club, ostensibly for gentlemen in their bachelorhood, who possess the advantage of a well-filled purse. In point of fact, a club is to be found somewhere in London suitable to all sorts and conditions of men, from working-men to peers.

CHAPTER XXXV.

REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

REGENT STREET maintains its long-established supremacy as one of the great show-places of fashionable London. It is a street of comparatively modern date, being one of the many metropolitan improvements effected by Mr. Nash (the architect of several important works) in the second decade of the century. At that time it was looked upon as the most noteworthy feature of the west end of the town, and it is still its most imposing public thoroughfare, if not from an architectural point of view, from the attractiveness and splendour of its shops. It forms a continuation of Waterloo Place, crossing Piccadilly Circus and terminating at Langham Place. The object of the architect was to make one grand street affording communication between St. James' Park, in the south district, and Regent's Park, in the north. In part he succeeded, as the continuity of design which forms the chief feature of Regent Street plainly testifies.

With the exception of St. James' Hall and Hanover Chapel, there are no public buildings in Regent Street. Its main attraction is its gaiety. During the Season—and, indeed, at all seasons of the year (except, perhaps, in the early autumn, when many Londoners are out of town)—it is thronged with the “swells,” and grand dames of London, shopping, or making pretence to shop. Its interest, beyond the common one of looking at and criticising the passers-by, lies in its shop-windows, which display the choicest, prettiest and most fashionable things to be found in London. Some of the shops in Regent Street are of world-known fame; take, for example, those of Lewis & Allenby, Farmer & Rogers, Liberty,—each firm in its particular line

unrivalled. If a lady does pay a little more for a dress or a piece of millinery in Regent Street than elsewhere, she may be sure that what she purchases represents the latest fashion from Paris, in that line of drapery or millinery. Of some of its shops we have something to say later on. We have already referred to its restaurants in an earlier chapter.

Piccadilly is one of the pleasantest of London highways. That part of it which faces the Green Park is elegant, expensive and aristocratic; the other portion, which extends to the Circus, assumes a business aspect, and belongs to trade. But even that part of Piccadilly (as, indeed, was the site of the present Regent Street) which is now most fashionable, was but an ignoble thoroughfare but a hundred years ago. Thereabouts a great many taverns stood whose fame was none of the best. On review days, says a contemporary writer, the soldiers from the neighbouring barracks sat in front of the houses on wooden benches whilst their hair was being powdered and their pig-tails tied up. During this interesting operation they laughed and joked with the maid-servants who passed that way. The result was that the quarter was avoided by the respectable classes. Devonshire House (the residence of the Duke of Devonshire, at the corner of Berkeley Street), remained for some time, in the eighteenth century, the boundary of the buildings in Piccadilly, though farther on, by Hyde Park Corner, there were a few habitations. In aristocratic Mayfair there stood a chapel where a certain Dr. Keith, of infamous notoriety, performed the marriage service for couples who sought a clandestine union; and while the rich availed themselves of this provision, persons in humbler life found a similar place open to them in the Fleet Prison. Parliament stopped these scandals in 1753. Even so late as the closing years of the last century, the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.) and his brother the Duke of York, when very young men, were stopped one night in a hackney coach and robbed on Hay Hill, Berkeley Square, within view of the Duke of Devonshire's mansion.

A short distance westward from Piccadilly Circus is the south entrance to St. James' Hall. Opposite is the Royal School of Mines and Museum of Practical Geology, the entrance of which is in Jermyn Street. On the same side of the street is St. James' Church, built by Wren in 1684; several prominent men have, in their day, been rectors of this church. Sackville Street leads to Savile Row, a quiet thoroughfare in which are one or two minor club-houses and the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society. The Albany, a dingy-looking, secluded building, with a courtyard in front (between Nos. 46 and 47 Piccadilly), consists of suites of chambers which are rented by wealthy single gentlemen. Many famous men once occupied rooms here: Lord Byron, George Canning, Bulwer Lytton, Lord Macaulay, etc. Some part of the "History of England" was written by Macaulay here. On the south side of Piccadilly, near St. James' Church, is the Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

At Burlington House, a few doors east of Bond Street, are the spacious galleries of the Royal Academy. These contain a valuable collection of paintings, many of which have been bequeathed, the remainder being diploma works of Academicians (presented on their election), which may be viewed gratis. Annual exhibitions of the works of living artists take place in May, June and July, and of old Masters in January, February and March. Admission, from 8 till dusk, 1s.; catalogues, 1s. Suites of apartments belonging to the six principal learned and scientific societies of Great Britain are also in this building—viz., the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, the Linnaean, the Geological, the Royal Astronomical and the Chemical Societies.

The oldest of these learned bodies, having rooms on the eastern side of the quadrangle, is the Royal Society, which was incorporated by royal charter more than two hundred years ago, and had for its first patron Charles II. He appears to have found in the experiments of the philosophers an agreeable change from the frivolities and dissipation of his court. The Society received from him as a gift the silver-gilt mace which still graces the table

of the council-chamber at meetings. This illustrious body numbers some 600 of the foremost scientific men of the day; and ever since its foundation it has been the adviser of the Government on matters of a scientific nature. The library comprises nearly 35,000 volumes, and is in all respects one of the most complete scientific libraries in existence.

On the side of the quadrangle facing the Royal Society are the apartments belonging to the Antiquaries, the next to the Royal Society in point of age. It was, indeed, originally established in 1572; but it appears to have subsequently dissolved. It was not till 1751 that it was incorporated by charter; and about thirty years afterwards it was established in free quarters at Somerset House, in the Strand, where it remained till its removal to the present suite of rooms in Burlington House.

The suite devoted to the Geological Society lies between the Royal Society and Piccadilly, thus forming the south-eastern corner of the block. Besides a library, meeting-room, etc., it comprises a small museum. The Geological Society was established in 1807. The Chemical Society is located in the front of the building, between the corner occupied by the geologists and the gateway. Belonging to the Society is a well-selected chemical library: it is the youngest of the six, and was incorporated as recently as the year 1848, and numbers now 500 members.

The whole of the western front of the building is occupied by the Linnæan Society,—a body which took its rise as an offshoot of the Royal Society in 1788. It has a valuable library and collection of natural objects, for the latter of which a well-appointed herbarium has been provided. The rooms of the Royal Astronomical Society lie between the apartments of the Linnæan Society in front and the Antiquaries behind, on the western side of the quadrangle. The University of London occupies a handsome building in rear of the Royal Academy, fronting on Burlington Gardens. It was founded in 1836 as an examining body, and for the purpose of conferring degrees in Arts, Science, Law,

Medicine and Music. The University is supported by parliamentary votes, which are in great part repaid by fees received from candidates for degrees. It is represented in the House of Commons by one member.

The Burlington Arcade, a fashionable lounging-place for the "swells" of the town and their admirers, is next Burlington House. The Egyptian Hall, on the opposite side of Piccadilly, is a popular place of exhibition and entertainment. Among numerous exhibitions that have taken place here, that of General Tom Thumb in 1844 was, perhaps, the most famous of its day; among entertainments, Albert Smith's "Ascent of Mont Blanc," originating eight or nine years later. Crossing Bond Street, we have Albemarle Street on the right, where is the Royal Institution, founded in 1799 to promote scientific and literary research, etc. Its lectures in the winter season are well attended by the public. There are one or two clubs of some note in this street, as well as comfortable private hotels patronised by the "upper ten." In Arlington Street have lived some notable persons, including Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Sir Robert Walpole. Opposite is the White Horse Cellar, the namesake of a once famous landmark of London in the west. It was a point of some interest in the beginning of the century. Hither used to come the loungers of the clubs and others to watch the mail-coaches drive down Piccadilly *en route* to Bath, Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth and other towns in the west of England. On the King's birthday the scene was of exceptional interest. The horses were decked with gay rosettes and flowers, and coachmen and guards wore their new uniforms of scarlet laced with gold. The exterior of the Old White Horse Cellar was dressed with tiny oil-lamps of many colours, arranged in tasty lines, a pretty form of illumination, which fifty years ago was common enough in London. In the spring and summer four-horse coaches run daily from the White Horse Cellar to places within easy reach of London, as Beckenham, Box Hill, Dorking, Guildford, High Wycombe, Hampton Court, Windsor and Brighton. These

coaches generally start about 10. In Dover Street are some excellent private hotels ; Brown's, the best of its class in London. From St. James' Street to Hyde Park Corner the houses are mostly residences of the nobility and wealthy gentry. We have already mentioned the Duke of Devonshire's town residence, Devonshire House, a large mansion with a screen in front, at the corner of Berkeley Street. It has no particular architectural character, but successive wealthy owners have collected within it valuable pictures, books, gems and treasures of various kinds. It was in the ball-room here, in presence of the Queen and Royal Family, that an amateur performance was given by Bulwer Lytton, Charles Dickens and other leading literary men, on behalf of the "Guild of Literature," which subsequently languished and came to nought. At the corner of Stratton Street is the mansion of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and at No. 82 is Bath House, that of Lord Ashburton. The Duke of Cambridge lives at 136 ; Baron Rothschild at 148.

The present Duke of Wellington resides at Apsley House, the mansion with gates in front, next Hyde Park, so closely associated with the memory of the first Duke. The shell of the house, of brick, is old ; but stone frontages, enlargements and decorations, were afterwards made. The principal room facing Hyde Park, with seven windows, is that in which the Great Duke held the celebrated Waterloo Banquet, on the 18th of June in every year, from 1816 to 1852. The windows were blocked up with bullet-proof iron blinds from 1831 to the day of his death in 1852 ; a rabble had shattered them during the early Reform excitement, an act which caused him intense chagrin, as he had hoped his great services to the country might have protected him from annoyance by the mob.

From Piccadilly towards the north, and along the whole breadth of Hyde Park, is Park Lane, with its charming houses built in the villa style, not unlike, in some respects, to those of Brighton, with their irregular fantastic balconies, rotundas and verandahs. Here and there is a larger mansion ; for example,

Dorchester House, the splendid structure facing the south, belonging to Mr. Holford. Formerly this street was Tyburn Lane, leading north-west to Tyburn Gate, the execution-ground of so many criminals in the last century. At the present day Park Lane and all the streets adjacent to it, are the headquarters of wealth and aristocracy—Upper Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square, Hertford Street, Curzon Street, Berkeley Square, etc.

Lying to the south of Hyde Park are many squares and streets equally favoured by the fashionable world—Grosvenor Place, Belgrave Square, Eaton Square. Westward from Hyde Park lie Knightsbridge and Kensington, the parts of which nearest “the Park,” covered with splendid houses, afford some idea of the luxury and wealth to be found in London.

A short distance from the westernmost end of Hyde Park lies the South Kensington Museum and Natural History Museum and Royal Albert Hall. These are most easily reached from the central districts of London by omnibus, and from other parts of the town by the Underground District Railway, which has a station at South Kensington. Admission to the South Kensington Museum—Monday, Tuesday and Saturday, free, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. (the galleries being lighted at night); Wednesday, Thursday and Friday (“students days”), 6d., from 10 a.m. till 4, 5 or 6 p.m., the hour of closing varying with the season of the year. This Museum, in which are collected the finest examples of art-workmanship to be found in England, is most popular and interesting. The Art collections and Loan collections, the Oriental courts, the sculptures and frescoes, and other special exhibitions arranged within the building, constitute one of the most varied, entertaining and instructive “sights” open to the public. Certainly no visitor should leave London without going to the South Kensington Museum. And being in its neighbourhood, he should not leave it without seeing the Natural History Museum, adjacent to the more important edifice. The Imperial and Colonial Institute is near at hand.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FROM ST. JAMES', BY WAY OF BOND STREET, TO
OXFORD STREET.

ST. JAMES' STREET connects Piccadilly with Pall Mall. At its southern end is St. James' Palace, an old and irregular red-brick structure, the chief interest of which centres in its history. Architecturally, it is the meanest of all the royal palaces. Marlborough House, the town residence of the Prince of Wales, stands eastward of it. Its most attractive exterior feature is the ancient gateway, a relic of Tudor times, facing St. James' Street. The palace stands on the site of a hospital for lepers, dedicated to St. James, which continued from a very early period down to the reign of Henry VIII. That monarch took possession of it, as he did of many similar institutions, and it was pulled down, and "a faire mansion," called the Manor House, said to have been planned by Holbein, was built in its place. In the year King Henry married poor Anne Boleyn (1532), according to Leigh Hunt, he "transferred into it his own bloated and corrupt body." The initials of the king and that ill-fated queen are still to be traced on the chimney-piece of what was once the presence-chamber of the palace. When Whitehall was burned down in William III.'s reign, St. James' became the real seat of royalty in London; and so it remained down to the reign of Her present Majesty. Even now, it is customary to speak of foreign ambassadors and ministers as being accredited to "the Court of St. James'," though the Queen herself seldom sets foot within its gates. The chief residential parts of the palace are occupied by Court officials. The State apartments are on the first floor, with windows facing the Park. The Levées of the Prince of Wales, acting on behalf of Her Majesty, are held here during the months

of March, April and May. A "colour guard" of one of the regiments of the Brigade of Guards stationed in London mounts in the open quadrangle on the east side every day at a quarter to 11 a.m., when the regimental band plays for a quarter of an hour.

Among the royal personages historically connected with St. James' Palace, when it was the residence of the sovereign, may be mentioned Charles I., who spent here the last three days of his life. Queen Mary, of "bloody" memory; Henry Prince of Wales, son of James I.; and Caroline, wife of George II.—these three died here. Charles II.; James II.'s son, surnamed the Old Pretender; and George IV. were born here. Queen Anne made it her chief palace when she came to the throne, as did Georges I. and II. Queen Victoria was married in the little chapel—which is open to visitors, on Sundays, at the time of divine service: the 12 o'clock service only by permit from the Lord Chamberlain. As the accommodation is very limited, only few persons are admitted.

In St. James' Street we are once more in the region of the clubs. The first to the left is the Thatched House Club (originally the Civil Service), taking its name from the Thatched House Tavern, in one of the rooms of which were hung the celebrated Kit-Kat pictures, portraits of members of the Kit-Kat Club. The Conservative Club-house, opened in 1845, stands next it. Arthur's, an aristocratic club, so named from its founder, a keeper of White's Chocolate House, who died in 1761, has its *locale* on the same side of the street, at No. 69. In King Street, a thoroughfare opposite, leading to St. James' Square, is St. James' Theatre. Almost adjoining it are Willis' Rooms, once a noted house for public dinners, balls and meetings, originally known as Almack's, which in their day were the most fashionable and exclusive assembly-rooms in the Metropolis. The town owed Almack's, like Lord's, to the enterprise of a Scotchman, McCall. For some reason satisfactory doubtless to himself McCall, by a transposition of its syllables, altered his name to

Almack when he took the rooms which are now known as Willis'. In February 1775, Horace Walpole described the opening of the new rooms. They were "very magnificent, but, empty," as "half the town was ill of colds." Advertising his project, Almack, who seems to have been a very singular person, declared that his room was "built with hot bricks and boiling water." The subscription to Almack's was ten guineas, for which sum you had a dance and a sufficient supper once every week for twelve weeks. Facing Willis' Rooms are the well-known auction-rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson, & Co., where, during the London Season, are disposed of daily the finest pictures and other works of art which thus change hands in the kingdom. At No. 3 in this street lived Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor of the French. Returning to St. James' Street, we may take note of several other club-houses: the chief of these are Brooks', at No. 60, founded in 1764, and ever since then the headquarters of the Whig aristocracy; the New University, for members of the universities; Boodle's, at No. 28, of which Fox, Gibbon and other eminent men were the earliest members; the Devonshire Club, an offshoot of the Reform, on the left-hand side; and lastly, White's, on the right-hand side (Nos. 36-37), one of the oldest and most famous of these institutions, established so far back as 1736. It was previously to that time a chocolate house, which had been opened in 1698. Horace Walpole and George Selwyn were members of White's. In 1814 the club entertained the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia at a banquet, and a few days later the Duke of Wellington. In Jermyn Street, close at hand, and in the streets leading therefrom, are some good private hotels and respectable lodging-houses, patronised by members of the clubs, officers in the army, and others. In Bury Street, one of those streets, lived Steele and Swift.

Crossing Piccadilly, and keeping a little to the right, we come to Bond Street, which, for considerably more than half a century, has been the most fashionable and attractive street in London,

It would be difficult to say when and how it earned its reputation, for it is narrow and inconvenient, not to say commonplace, in comparison with Regent Street and Piccadilly; but the fact, nevertheless, remains that Bond Street is the most favoured of all London ways by the aristocratic and wealthy. At times, in the London Season, it is blocked with carriages, and one can hardly find foothold on the pavement. It boasts several art galleries, the chief of which are those of Boussod-Valadon & Co., and the Fine Art Society; but its chief glory is its shops, which are rented by the princes of the trading world in jewellery, perfumery, millinery, haberdashery and so on. It has some few historical landmarks. At No. 41 (now in the occupation of Messrs. Agnew), died Laurence Sterne (March 18th, 1768), the year after he left York, and came to London to publish the "Sentimental Journey." At No. 4 Lord Brougham lived for a time, and at No. 141 Lord Nelson.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FROM THE MARBLE ARCH, THROUGH OXFORD
STREET, TO HOLBORN.

HORACE WALPOLE incidentally remarks in one of his gossiping letters, "There will be one street from London to Brentford, ay, and from London to every village ten miles round." This prediction, made in 1791, has been fulfilled to the letter, if a street may be taken to mean a continuous main way flanked by houses. A person might start from Brentford, and passing along the southern main road by way of Hammersmith, Kensington, Knightsbridge and Piccadilly, reach the centre of London without the continuity of houses being broken. Similarly he might start from Shepherd's Bush, and walking along the parallel main road by way of Notting Hill, Bayswater, the northern side of Hyde Park and Oxford Street, get to the Royal Exchange without once stepping off the pavement. Oxford Street—about one mile and three-quarters in length—is the longest street of shops in London. It begins at the north end of Park Lane, near the Marble Arch, and, passing the north or upper end of Regent Street, and the south or lower end of Tottenham Court Road, there unites with New Oxford Street, which runs into Holborn, within the district of Bloomsbury. This is a sufficiently long walk, within sight of shops all the way; but if the wayfarer be in the humour to prolong it, he might do so for another four or five miles, until, in fact, he finds himself in the Mile End Road, within the district of Whitechapel. Probably few native Londoners have ever engaged in this exercise of measuring the continuity of London's principal lines of streets, but a stranger might be tempted to do so, with the view of beating the Londoner in his more intimate knowledge of the Metropolis.

Oxford Street is long and broad enough to take in the population of a small town. It changes its character several times, according to the greater or less elegance of the quarter through which it runs. It is more pretentious westward of the Circus than when it gets beyond the region of Soho, though not so many years ago many most respectable middle-class families lived in that part. Farther east still, in Bloomsbury, in the beginning of the century the wealthiest people resided. Now the well-to-do middle classes have left the pleasant streets of their forefathers, which are a good deal better built and more handsome than most streets at the West End, and have gone to live in that quarter of fashion. Oxford Street when it reaches Tottenham Court Road becomes dingy and ill-looking, and does not recover its better appearance before it reaches Holborn. It has not much of a history, and there is little to engage the wayfarer's interest westward of the Circus if we except some of the squares, such as Portman and Manchester, lying on the north side. In Manchester Square is Hertford House, the residence of the late Sir Richard Wallace, which contains a valuable collection of paintings. There are two or three princely mansions in Cavendish Square, and some of a less imposing character in Hanover Square, on the south side of Oxford Street. An equestrian statue of William Duke of Cumberland, "Butcher Cumberland," otherwise known as the hero of Culloden, stands in the centre of the former and a bronze statue of Pitt, by Chantrey, in the centre of the latter. In George Street, within a few steps of Hanover Square, in a south direction, is the well-known Church of St. George. To be married at St. George's, Hanover Square, by a bishop, with three or four clergymen "assisting," used to be the ambition of many a belle of the London Season; but now the reputation of St. George's as a church for "swell" marriages has been eclipsed by St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and other aristocratic places of worship farther west. In George Street the famous Lady Mary Wortley Montagu passed the last hours of her long life.

At the junction of Oxford Street and Regent Street is Oxford Circus, a point at which the road traffic is greater than almost any other in London. Pursuing our way eastward, on the left side, we pass the Princess's Theatre, in the days of Charles Kean famous for its Shakespearian revivals; and on the right the Pantheon, once a bazaar, but now a central *dépôt* for the extensive business of an enterprising firm of wine merchants. Dean Street, near at hand, leads to the district of Soho, which is now largely occupied by small tradesmen and lodging-house keepers, whose patrons are chiefly foreigners. These in considerable numbers make Soho their headquarters. The word "Soho" is stated to have been the battle-cry of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth on the field of Sedgemoor; the "Square" was originally Monmouth Square, afterwards King's Square, and finally Soho Square. Retracing our steps, and proceeding on our way through Oxford Street, we come to Tottenham Court Road, a broad thoroughfare leading to Camden Town, Kentish Town and Hampstead, and the northern suburbs. Opposite, running south, are Charing Cross Road and Shaftesbury Avenue, new thoroughfares of London.

The British Museum is reached from Oxford Street a little farther eastward. This national institution, established in 1753, is an immense repository of books, MSS., statues, coins and other antiquities, specimens of animals and minerals, etc., and is, in most respects, one of the richest in Europe. It is principally deposited in buildings raised on the site of Montague House, formerly the residence of the Duke of Montague, in Bloomsbury. The nucleus of the collection was purchased by the Government from Sir Hans Sloane's executors, for £20,000, and the Museum was first opened to the public in January 1759. But Montague House, though spacious as a private residence, having been found inadequate to the proper accommodation of the vast and continually increasing collections that belong to the Museum, a new quadrangular building, on a very extensive plan, was designed by Sir R. Smirke and dedicated to the public use.

The contents of the Museum at present include one of the finest libraries of printed books in the world; a most valuable collection of MSS., Oriental antiquities, British and mediæval antiquities, and ethnological specimens; Greek and Roman antiquities, the most complete series in existence; coins and medals, prints and drawings, maps, and charts; and in the Print Room a magnificent collection of the finest engravings of all ages.

The departments of Printed Books and MSS. is immensely wealthy in rare and valuable works. In 1755 the Harleian MSS. were purchased, and the Cottonian Library was removed from Dean's Yard, Westminster: in 1757 the Royal Library, founded by Henry VIII. out of the libraries of the suppressed monasteries, and enlarged by his different successors, was presented by George II. George III., in 1763, gave a valuable collection of pamphlets on the Civil War; and between 1806 and 1818 the Lansdowne, Hargrave and Burney MSS. were purchased at an expense of £26,400. Various presents have been made from time to time; the most valuable additions of late years having been the library of George III., collected at an expense of £200,000, and presented to the Museum by his successor; and the sumptuous collection of Mr. George Grenville, valued at £60,000, and bequeathed by him to the nation. Modern English publications are added, free of expense, in exercise of a privilege which the British Museum enjoys, in common with the universities, of receiving gratis a copy of every book entered at Stationers' Hall. The curious in such things may find here the original editions of Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde, and copies of books that have been owned by Lord Bacon, Michael Angelo, Charles I., Katharine Parr, Ben Jonson, Martin Luther, John Milton, Isaac Newton and others.

The Royal Library is rich in memorials of the Tudors and Stuarts. It contains a New Testament which belonged to Anne Boleyn; the Greek Grammar of Edward VI.; Queen Mary's copy of Bandello's novels, which are said to have supplied Shakespeare with the plots of many of his plays; old almanacks

on which Charles I. scribbled his name when Prince of Wales ; and a fine copy of the second edition of the " Pilgrim's Progress " which belonged to Charles II. The collection of Bibles includes the Mazarine Bible, so called because the copy which first attracted notice in modern times was discovered in the library of the Cardinal of that name ; the Elector of Saxony's copy of Martin Luther's translation of the Bible ; Miles Coverdale's Bible, dated 1530, the first printed in England ; and Martin Luther's own copy of the German Bible.

Two documents that were important in their results to England are also among the treasures of the Library. One of them is the Papal Bull in which Innocent III. accepts the kingdom of England from King John, and the other is the famous Magna Charta. The latter is enclosed within a glass frame, and has a fragment of the seal hanging from it. Having once escaped destruction by fire in 1731, it was carefully extended upon coarse canvas ; but the ink has become very pale, and the writing is nearly illegible. Another historical document in the collection is the Bull of Leo X., conferring the title of " Defender of the Faith " on Henry VIII. ; and there is also a letter from Henry V. to the Bishop of Durham, dated February 10th, 1418.

The great ornament of the manuscript collection is an ancient Greek copy of the Scriptures, which is supposed to have been made by a lady of Alexandria in the fourth or sixth centuries, and which was presented to Charles I. by the Patriarch of Constantinople. It is one of the two most ancient copies of the Scriptures in existence. The number of printed books in the Library now considerably exceeds a million ; the annual increase of books being not less than 20,000. Persons desiring to be admitted to the Reading Room for the purpose of literary research, must apply in writing to the Principal Librarian, specifying their profession or business, their place of abode, and the purpose for which they seek admission. Every such application must be made two days, at least, before admission is required, and must be accompanied by a written recommendation from a

householder or a person of known position, mentioning in full his or her name and address, and stating that he or she possesses a personal knowledge of the applicant, and of his or her intention to make proper use of the Reading Room.

The Museum proper is abounding in interest ; but we can only point out a few of its innumerable treasures.

In the Anglo-Roman Gallery, one of the twelve departments into which the Museum is divided, may be seen the Roman works which have been dug up from time to time beneath modern London—fragments of mosaic pavements, lamps, weapons, amulets, urns, coins and beads, whose appearance and inscriptions indicate with certainty the presence of a settled Roman civilisation on the banks of the Thames. In another gallery we pass to Greece and Rome, whose life is illustrated by military and domestic utensils; bejewelled, chased and enamelled ornaments; bas-reliefs; coins and statuary. Thence we may enter Asia Minor and the Lycian cities, some most valuable ruins of which were removed to London by Sir Charles Fellowes between 1842 and 1846.

The Egyptian Gallery contains sarcophagi and monuments, tombs of the Ptolemies and Rameses, sculptured tablets and statues, funeral vases and pillars,—all crowded with hieroglyphics which still puzzle the archæologist. A number of glass-cases in this department contain mummies of various ages, some dried to black crusts, and others quite lifelike ; and along the walls are relics exhibiting the customs and usages of ancient Egypt,—ornaments, domestic utensils, official and priestly costumes, works of art, toilet articles, playthings, writing materials and trade implements.

Between the British and Mediæval Room and the Ethnological Department is a space filled with gold ornaments and gems,—cameos, intaglios and other precious ornaments ; and here is the famous Portland vase, which is considered one of the great treasures of the Museum. The Elgin Room contains the most valuable collection in the world of specimens of Greek art at its

best period, brought to England by the Earl of Elgin, and purchased by Parliament. They consist principally of sculptures from the Temple of the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, and the Temple of the Wingless Victory, all on the Acropolis of Athens. The Parthenon was built about 440 B.C. All the sculptural decorations were by Phidias. The celebrated series of bas-reliefs and sculptures brought from Nineveh by Mr. Layard, and the Assyrian antiquities collected by Mr. Rassam, are also here. Considerations of space compel us, however, to refer the visitor to the various official guides which may be purchased in the entrance-hall, at prices varying from 1*d.* to 6*d.*, for a more particular account of the countless treasures in the British Museum. It remains to be said that the public are admitted to view the collections on every week-day from Monday till Friday, from 10 o'clock, and on Saturdays from 12 o'clock till the time of closing—as follows: Closed at dusk; except on the evenings of Monday and Saturday from May 8th to the middle of July, when the hour is 8; and then till the end of August it closes at 7. The Greek and Roman Sculpture Galleries, and the Gallery of Antiquities, are now open on Wednesday and Friday. The Reading Room is closed, for cleaning, the first four weekdays in March and October.

The east end of Great Russell Street opens into Bloomsbury Square, at the north-east corner of which stood Lord Mansfield's house, sacked and burned by the Lord George Gordon rioters in 1780. Bedford Place leads from Bloomsbury to Russell Square, not far from which, in Guilford Street, is the Foundling Hospital, founded in 1739 by a sea-captain, Thomas Coram, "for exposed and deserted children." This interesting institution is open for the inspection of visitors every Sunday after morning service, in the chapel (which begins at 11), and every Monday from 10 till 4. Returning to Bloomsbury, and going down Southampton Row into Holborn, on the opposite side lies Little Queen Street, which leads to Lincoln's Inn Fields. We stand here on classic ground. Sir Thomas More, Shaftesbury the statesman, Lord

Mansfield and other not less eminent lawyers, studied in the precincts of Lincoln's Inn; and Oliver Cromwell passed two years of his eventful life in the same locality. The square has its sad reminiscences too. In its centre stood the scaffold on which died one of the noblest of English patriots, Lord William Russell. Drs. Donne, Ussher and Tillotson (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) were preachers in the ancient chapel of Lincoln's Inn. The fine edifice on the south side of the square is the Royal College of Surgeons. The interior of the College is well adapted to its uses, and the spacious museum contains a splendid collection of anatomical preparations. Admission is obtained by order of a member of the College (any medical man in practice) between 12 and 5 from March to August, and 12 to 4 during the winter months, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. The Museum is closed in September.

On the north side of the square (No. 13) is the Soane Museum, admission to which may be obtained on personal application from 10 till 4 on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays in April, May and June; and on Wednesdays and Thursdays in February, March, July and August inclusive. The collection comprises several important pictures—Hogarth's "Rake's Progress" and "Election" among the number, and a valuable collection of gems, coins and sculptures.

Lincoln's Inn, on the east side of the square, is one of the four Inns of Court so-called, of which we have already made mention in the chapter on "Fleet Street." The gateway facing Chancery Lane is its oldest and most interesting feature, architecturally. "It was built," says Pennant, "by Sir Thomas Lovel, once a member of this Inn, and afterwards Treasurer of the Household to Henry VIII." The chapel was designed by Inigo Jones, and dates from 1631-33. The Hall and Library are worth seeing. On the east side of Lincoln's Inn is Chancery Lane, at the north end of which in Holborn is Gray's Inn, another of the Inns of Court. It was founded in 1357. Most of its buildings (except the Hall, with black oak roof), are of comparatively modern date,

In Gray's Inn lived and died the great Lord Chancellor Bacon. A tree planted by him in the dreary old garden of the Inn may yet, we believe, be seen propped up by iron stays. Charles I., when Prince Charles, was an honorary member of this Inn, and Bradshaw, afterwards one of his judges, was a bencher at the same period in its history. Gray's Inn Road leads to King's Cross. Furnival's Inn, close at hand, is rendered interesting from the fact that Charles Dickens in the early part of his literary career had chambers here. From this point to Newgate Street the line of street is almost wholly modern. The Church of St. Alban, which earned notoriety in connection with the Ritualistic practices of a section of the Church of England clergy, stands in Brook Street, a short distance east of Furnival's Inn. Two other churches in the vicinity are of some historical interest: St. Andrew's, Holborn, one of Wren's edifices, and of which the famous Dr. Sacheverell was rector; and St. Sepulchre's, on the north side of Holborn Viaduct. On the west side of this church, not so many years ago, ran Field Lane and Saffron Hill, of which Dickens makes mention in the doings of Fagin and the adventures of Oliver Twist. These, like hundreds of other parts of Old London, have been swept away within the past twenty years.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MUSEUMS, EXHIBITIONS, PICTURE GALLERIES,
ETC., OPEN FREE TO THE PUBLIC.

(Hereinbefore referred to under "The Streets and Public Buildings.")

ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM, 18, Tufton Street, Westminster. Open daily from 10 till 4.

Asiatic Society, 22, Albemarle Street. Open daily, *except Saturdays*, by member's ticket, from 11 till 4.

Bank of England. By order obtainable of the Governor, or one of the Directors.

Bethnal Green Museum. Monday, Tuesday and Saturday.

British Museum, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. Daily, 10 till dusk.

College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Daily.

Entomological Society's Museum, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square. Mondays, from 2 to 7, by member's order.

Geological Society's Museum, Burlington House, Piccadilly. By member's ticket.

Guildhall Museum, King Street, Cheapside. Daily, 10 till 5.

Houses of Parliament. Saturday, by order from the Lord Great Chamberlain's Office, at the House of Lords.

India Museum, Exhibition Road, Kensington. 10 till 6.

Institute of Civil Engineers (Models, Plans, etc.), 25, Great George Street, Westminster, By member's order.

Kensington (South) Museum. Monday, Tuesday, Saturday, free (other days, 6d.). Open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

King's College Museum, 160, Strand. Must be introduced by member or student.

Lambeth Palace, to be reached most easily by boat from Westminster or Charing Cross piers to Lambeth.

Linnaean Society's Museum (Natural History), Burlington House, Piccadilly. Wednesday and Friday, from 10 till 4, by member's order.

Missionary Museum (Idols, etc.), Blomfield Street, Finsbury. Open daily from 10 till 4; Saturdays, 10 till 2.

Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn Street. Daily, 10 till 4.

National Gallery, Trafalgar Square. Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Saturdays, free (other days 6*l.*) 10 till 4 or 6.

National Portrait Galley, temporarily at Bethnal Green Museum. Daily, except Friday, 10 till 4 or 6.

Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road, South Kensington. Daily 10 till dusk.

Parkes Museum of Hygiene, 74A, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 10 till 2.

Pharmaceutical Society's Museum, 17, Bloomsbury Square. Daily, *except Saturdays.*

Royal Botanic Society, Inner Circle, Regent's Park. Open daily, May to July, from 7 till dusk, other months from 9 till dusk, by fellow's order.

Royal Institution Museum, 21, Albemarle Street. Daily, from 10 till 4, by member's order.

Royal Society's Museum, Burlington House. By order of fellow.

Soane Museum, 13, Lincoln's Inn Fields. (Contains many of Hogarth's pictures and other works of art.) Open on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, April till August; Tuesday and Thursday in February and March.

Society of Arts Museum, John Street, Adelphi. Open daily, *except Wednesday*, from 10 till 3, by member's order.

Tower of London, Tower Hill. Armoury and Crown Jewels. Free on Mondays and Saturdays. Open from 10 till 4; 10 till 6, May to August.

Trinity House Museum (Lighthouses, etc.). Tower Hill. Daily, 10 till 4.

United Service Museum, Whitehall. Daily, from 11 till 4 or 5 (except Friday), by member's ticket, or on application to the Secretary.

MILITARY BARRACKS AND STATIONS IN AND NEAR LONDON.

The troops quartered in London are, as a rule, certain regiments of the Brigade of Guards and the Household Brigade of Cavalry. A regiment of the Cavalry of the Line is also stationed at Hounslow. The principal barracks are as follows:—

Chelsea Barracks, Chelsea.—Infantry.

Wellington Barracks, St. James' Park.—Infantry.

The Tower of London.—Infantry.

Hyde Park Barracks.—Cavalry, one regiment.

Albany Street, Regent's Park.—Cavalry, one regiment.

Kensington Barracks.—Infantry and a troop of cavalry.

The principal military *dépôts* in the vicinity of London are:—

Woolwich.—Artillery, Infantry of the Line and Army Service Corps.

Windsor.—Infantry and Cavalry of the Guard.

Hounslow.—Cavalry, one regiment.

The great centre of the whole military system of the United Kingdom is at Aldershot, about two hours' journey on the London and South Western Railway from Waterloo Bridge Station. A division of the army is permanently stationed there. At Chatham, about an hour and a half from Victoria Station, Pimlico, on the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, is the School of Military Engineering and Headquarters of the Royal Engineers. Woolwich is the Headquarters of the Royal Artillery.

It may not seem out of place to add here that the Royal Naval College for Officers of the Royal Navy is established at what was formerly known as Greenwich Hospital.

THE PRISONS.

The prisons of London may be divided as follows: 1, Houses of Detention, as Newgate; 2, Houses of Correction, as Holloway

and Wandsworth Prisons ; 3, the Government or Convict Prisons, as Wormwood Scrubs. Permission to view a prison is granted by order from the Secretary of State, Home Office, Whitehall, S.W. ; or of one of the visiting justices of the gaol to which admission is sought ; or through the Director of Convict Prisons.

Newgate, the chief criminal prison for the county and the city, in the Old Bailey, is used as a house of detention for prisoners brought to trial at the Central Criminal Court or such as may be capitally convicted. This prison deserves attention chiefly on account of its historic interest.

Criminal trials take place at the Old Bailey and the Middlesex Sessions House on Clerkenwell Green. Minor offences are disposed of daily (10 to 4) at the various police-courts of the Metropolis, the chief of which are at Bow Street, Covent Garden, the Mansion House and Guildhall in the City.



CHAPTER XXXIX.

LIBRARIES AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

ART LIBRARY of South Kensington Museum. Open during the same hours as the Museum. It contains upwards of 30,000 volumes and pamphlets on all subjects bearing on art; a collection of many thousand drawings, designs and illuminations; upwards of 20,000 engravings, chiefly of ornament, and 35,000 photographs of architectural objects of art, original drawings, etc. All its contents are rendered, as far as possible, available to students. This is emphatically a special library, the object of which is to aid in the acquisition and development of artistic knowledge and taste, and to furnish means of reference on questions connected with art. The books and periodicals in the Educational Reading Room relate chiefly to elementary instruction at home and abroad; but several standard works in history, science and general literature are included in the collection. The number of volumes exceeds 20,000. On students' days (Wednesday, Thursday and Friday) the Reading Room is open to all visitors; on free days admission is restricted to clergymen, teachers of schools for the poor or holders of tickets.

British Museum Reading Room, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. The use of the Reading Room is restricted to the purposes of study, reference, or research. No person under twenty-one years of age is admissible, except under a special order from the Trustees. Persons desiring to be admitted must apply in writing to the Principal Librarian, stating their profession or business, place of abode and, if required, the purpose for which admission is sought. A letter of recommendation from a householder, or person of known position, such as a banker, clergyman, or

magistrate, must accompany such application, which must be made two days at least before admission is required. The Reading Room is opened all the year round at 9 a.m., except on Sunday, Good Friday, Christmas Day, and the first four week-days of March and October. The hours are from 9 till 8, September to April ; 9 till 7, May to August.

College of Surgeons, 40 to 42, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Admission daily on application, under the same regulations as to the Museum of the College.

Congregational Library, 18, South Street, Finsbury, E.C. Admission daily on previous application made by letter to the Secretary.

Free Library and Reading Room of the Commissioners of Patents, Southampton Buildings, W.C. Open every day from 10 to 10. Library of Patents, etc. A collection of scientific works, numbering some 50,000 volumes.

Guy's Hospital. Medical Library. St. Thomas' Street, Borough, S.E. Admission daily on previous application made by letter to the Secretary.

Heralds College. Heraldic Library. Queen Victoria Street (not far from the *Times* Office), City.

Incorporated Law Society. Valuable Law Library. 103 to 111, Chancery Lane. Special permission necessary.

India Office. Library relating to the government of India. Whitehall. Admission daily on application.

Lambeth Palace. Library of valuable MSS. and archives connected with the See of London, etc. Admission on application at Lambeth Palace on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 10 to 3.

Library of the Corporation of the City of London, Guildhall. Most valuable general library. Admission daily, except on holidays, 10 to 9. Contains nearly 50,000 volumes, a large collection of early printed plays and pageants, and other works connected with the City of London. Free.

Lincoln's Inn Library. Law library. Special permission from two Masters of the Bench. New Hall, Lincoln's Inn.

Linnæan Society. Botanical Library. Burlington House, Piccadilly. Free, on application by letter to the Secretary.

London Institution, Finsbury Circus, Moorfields. A library consisting of upwards of 60,000 volumes, particularly rich in topographical works. Apply to Secretary.

London Library, St. James' Square, W. This valuable institution, one of the most accessible and convenient in regard to its system of lending books of all the London libraries, is open to subscribers only.

Middle Temple. Law Library. Special permission from two Masters of the Bench; or apply to the Librarian, Middle Temple, Fleet Street.

Obstetrical Society's Library, 291, Regent Street, W. On application to Sub-Librarian.

Royal Academy of Arts. Valuable Art Library. Burlington House, Piccadilly. Special permission requisite. Apply to Librarian.

Royal Agricultural Society, 12, Hanover Square, W. On personal application.

Royal Asiatic Society, 22, Albemarle Street, W. On personal application.

Royal Astronomical Society, Burlington House, Piccadilly.

Royal College of Physicians. Valuable Medical Library. Application for permission to consult any of the works to be made to the Registrar, Pall Mall East.

Royal Institution, 21, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, S.W. Application to Librarian.

Royal United Service Institution. Valuable Military Library. Application to Secretary of the Institution, Whitehall Yard, S.W.

Sion College Library, Thames Embankment, Blackfriars. Sixty or seventy thousand volumes, chiefly works of divinity, but many very rare and curious. Admission may be had on personal application.

HOSPITALS AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

Among the familiar "sights" of London are the Hospitals and Charitable Institutions. Turn which way we may we are sure to be reminded of them, if not by actual view of the buildings themselves by some indication of their whereabouts. The most imposing edifice dedicated to the treatment of the sick poor, open to the eye of every one, stands on the southern Thames Embankment, opposite the Houses of Parliament. This is St. Thomas' Hospital, a large range of modern buildings on the separate plan. The original foundation dates from the days (if we mistake not) of Edward VI., and formed part of that youthful prince's comprehensive scheme for the relief of the London poor. St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in West Smithfield, which has a service of 710 beds, is the oldest and, on the whole, the most interesting hospital in London. It also belongs to Edward's scheme, though actually dating from long previous to his reign. The London Hospital, in the Whitechapel Road, has a service of 800 beds. Guys Hospital, St. Thomas' Street, Borough, has accommodation for 695 in-patients. Other important hospitals are St. George's, Hyde Park Corner (353 beds); King's College, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields (200 beds); Middlesex (300 beds); St. Mary's, Paddington (200 beds); Charing Cross (180 beds); Westminster, Broad Sanctuary, Westminster (200 beds); University College, Great Northern, West London, Metropolitan Free and the German Hospitals. Indeed, the hospitals, infirmaries, asylums and charitable institutions of London are so numerous and various, that it is impossible to give even a brief account of the more important here. A valuable guide to those who may be specially interested in this feature of Metropolitan London will be found in the "Charities Register and Digest," published for the Charity Organization Society, 15, Buckingham Street, Strand.



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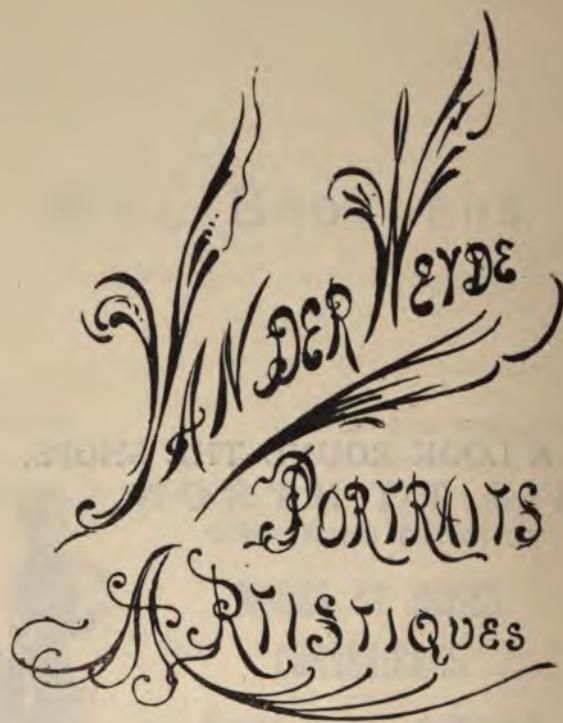
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THE SHOPS: INTRODUCTORY.



EIGHT years having elapsed since we first projected this section of our book; and experience having shown, that it is alike serviceable to our Readers (whose obliged, and obedient servant we ever remain), and to those for whom we have volunteered to

act herein, in some sort, as intermediary ; the time has come, we think, when we may safely dispense with our appeal to the Critics, heretofore in this chapter published, and proceed immediately to the business in hand.

Taking respectful leave, then, of the right Worshipful and most Honourable members of the Profession collectively, not unmindful of the several obligations under which we lie to many, for not a little kindly, and discriminating, notice of this our work, from time to time published in the Journals, the which kindly notices have, it may be admitted, in no small degree aided, and encouraged us in our present undertaking, let us turn-to once more and give our undivided attention to the Reader.

* * * * *

In this great world's Mart of ours, London of To-Day, it is no easy matter for a Stranger, purse in hand, unacquainted with its ways and localities, and desirous of trafficking in some fashion in its commodities, to pick his way among the crowd of buyers and merchants, and find for himself the very man and store he is in search of. That this is more readily done in the case of manufacturing and wholesale Firms, every one knows; for the transactions of these are restricted to, comparatively speaking, fewer customers; and those, too, generally well-acquainted with the name, address, and reputation of the particular House with which they propose to carry out their business.

But, as regards the Retailer, his case is different. His business lies with the general Public, and any enterprise, speciality, or superiority he discovers in his trade, must be brought directly to the knowledge and eye, not merely of some hundreds but of many thousands of possible customers : that is to say, if he hopes for a fair percentage of them to be attracted his way. And, *per contra*, it is less easy to find him in the great hurly-burly of clamorous competitors, than the staid wholesale merchant from whom he and his rivals in trade periodically draw each Season's supplies.

The eagerness to draw that "fair percentage" of buyers

various ways in London, is greater now than it ever before was. Moreover, the Shops of the great city cover many miles of streets north, south, east, west and central, not a few in West End London of very recent construction: so that even to a Londoner, long-time familiarised with the intricacies of the Town, it is not unfrequently a matter of some difficulty, to track down an old friend with whom he has been accustomed to deal in time past across the customary counter, for such things as he stands in need.

Our good and patient acquaintance, the Reader, must not suppose, however, that we are about to increase our labours and lessen his patience by adding a Commercial Directory of London to this section of our Handbook, already sufficiently bulky. Nothing of the kind is attempted in it. All that it professes to do, is to point out to the Uncommercial Traveller, the Visitor in fact, staying in or passing through London, the whereabouts and specialities of certain Shops at the West End, or elsewhere, of well-recognised reputation among innumerable competitors, and also, in the majority of cases, personally known to the Editor himself. His knowledge of London now extends over thirty years; and if that fact advances no claim for him to be considered somewhat familiar with its Streets, its Shops, its Fashions, and its Trade, he may as well drop the office of guide and seek some other, and perhaps more congenial and better appreciated, occupation.

The following pages are compiled chiefly for the use of the discriminating: the class of persons who having some whim, wish, fashion, or fad, whatever you will, to gratify, seek to gratify it with as little trouble as possible to themselves.

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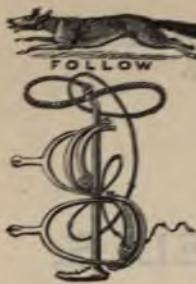
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AWARDS:

Gold Medal, Inventions Exhibition, 1885.
Gold Medal, Health Exhibition, 1884.
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International Exhibition, Boston, U.S.A.



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CHAPTER XLI.

SHOPS FOR LADIES: THE FASHIONABLE FIRMS.



'WERE it not for the Fashions, where should we all be?"
 Where would Trade be? Where would the great Professors of all the great London Dressmaking and Millinery establishments be? To what would Paris, Manchester, Wood Street, Cheapside, St. Paul's Churchyard, and similar sanctuaries of the Goddess, worshipped of women, turn their attention?

Fashion rules the world. It matters not who rules Fashion; though we have frequently put that "poser" to Readers of these pages. It is pretty evident to our mind that Fashion, as in matters

of law and courtly-etiquette, is mostly ruled by Precedent. We have repeatedly noticed, of late years, that the London fashions of our time, are but a revival or adaptation of London fashions of a time gone by. For example, the high rolled-shoulders of the ladies' jackets lately so conspicuous, are but a copy of similar parts of a most hideous coat worn by the "bucks" of Bond Street in the early years of the present century.

It happens that we own an interesting collection of old Fashion Plates of the period of George the Third and the Regency (with a Paris imprint, of course); and during the past ten years we have seen no inconsiderable number of those pertaining to ladies' costumes reproduced in the streets, at the theatres, or in the ball-rooms of London of To-Day: for walking and evening wear—dresses, cloaks, hats, bonnets, capes, boas and the rest; the most important exception perhaps being the "Tailor-made" dress so-called, so neat and admirable for women.

It has been truly said that in order to experience the real zest of being fashionable one must have been born unfashionable. Extremes meet. A fine flavour lurks in the surpassing of others when one's self has been surpassed. New fashions never originate among old families, and they are the last to be moved by the currents of change; but they do yield gradually to the innovations of the clever, audacious people who have pushed themselves up into circles in which they are at first disavowed, and which they end by governing. Society without *les nouveaux riches* tends to stagnation. It grows dull and dreary. Everything is taken too seriously, and when everybody and everything is highly proper and respectable, there is nothing to laugh at. Rich aspiring people, anxious to get on in the world and live with the best are a real blessing. They lavish their money on their houses, their furniture, *bric-à-brac* and pictures; they give costly feasts; they dress superbly; the secret dread in their hearts that they may fail in some nicety of etiquette makes them punctilious; and they are the most good-natured and obliging people in the World, hospitable to a fault.

It is for these people, who sometimes act by deputy in the arranging of dances, dinners and balls and the issuing of invitations, that Fashions are made and books of etiquette written. Some fancy of dress approved by some queen of society somewhere; some extravagance in furniture or decoration; some finical rule of good manners, is a sacred law to them. To drive solemnly about, leaving sheaves of cards at different houses, is a delightful occupation. The tasks, the thankless fatigues, of women familiar with Society from their childhood, are to them real pleasures. To entertain five hundred people, and have the list of notable persons present published in the morning papers (Oh, blessed Morning with all our names in type!), is a labour which finds the sweetest rewards.

London being the centre of the world's civilisation, in which, as it is needless to remark, Fashion fills an integrant and by no means inconsiderable part, its Temples are very freely distributed throughout the area of the great city. A cynic might, perhaps, be disposed to say that they are more numerous, frequented and popular than any other temples to be found within its limits. Regent Street, Bond Street and Piccadilly are almost wholly given over to them; Oxford Street will be found to comprise not a few; and in most of the thoroughfares westward, the most conspicuous and attractive buildings are those where Ladies congregate to pay their respects to the Sovereign Queen, and to make themselves acquainted with the decrees from time to time issued by her ambassadors, ministers and agents.

In brief, the Shops for Ladies comprise the principal part of the shops of London; and if you wish to see the best of these, and the latest novelties direct from Paris, go into Regent Street, Bond Street, Piccadilly and Oxford Street. Go to the establishment of Messrs. Lewis & Allenby, for example, in Regent Street, or to Messrs. Redmayne, or Russell & Allen, in Bond Street, or Messrs. Marshall & Snelgrove, in Oxford Street, or Messrs. Debenham & Freebody, in Wigmore Street. A mere glance at the windows of these several establishments will suffice to

assure you of the wealth of beautiful things to be found within, selected with infinite taste and care from the first factories in the world: silks, satins, velvets, brocades, laces, embroideries, ribbons flowers, shawls, etc., etc.

Lewis & Allenby (Conduit Street and Regent Street) are among the oldest-established Silk Mercers of London whose reputation has run for at least fifty years. A survey of their window, on the west side of London's most fashionable thoroughfare, cannot fail to discover much that is tasteful and attractive.

At the western end of Conduit Street, having adjoining premises in Bond Street, the house of Redmayne & Co. may be found, likewise long and favourably known to the grand dames of the grand world. Here you may inspect many novelties in the shape of costumes, ball, dinner, and bridesmaids' gowns, mantles, velvets, satins, lace, etc., and all other the necessary complements of ladies' attire. The opportunity will be afforded of choosing a gown from displayed models imported from Paris: and if you insist on what we, in newspaper phraseology, term "the exclusive right," why you may purchase that right, say in regard of some "perfectly lovely" dress of which any rival or other unworthy competitor would find it extremely difficult to find the duplicate in London. Thus for a stipulated sum you might enjoy the distinction of appearing at Ascot, in the Park, or at the Opera, or in the ball-rooms of Mayfair, without the apprehension of anywhere meeting a dress similar in design to your own: an undoubtedly privilege and one not to be under-estimated.

Messrs. Marshall & Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, is another firm of first-rate repute, having a large and fashionable *clientèle* among leaders of society.

In Wigmore Street, a few minutes' walk from the main thoroughfare of Oxford Street, turning down through Vere Street (westward from Regent Circus), is the extensive establishment of Debenham & Freebody, long-established, and favourably known as wholesale and retail mercers and drapers. The reputation of no firm in London stands higher. Its name has been



“THE OPPORTUNITY OF CHOOSING A GOWN FROM DISPLAYED MODELS FROM PARIS.”—AT REDMAYNE'S, NEW BOND STREET.

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familiar to Londoners for the best part of half a century. It deals in every article of ladies' dress that may be taken as comprised within the trade-designation of the firm: silk-mercery, dress-making, millinery, etc., etc.; and, like other of its competitors on a large scale, includes within its general business upholstery, decorative-work, art-furniture, and so on. The customers of this old-established house include many of the best families in the kingdom; and it has also a very considerable American connection which, seeing that American ladies are somewhat *exigeant*, and not too easily accommodated (our somewhat constrained and old-fashioned ways of transacting business across the counter not precisely according with the ways of New York and other American cities), bespeaks the desire of the firm to meet the requirements of every class of customers which honours them with its support. Debenham & Freebody's is one of the principal shopping resorts of London of To-Day, and may be commended to the notice of ladies as among the most reliable and likely in providing anything of which they stand in need,



from a grand dress for the Queen's "Drawing-room" to a simple suit of tweed for walking purposes; material in the piece or



material made-up; silks, satins, velvets, furs, shawls, hats, bonnets, ribbons, lace, linens, kerchiefs, embroideries, and the rest. A thoroughly trustworthy firm, Ladies, every way.

Not far from Debenham's, at No. 43, Wigmore Street, is *Donegal House*, the dépôt for Irish Industries, supervised by

Mrs. Ernest Hart. It makes a speciality of Irish homespuns, poplins, hosiery, lace, napery and household linen, handkerchiefs, embroideries; and is both ready and competent to undertake the best class of work in the way of trousseaux, layettes, and ladies' outfits for India and the Colonies. This establishment has received the direct patronage of the Queen, Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family, and has earned quite a reputation for Irish linen-goods.

By the way, why may we not incidentally here remind Americans passing through Dublin, homeward bound *en route* to Queenstown, of the whereabouts of R. Atkinson & Co. of Dublin, the well-known manufacturers of those charming dress-fabrics known as Irish Poplins, one of the most tasteful materials for women made. American ladies will find Atkinson's place at 31, College Green, Dublin. The firm, we find, has no agents in London.

By the way, we see that a trade journal devoted to the interests of warehousemen and drapers, has been expounding the Art of Shopping; mainly, however, from the shoppers' side of the counter. The great secret, it appears, is "to be cool, and never anything but cool." A lady of much experience in the art has been heard to say that there is no excitement or variety in shopping nowadays, nor room for the display of diplomatic tact. It is, she thinks, the system of *chiffres connus* (as the French say), the practice of exposing goods plainly priced, that has robbed shopping of its charm and pleasure. But we are told that there is still plenty of enjoyment to be got out of "a drapery expedition," provided the ideal lady shopper has no foolish compunction about giving trouble, and will cultivate a coolness of manner that overwhelms. As regards "giving trouble," the advice is, we are assured, altogether uncalled for. "Did you find what you wanted, dear?" one lady was overheard to ask another. "Yes," was the reply, "they had it in seven different shops." "Let me see it," said the first lady. "Oh! I didn't buy it," was the reply.

Of course there are many places in London where ready and

concerning attention will be found, and a just recompense in kind for the value of draft, or the contents of the little inner-pocket of a purse. There is Shoolbred's, for example, in Tottenham Court Road, one of the most popular of the general retail stores of London: for mercery, drapery, millinery, dressmaking, furnishing, provisions. There are Harvey, Nichols, & Co. of Knightsbridge; Gorringe, of Buckingham Palace Road; Wallis & Co., of Holborn Circus; Tarn of Newington Causeway; the *Bon Marché*, so-called, at Brixton; and, of course, Whiteley, of Westbourne Grove, the principal attraction of whose establishment is its vastness. For the privilege of moving about in this vast emporium of retail commerce, ladies will journey from the uttermost ends of London.

North of Hyde Park, on the east side of the Edgware Road (Nos. 150-153), a short distance from the familiar Marble Arch is the large retail establishment of Messrs. Garrould, arranged on the plan of Shoolbred's and similar places, where everything may be purchased in the way of ladies' dress, millinery, silks, satins, *Ungarle*, hosiery, bonnets, cloaks, jackets, boots, etc.; and every conceivable thing for the household in the shape of furniture, chinu, *brle-a-brac*, and so forth.

For "Mourning" (a depressing topic to touch upon, in this generally lively and careless work), there is no better authority in London than Jay of Regent Street—Jay's, whose unmournful *façade* sometimes shows so brilliantly in the rare sunlight of a May morning at the Oxford Circus end of the leading thoroughfare. We have seen some beautiful costumes displayed at Jay's during professional visits made to that establishment for purposes of this chapter: deep-mourning, half-mourning, quarter-mourning, one-eighth-of-an-inch mourning; lovely white-and-black; or violet-and-white; or pure white with rich bead-embroidery. On the whole, this is far and away the first establishment of its class for this description of ladies' dress to be found in London.

At the International Fur Store (Regent Street, No. 163), or at the lesser establishment on the east side of that thoroughfare,

under the same proprietorship, you may buy anything you require in the shape of Furs, from a 1,000-guinea coat or cloak, lined and faced with darkest Russian sable of finest quality, to a garment lined with gennet, black in colour and low in price. Midway between the two, you may have a choice of ermine (now again in vogue), astrakhan, seal-skin, silver fox, mink, beaver, bear, Thibet-goat: seal-skin to our mind, well-dyed, well-chosen and well-fitting, most becoming of all.

Few things need a greater exercise of discretion, we are told, than the purchase of a garment in seal-skin. One that may look infinitely desirable at a low price will probably prove to be made of pieces, the fag-ends of whole skins. The second winter will show up its fragmentary character in a way that is certain to disgust the purchaser. It is impossible to detect the substitution of pieces for whole skins, since the jackets are never seen unlined, so that the joins are never visible. The only safe plan, for the unskilled in furs, is to place themselves in the hands of a good firm such as we name with a character to lose; and it may be taken for granted that the International Fur Stores is not to be lightly trafficked with, that way.

Mr. Cook's (Oxford Street, 148) is an old-established business in the same line.

Shawls being in some respects akin to furs, at all events as regards relative cost and usefulness, we may conveniently call attention to the place of Messrs. Farmer & Rogers (now under direction of Messrs. George Gulley & Co.: the former many years the firm's London representative),



whose speciality lies in Indian Shawls. Here, if you will, you may buy Cashmere shawls of superb quality; shawls of Dacca manufacture; Rampore Chuddas; Indian, Tusseh and Corah silks, and Melida cloth for dresses; Dacca muslin; China crape shawls, and embroideries, and Eastern productions for dress purposes of all kinds.

Garrard's, in the Haymarket, are the great silversmiths and jewellers of London. Theirs is the place where Royalty, aristocracy, and the very wealthy go to make their choicer selections for birthday and wedding commemorations; and we should say that, for grand services of plate, race and yachting cups, etc., they stand supreme in England. This firm has been goldsmiths and jewellers to the Crown for fifty years, and a very interesting account might be written of its history. Elkington's collection, Regent Street, is also a very instructive exhibition; as also is Lambert's, Coventry Street, hereinafter referred to.

Some very pretty and tasteful things in the way of jewelry may also be seen at Mr. George Edward's, 62, Piccadilly, at the corner of Albemarle Street; and for what our recommendation may herein be worth, he has it, as at once courteous, obliging and ever-ready to render any civility to strangers. Originally of Glasgow, and later of Poultry within the confines of London city, Mr. George Edward has been long and favourably known in his branch of trade; and there are few matters connected with it, in which he is not an expert. Visitors at Brown's, St. George's and the Burlington, and adjacent hotels of the Piccadilly and Bond Street *locale*, will find his place conveniently near.

Lace, the most delicate and elaborate of textile fabrics—"real lace"—has always been a luxury coveted amongst women. An important branch of civilised industry, "machine-made lace," has now reached so great a perfection that many are content with this, in place of the expensive old kinds, which used to be a necessary part of a lady's wardrobe. Those who still desire to have the triumphs of old design and taste, may obtain fine old

lace of every kind from Blackborne, 35A, South Audley Street; and of Hayward's of Oxford Street: Irish lace at 43, Wigmore Street (Donegal House).

It is unnecessary to say that, in a capital where Fashion's votaries are so numerous and wealthy, there is abundant opportunity for gratifying every personal taste, caprice, or whim in respect of style, make and material. You may simply copy the fashion, or you may succeed by a little ingenuity in leading it. If you are modestly content to follow, you may have your wants supplied at any one of a score of different shops open to the eye in any leading thoroughfare. If you are a little more ambitious and propose to lead, you might, perhaps, take counsel of some one or other of the Leading Dressmakers — Kate Reily, for example, of 11 and 12 Dover Street; or Miss Helen Metcalfe, of 11 Hanover Square; Mrs. Mason, of New Burlington Street; or Miss Viney, of Holles Street; who are somewhat reserved in displaying dresses of their invention.

Why, by the way, lady-traders should be at so much pains to conceal that which (as one might suppose) the astute merchant would do his utmost to proclaim to the world—his particular art, craft, mystery, or calling, namely; and his personal proficiency in either or each—this is one of those little curiosities of present-day London retail trading which baffles dissection with our blunt-pointed pen. This business, however, is none of ours.



Each one knows his own best, ourselves included; so let's proceed.

Among the many establishments at the West End of the town, opened by a lady for the behoof of ladies, is Madame Kate Reily's, of Dover Street aforesaid (Nos. 11 and 12). Her establishment on the east side of the street, noticeable from without for its modern facement of red-brick, and general architectural neatness, in respect of its internal economy, is very thoroughly looked after. Madame Reily herself supervises every detail of the management, and it is satisfactory to record that her work-people have the advantage of her personal oversight, which, judging from what we have seen of the Dover Street establishment, must be productive of beneficial results in the way of comfort and wholesome conditions of work for her *employés*. Considering the conditions under which some trades are to-day carried on, this is a point worth noting, and should appeal to the practical sympathy of women. Dress-making is a fatiguing labour at best; and it is well to know that is pursued under the most favourable conditions at Kate Reily's establishment.

The results we have been taught to expect in the "ladies for ladies" scheme, to-day not uncommon in London are,—a nicer discrimination in the matter of dresses, robes and gowns; a more pronounced "personality" in their selection (by which we suppose is intended the adaptation of the style to the individual); and less dependence upon Fashion, simply because Fashion happens to have the upper hand. Very excellent ends to be attained.

One purpose in going to the Dover Street establishment (if you are in New York you will find its counterpart in Fifth Avenue, 277, or in Chicago, at 1305 Michigan Avenue, is to be advised. The fashions are all here direct from Paris—the materials, the satins, the silks, the laces and embroideries; and of course the Lady-principal herself. What is it to be? This dress is for the Drawing-room; that for a ball at my Lady So-and-So's; the other is to figure on the lawn at Ascot; a fourth is of the colour and fashion of a dress worn by a beautiful and exalted personage



AFTERNOON SHOPPING IN REGENT STREET.

at the last garden-party at Marlborough House; a fifth forms part of the *trousseau* of an American *belle* presently to be led to what we were wont to call "the hymeneal altar," say in the dingy, yellowy, old church in Hanover Square—a very beautiful display that only a lady's pen might do justice to. With you, it is all a matter of present requirements and of money. With Madame Kate Reily it is all a matter of style, of finish, and of effect; albeit the incidental pecuniary consideration will be taken due account of in the negotiation. This lady-dressmaker is of the first reputation in London.

Madame White and Madame Elise, of Regent Street (under Madame Rita's skilful management, a name assumed by a dame well known in society, Mrs. Heron-Maxwell); Nicole; Madame Oliver Holmes; and Worth & Co., of New Bond Street (134); are not indifferent to the advantage of publishing their several vocations to the world at large. Their shop-windows are set-out in the usual way with tempting examples of costumes, gowns, embroideries, laces, and so on, of the latest and most approved style: Worth's displaying evidences of the nicest discrimination.

Those, however, who are imbued with, what is said to be, the supreme feminine passion, thrift, will not have recourse to the Leading Dressmakers. Each of these has some well-recognised distinctive merit; but the style of their establishments, their expensive models, and the number of their *employés*, put cheapness out of the question; except in so far, that the best articles are generally allowed to be the cheaper in the long run. If a Court dress is required, or a dinner- or day-gown "out of the common," as ladies say, perfectly finished, and of the newest fashion and materials, the purchaser should not hesitate, but go to some one of the best Dressmakers or leading West End firms; presupposing, however, that she is prepared to pay for the fit, style and finish she may rely upon obtaining.

Madame Swaebe, of New Burlington Street (9), has extensive show-rooms. In the course of the Season every novelty in Court, Wedding, Evening, and Morning Gowns are to be seen here,

prepared not only for dwellers in England, but for Americans and sojourners in India and our many colonial possessions, where this lady has established an unrivalled reputation.

It is to Hamilton & Co. of Regent Street, we are told, that ladies go for those triumphs of needlework, smocked frocks and smocked tea-gowns. But it is by no means only in so-called artistic dresses that the firm excel. A French dressmaker ensures good fit; and some of the most beautiful materials with which Morris's name and those of leading French firms are associated, have been made up here into gowns.

Madame Kenvin, in William Street; Madame Dust, in Brook Street; Miss Durrant and Madame Marie Carroll, in New Bond Street; Madame Festa, in Carlos Street; Madame Cécile, in Devonshire Street; Madame Maynier, in Wigmore Street; Madame Boubong, in Conduit Street; Madame Durand, in Orchard Street; Mrs. Stuart, of Somerset Street; Miss Ellis, of Queen Anne Street; and Miss Kates, of Hinde Street, come under the classification of leading Chamber Dressmakers. These all have customers among women in what is known as "the very best society." Madame Antonine, Court Dressmaker, of 21, Brook Street, who shows excellent taste, should also be named.

Cresser, in George Street, Hanover Square; G. Sykes, 24, Hanover Square, who has a reputation for tailor-made gowns, jackets and ulsters, Colonial outfits, visiting- and evening-gowns, *trousseaux*, etc.; and Whittingham & Humphrey, in Cromwell Place, are among the many firms where men devote their energies to the fashioning of women's dress.

In the department of Millinery, women of rank are found ready to traffic; and what more dainty occupation for any woman? Kerr, in Duke Street; and Regy, in Baker Street, are names in which well-known women of fashion carry on Millinery establishments without any effort to conceal their own. They have hitherto managed to secure the latest novelties as quickly as, if not quicker than, those long established in the trade; and their *customers* have the advantage of knowing that they not only

possess the taste of a highly-cultivated lady, but from their social rank must be cognisant of what is worn by those, who, if they do not make the fashions, decide in their own persons what is "good form." Madame Le Breton, Wigmore Street; Mrs. Courtenay, Oxford Street,—are other gentlewomen of good family and position similarly occupied. Madame Lili, another star in the fashionable world, pursues the same calling in Grafton Street with success.

Mrs. Edwards', of Hobart Place, is one of many private millinery businesses patronised by well-dressed people. Among the leading shops where bonnets and hats are sold are Brown's, in Bond Street. They have a style of their own, and "quite English, you know"; in which respects their hats find much favour with the smartest people of the day. Brandon, whose inspirations hail principally from Paris, has an establishment in Oxford Street which is worth the notice of all ladies who desire to appear in the mode. Mrs. Phoebe Smyth, of Regent and Bond Streets; Madame Gautier; Asser, of the Burlington Arcade; are to be named as noteworthy among such shops for ladies.

For ladies' gloves, Frederick Penberthy, of 390, Oxford Street, has a reputation. As a good deal of discrimination is shown to-day in their selection and costume-adaptability, and the matter of their fit is become a nice point with most ladies who bestow attention upon dress (and what lady of to-day does not?), it may be found useful to note the address of one, among others in London, who gives special attention to this sweet article of commerce.

There is a pretty verse of Ben Jonson's, by the way, familiar, doubtless, to gentlemen who, in the manner of his late Majesty George IV., treasure these reminiscences of ballrooms, balconies, and other eligible places of seclusion, which might suggest the generous replacement of a borrowed glove, by a dozen of Mr. Penberthy's very best Paris six-button kid, deftly laid in a box, duly inscribed and perfumed. The verse and the

borrowed glove might lie on the top ; then who knows what might happen ?

For dresses for walking purposes, Redfern of Conduit and Bond Streets (with branch houses at the yachting-station of Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, at Paris, and in New York), has probably the first reputation in England. At all events, he may fairly claim to be the originator of the "Tailor-made" dress for women : and he deserves generous praise for the design, for there is hardly an example of women's costume worn, more sensible in its method or pleasing in its appearance. Unlike most other fashions, it has now held its own for years : the fact being that no dressmaker in the world ever succeeded in improving upon the natural *contour* of the figure of a young and graceful woman. And even for ladies no longer young or graceful, these tailor-made dresses are far more slightly and pleasing to the eye, than huge bundles of draped silk or satin ; if women would but believe that *ces messieurs*, their natural enemies but honestest and most impartial critics, thought thus.

For Ladies' Riding-habits, there is no firm more favourably known than that of E. Tautz & Sons, of 485, Oxford Street (south side towards, and not far from, Hyde Park). It has long maintained a high reputation for everything of account among gentlemen in the hunting-field and military men : as breeches, coats, boots, leggings, over-alls, cavalry pantaloons, knickerbocker breeches and so forth. There is a Department attached to its larger establishment, where a lady measurer and fitter is employed, whose particular business it is to wait upon lady-patrons. This firm has, for many years past, devoted its sole attention to this special branch of trade ; and in it has few equals in England. Whitaker (of Conduit Street, 43) ; has also a first-rate reputation for ladies' habits.

Apropos of such costumes last season the firm of Wolmershausen, 24, Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, brought out a very pretty riding-habit, cut after the Newmarket shape, but adapted to the saddle. This habit is very becoming, as it takes off the

severe outline of the figure, which is unavoidably noticeable in the short cut habits ; and, in addition to this advantage, it is much warmer. At 24, Half Moon Street, ladies will find every convenience and comfort in fitting-on. The ladies' department is under the personal superintendence of Miss Wolmershausen, who shows excellent judgment and taste in everything pertaining to dress for women. This, a lady correspondent informs us, is the original firm of Wolmershausen, unconnected with any similar firm in London or elsewhere.

There are other makers of men's clothes who are proud to cater for the fair sex: Busvine ; Smith ; and Smalpage (of Maddox Street); Macdougall (of Sackville Street, 42); Fisher (of Regent Street); Hulbert Beach (of Sloane Street); whose gowns and cloaks put in an appearance at most of the fashionable gatherings in London, and the smartest house parties in the country.

At 13, George Street, Hanover Square, is the Ladies' Department of Mr. J. W. Doré's business, a place where all the more recent fashions in the shape of Habit-cloths, coatings, and "Tweeds" for ladies' gowns, jackets, coats, and ulsters may be inspected. His is among those leading houses at the West End which make a speciality of tailor-made costumes. It devotes a good deal of attention to the business of following the fashions in that item of women's attire, discovering an excellent taste in "Tweed" dresses for travelling wear, and braided gowns in silver, gold, copper, bronze, etc. For coats, cloaks, "Ulsters," and such like necessaries of railroad and steamboat travelling, Doré's is a firm that may be confidently recommended. His prices too are fair and reasonable.

Samuel Brothers, of Ludgate Hill, have a popular reputation for certain classes of work, among which, ladies may be glad to know, boys' clothing is included. We write from experience when we say that we do not know of any place in London where boys may be "rigged out" more economically or expeditiously. They also have a large general business as outfitters, in which is included a department for ladies' jackets, coats, riding-habits, etc.

For under-linen of the best kind, Mrs. Jane Mason (the firm now carried on under the auspices of Messrs. Marshall & Snelgrove); Blackborne, of South Audley Street; Mrs. Marsh, in Sloane Street; and Edmonds & Orr, of Wigmore Street,—are among the leading providers.

To know where to buy good and neat boots and shoes is another useful point of information. We cannot do better than advise ladies who wish to see the neatest and prettiest things in these necessaries of life and locomotion, to have recourse to Messrs. Hook, Knowles, & Co. (66 & 65, New Bond Street), who have the first reputation in their special line in London. They are largely patronised by American ladies, who next, perhaps, to the French, display the greatest taste in such matters.

Box, of 187, Regent Street, and H. Kelsey, 482, Oxford Street, are also in the front rank of their craft, patronised by persons of social distinction, who devote some attention to smartness in shoes and boots.

For Riding-hats, and such other examples of head-covering as Ladies affect, fashioned on those commonly worn by men, you will find Henry Heath's, 105-107-109, Oxford Street, a good place to go to. He is particularly enterprising in inventing and making the lightest and easiest hats for ladies' wear, in silk, velvet, cloth or felt.

Articles of dress made on hygienic principles are to be obtained of Mrs. Franks in Mortimer Street, W.; boneless stays, woollen under-garments, and dresses cut to prevent any undue pressure in any part of the frame, or any weight from the shoulders. "One of the most difficult questions to decide," a lady writes *adpropos*, "in choosing a new outfit of under-clothing (in this most uncertain climate), is, as to which is really the most suitable in manufacture and best adapted to wear, having regard to the constant changes of weather. After personal experience I have found there is no better material for under-wear than Cellular Clothing," as it is open in texture, light, and warm.



A Snow-Room: The Aesthetic GALLERY, 155, New Bond Street.

This clothing is well adapted for the weak, and those who require or prefer warmth without weight." The cellular clothing, it may be added, can be procured at 417, Oxford Street, "where every convenience is offered for the comfort of customers." Thus our fair correspondent.

For all the false tresses and necessary additions to the coiffure, Lichtenfeld of Great Castle Street; Bond, of Oxford Street; Duke and Rumball, of Old Bond Street; and Sobociński, of Sidney Place, Leicester Square, may be consulted. If the hair is needed to be dressed, singed, shampooed in addition, there are Truefitt, Douglas, Unwin & Albert, and others.

For perfumes a leading firm is that of Bailey, of Cockspur Street, near Charing Cross.

In Regent Street, Bond Street, and other thoroughfares, innumerable *articles de luxe* may be seen and bought. No lady-visitor will pass the establishments of Liberty & Co., of Regent Street, treasure-houses of fancy. English ladies owe a good deal to the enterprise of Liberty, who taught them how to decorate themselves, their children, halls, drawing-rooms, boudoirs, and bed-rooms, at a cost within the means of the most moderately-endowed housewife. Why, half our London suburban houses are furnished with advertisements of Liberty's enterprise! peacocks' feathers, coverlets, curtains, fans of every variety of hue and shape, *bric-à-brac* oddities of every kind; pretty and the reverse; Oriental mats, rugs, chairs, tables, tea-cups and -pots, and we know not what else. Our own modest drawing-room is replete with Liberty wares, so that personally we would fain occasionally find less restraint in moving hither and thither, albeit the eye is sufficiently satisfied, and every one doubtless save our own splenetic self.

The Æsthetic Gallery, 155, New Bond Street, is now a recognised centre in West End London, for the sale of artistic textile fabrics of Home manufacture. Mr. Goodyer was the first to take up and develop this branch of trade. Its success may be recognised by the way in which well-known leaders of fashion have been

led to further the idea. At the *Æsthetic* Gallery new and special manufactures are constantly being introduced which cannot, we are told, be obtained at other houses. Among the principal specialities exhibited here might be mentioned the made-up goods, including cushions, table covers and centres, lamp and candle shades, etc. No similar collection can be seen at any house, either in London or Paris. All the articles are made entirely by hand on the premises, by a specially trained staff of needle-women. Ladies can have their own material made up, and particular attention is given to matching the colours in old brocades and embroideries. At the time of the National Silk Exhibition in 1890, Mr. Goodyer was personally complimented by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, on the beauty of his fabrics. The visitor will generally find some charming examples of work, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese, Spanish, and French, which it would be difficult to match for richness of colour and excellence of design. Mr. Goodyer's tasteful collection is well worthy the inspection of the critical; and there are few places of the kind in London more likely to captivate ladies.

At A. Stephens & Co. (Regent Street, 322-326), will be found a very dainty exhibition of lovely "Art-stuffs," in which fine colourings and designs show conspicuous; suitable for Ball-gowns and evening-wear, alike for adult persons, and young people. Their taste, both in materials, and costumes, is generally admitted by leaders of the higher fashion to be unexceptionable. Mistress "Ardern Holt," one of the pseudonymous authorities of the well-known *Queen* newspaper, a lady who is good enough to advise us on many matters in this present chapter which we think likely to be of interest to our Readers, assures us that A. Stephens & Co., aforesaid, are not excelled anywhere for such "lovely stuffs," as tend to make the dresses of the Drawing-room, the Dinner-table, and the Ball-room, bright, charming, and effective.

By the like presents and from the same contributor we are reminded of the high reputation enjoyed by Duvelleroy, of Regent Street (167), for Fans, though we may honestly admit previous

knowledge of the fact. A most interesting, nay, delightful exhibition is his; comprising rare old treasures of the kind dating from the times when the Pompadour held sway, and including Fans of finest laces, carved, inlaid, painted, etc., of a more modern period.

For pretty things and useful things in the way of artistic needlework, you might try the Royal School of Art Needlework at South Kensington, having a *dépôt* on a smaller scale at No. 174, Regent Street. Its collection of novelties of every kind in this department of work is of first-rate merit; so indeed are its exhibits of tapestries.

For cambrics, damasks, linens and such like articles of the household, you might have recourse to the firm of Walpole Brothers, of 89, New Bond Street, well known as Belfast manufacturers for over a hundred years, with a branch establishment in Dublin. Here you may procure anything in the shape of Irish linens, and cambric handkerchiefs of the finest.

An alternative house in the same trade may be found at No. 130, New Bond Street, under the designation of the National Linen Company, which likewise makes a speciality of Irish household and table linen, sheetings, etc., and for which it also has an excellent reputation.

"The First establishment in the World," for children's clothing of every kind, is the claim fairly advanced by **Messrs. Swears & Wells**, of Regent Street (No. 192), to the notice of their patrons and the public at large. The unbiassed lady critic will concede the claim. They have for many years been distinguished by the direct patronage of the Royal Family, and many illustrious personages, as well at home as abroad; not excluding the leaders of New York and Boston society. For British hosiery and under-wear, shirts, under-linen, millinery, and so on; girls' and boys' London-made clothes of the latest approved fashions, outdoor costumes, indoor dresses, and the rest, **Swears & Wells** have long held a very high reputation.

For ladies', gentlemen's, and children's umbrellas, there is no

firm better known in London than Sangster & Co., of 140, Regent Street. They have long held the lead as manufacturers of these articles; and it would be difficult to find anywhere a more varied assortment than you will find here.

Gunter's are the great London cooks and confectioners whence come the feasts of princes and other exalted personages, the State dinners of Ministers, and no inconsiderable number of the fashionable Ball suppers of the London Season.

Messrs. Buszard & Co., 197, Oxford Street, have an almost world-wide reputation for wedding-cakes. A few years since it was rumoured that this old-time memorial of the wedding-day was in the way of being abolished. To judge from what we have seen of this well-known birthplace of so many cakes we should say that that exquisite token of bridehood is likely to survive to the end of time. Let the visitor walk within and judge for herself. Buszard's is a pleasant resting-place on a summer's afternoon, when ices are refreshing inducements to the weary; and the Firm itself may be recommended to all and sundry, as caterers of first-rate reputation for breakfasts, luncheons, dinners and suppers. This, as we have said elsewhere, is a capital Luncheon resort for Ladies. •

A noticeable shop in Regent Street (east side) is that of the American confectionery store, belonging to Mr. Fuller, of Buffalo, U.S.A. As might be expected, it attracts a large share of the patronage of ladies who love such delectable compounds as the Americans show so deft a hand in mixing. For dessert and supper purposes this American confectionery is not merely tempting to the taste, but effective in the way of buffet and table decoration.

The most noted *dépôt* for bouquets and table and ball decorations among the leaders of fashion is Mrs. Green's, in Crawford Street, W.

**11 & 12, Dover Street, Piccadilly,
AND AT
277, Fifth Avenue, New York,
AND
1305, Michigan Avenue, Chicago.**

MADAME KATE REILY.

**THE BEST HOUSE IN LONDON
FOR THE
LATEST FRENCH AND ORIGINAL ENGLISH FASHIONS,
IN
COSTUMES, MANTLES,
MILLINERY, LINGERIE, TROUSSEAUX,
AND LAYETTES.**

**SPECIALLY RENOWNED FOR COURT
TRAINs.**

Madame Reily is patronized by the cream of Society, and supplied a portion of the Trousseau of H.R.H. the DUCHESS OF FIFE.

A. STEPHENS & Co.

ART
FABRICS
FOR
DRESS
AND
DECORATION.

RARE COLOURS
AND
DESIGNS.

EASTERN
DYES.
PATTERNS
POST FREE.

Visitors to London are invited to inspect the large stock of really beautiful fabrics and interesting costumes shown by Messrs. A. STEPHENS & Co.

ARTISTIC
AND
FASHIONABLE
COSTUMES,
MANTLES,
AND
MILLINERY
FOR
LADIES
AND
CHILDREN.
FIT & STYLE
GUARANTEED.



ART
CATALOGUE,
WITH
DESIGNS
OF
DRESSES
POST FREE.

A. STEPHENS & Co.,
ART FABRIC WAREHOUSE,
322, 324, 326, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.,

NEAR THE LANGHAM HOTEL.

See page 394 in this book

THE NATIONAL LINEN CO.,

130, NEW BOND STREET, W. (Corner of Grosvenor Street.)

Established in 1845.

IRISH, SCOTCH AND BARNESLEY HOUSEHOLD LINENS
of every description, direct from the Looms.

HEMSTITCHED SHEETS AND PILLOW-CASES
in Irish Needlework.

The House is also noted for A SPECIAL MAKE of BLACK SILKS, which is guaranteed to wear.

HOSIERY IS KEPT IN THE BEST MAKES ONLY, AND SHETLAND GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY.

A NEW OUTFITTING DEPARTMENT has recently been added, in which French Novelties in Tea-gowns and Jackets, Ladies' and Children's Underclothing, Baby-linen, etc., are shown.

Patterns and Price Lists Post Free.

NATIONAL LINEN CO., 130, NEW BOND STREET, W.

Four Prize Medals (London and Paris) have been awarded to

MESSRS. ATLOFF & NORMAN,
69, NEW BOND STREET, W.

By Special Appointment to



H.R.H. The Princess of Wales.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hunting, Shooting, and Walking Boots and Shoes of all descriptions.

A good assortment of Evening Shoes kept ready; and Ladies' own materials made up at a few hours' notice for Plain or Fancy Dress.

Also the AMERICAN GOLD and SILVER Kid Shoes, ORIGINALLY INTRODUCED and MANUFACTURED by us.

Can be obtained at above address, and most West End Bootmakers, THE PATENT DESIDERATUM SHOE-LACE CLASP, the simplest and most effectual yet introduced. Sample Pair Post Free, Sixpence.

2 Prize Medals Paris, 1889; Grand Diploma of Honour, Edinburgh, 1890.

SAVE 50 PER CENT.

AND OBTAIN GENUINE LINEN GOODS BY WRITING

TO

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST,

FOR SAMPLES and PRICE LISTS (Post Free) of

Damask Table & House Linen.

Cambric Handkerchiefs.

Ladies' Hemstitched, from 2s. 11½d.; Gent's, 3s. 11d. doz.

Matchless Shirts.

Best Quality made, 35s. 6d. per half-dozen. (to measure 2s. extra).

Gent's Superfine Linen Collars.

4s. 11d. per doz.; CUFFS from 5s. 11d. doz.

Manufacturers by Special Appointments to Her Majesty the Queen and the Empress Frederick of Germany.



DONEGAL HOUSE, LONDON, W.

DONEGAL HOUSE, THE DEPOT FOR IRISH INDUSTRIES

AND OF THE
Donegal Industrial Fund,
43, WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.

SPECIALITIES.

"*Hygeia All-Wool Underwear.*"
"Hand-Sewn Underlinen."
"Hand and Heart Homespuns."
"Kells Art Embroideries."
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Irish Linens,
Irish Damasks,
Irish Tweeds,
Irish Friezes,
Irish Poplins,
Irish Hosiery,
Irish Linen
Handkerchiefs,
from 3s. per dozen.

Twelve Gold Medals and Highest
Awards in Six Years.

Write for Illustrated Catalogues
and Price Lists.

SHOPS FOR GENTLEMEN.

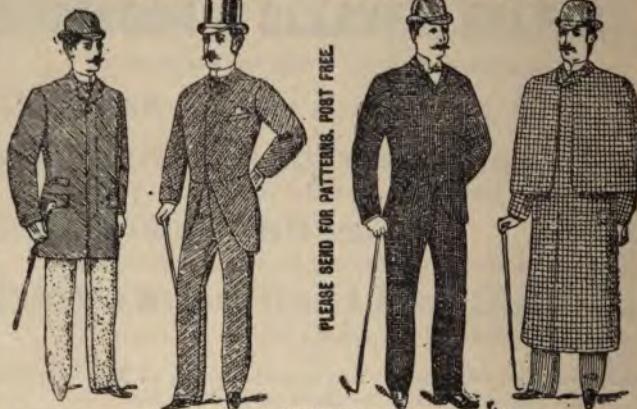
SPECIALITIES IN LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WATERPROOF GARMENTS.

JOHN PIGGOTT.

HINTS ON THE USE OF DUMB BELLS, INDIAN CLUBS, AND GYMNASTICS, FREE.

Please send for ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS, Rules of FOOTBALL,
CRICKET, TENNIS, and HOCKEY, FREE.

TAILORING DEPARTMENT.



PLEASE SEND FOR PATTERNS, POST FREE.

COVERT COAT. MORNING COAT SUIT. LOUNGE JACKET SUIT. TRAVELLING

(In all new materials,
21/- 25/- 30/-)

For Business.
Black Coat and Vest and
Colored Trousers, 46/-

In Scotch Tweeds, Homespuns
and Cheviots.
ULSTER,
With Cape, 50/-

JOHN PIGGOTT'S CELEBRATED 13/- TROUSERS.

EVERY GARMENT MADE TO ORDER. SEND FOR PATTERNS, POST FREE.

WATERPROOF BICYCLE COAT.

4/- 6/- each. Postage, 6d.
Do. Fouchon, 5/-, 7/-
Postage, 6d.

Do. Leggings, 5/-
Postage, 6d.

Do. Caps, 1/-
Postage, 2d.

Do. Saddle Covers, 1/-
Postage, 2d.



THE "JOHN PIGGOTT" WATERPROOF HOLDALL.

In Waterproof Fancy Tweeds, with 27 x 16. 30 x 16. 33 x 16. 36 x 16.

Osulite Pocket, long stiff handle, 14 x 6. 14 x 6. 14 x 6. 14 x 6.

and straps inside for Umbrellas. deep. deep. deep. deep.

A hand-made, strong article. 16/- 18/- 18/- 20/-

24/- 27/- 30/- 33/-

36/- 39/- 42/- 45/-

48/- 51/- 54/- 57/-

60/- 63/- 66/- 69/-

72/- 75/- 78/- 81/-

84/- 87/- 90/- 93/-

96/- 102/- 108/- 114/-

120/- 126/- 132/- 138/-

144/- 150/- 156/- 162/-

168/- 174/- 180/- 186/-

192/- 198/- 204/- 210/-

216/- 222/- 228/- 234/-

240/- 246/- 252/- 258/-

264/- 270/- 276/- 282/-

288/- 294/- 300/- 306/-

312/- 318/- 324/- 330/-

348/- 354/- 360/- 366/-

372/- 378/- 384/- 390/-

396/- 402/- 408/- 414/-

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CHAPTER XLII.

SHOPS FOR GENTLEMEN.



WE have heard it remarked that there are six principal ways in which a gentleman aims at Dressing well, according to which, namely, of the following objects he has in view:—

1. To be like the “best set.”
2. To appear “well off.”
3. To avoid remark.
4. To court remark.
5. To set off his figure to the best advantage.
6. To proclaim his favourite taste, as in athletics, horses, etc.

And for success in any of these aims, a man should first put himself under the following inquisition:—

1. Who am I ?
2. What's my age ?
3. Where am I going ?
4. What to do ?
5. What's the time of year, and day ?
6. What the weather ?

Upon due consideration of the answers to these questions, he may turn to and dress ; of course having first taken counsel of the appointed professors in the several schools, and fully furnished his wardrobe upon their advice, from their considerable resources.

Of Schools of Dress in London there is no end. There are the joint-schools, for example, of Savile Row, Conduit, Maddox, Bond, and St. James' Streets ; there is the school of Regent Street ; there are the schools of the Strand, Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill ; there are the accommodating, generally convenient and liberally endowed schools of the City ; and there are the minor "private-adventure" schools of the suburbs.

The undergraduate student may have his choice of any of these. The first are hardly for the poor man ; but if he can afford the necessary preliminary outlay, he is "cocksure" at least, of a "pass," possibly "honours" ; the second might be selected upon discriminating advice from some full-fledged graduate ; the third are inexpensive, but not altogether up to the best modern standards ; the fourth offers splendid opportunities with careful preliminary observation and inquiry (a friend on the Stock Exchange might prove an invaluable aid) ; the fifth are not to be depended upon, and are mostly weak in the way of illustrative capability.

We remember somewhere to have read that the "civilian" clothes of the German Emperor are made by a well-known firm in London (we propose, when leisure comes, to track that firm down) ; but that His Majesty distributes some of his favours this way equally at Berlin and Vienna. The grey top hat worn last year by the Emperor in England, we are pleased to be in a position to say, was made in London. The military uniforms of

the Emperor come mostly from the workshop of Robrecht, in Berlin. Every uniform is tried on, but all the civil clothing must be delivered and made to fit without this operation. It should not be very difficult for any one to ascertain to whom the first Gentleman in England generally makes his commands when dress is in question ; and were it not for the invidious criticism " the puff direct " is likely to give rise to, we might forthwith name the firm. Indeed, we might name several London firms distinguished by the patronage of Princes ; but to do so would only favour " copying," a method we are averse to. A gentleman must pursue his studies step by step. There is no royal road to the art of dressing well. It is only mastered by continuous personal application, and by a careful attention to the styles.

We may however offer a few general directions for the guidance of the hopeful student who comes to London to seek his degree in Dress.

Let him remember that dressiness is to dress what staginess is to the stage ; it defeats its own end. Follow the fashion ; but at a respectful distance. Keep your eyes about you, and note the manner of " the Row," especially in the Season. Restrict your original researches to the West End of the town. Be wary of the too-captivating contents of a tailor's window. Choose your material with deliberation ; and only after allowing full weight to the incidental critical comments and suggestions of the professor. Let the learned gentleman talk, and do you profit by his observations. Never fear of appearing too fastidious in the department of " trying-on." A somewhat exacting pupil shows promise.

To come to details : In the matter of Coats, a silk-lining is a thing to be commended. It discovers an elegant taste, and is intimately connected with rank and riches. A nice sense of the fitness of the Trouser should be very carefully cultivated ; the cut and fashion of a gentleman's trousers are, we are disposed to think, of even greater importance than the style of his coat. Be very choice in the selection of your pattern ; and remember, he is a wise man who does not exaggerate the length of his own

leg. Dark material for a short and stout man; light material (if he will) for a long and thin man.

A gentleman cannot be too particular in the fashion of his Boots. The boots do, indeed, proclaim the man. "Show me a man's boots, and I will tell you what that man is." Has not Mr. Furniss described the personality of the House of Commons by means of a diagram of boots? The managing director of the basement department of a hotel can estimate to a sixpence the aggregate of his daily "tips" by a mere glance at the soles and uppers of the boots left outside bedroom doors for his collection. When he places the mark of his chalk upon a sole, he instinctively values the personal resources of its owner. You cannot be too discerning in the selection of your boots; and it is money well laid out to speculate in half a dozen good pairs by a good maker, each pair adapted to the occasion.

As for your Hat, let no consideration of mere personal comfort ever tempt you to appear in London in any other but the orthodox "silk-hat"—the "tall-hat" vulgarly so-called—when suitably dressed for the promenade. The low-crowned felt hat and short walking- or shooting- jacket if you will; but never the low-crowned felt hat and the frock coat. The low-crowned hat worn with the ill-balanced frock coat at once stamp the wearer as a "cad." Why? No one has yet been able authoritatively to determine; but the fact nevertheless remains, that the low-crowned hat is an article of dress to be cast aside immediately the frock coat is assumed.

As to Shirts, Scarves, Gloves, Handkerchiefs and Socks, a gentleman of taste cannot be too precise in making his selection. He should go to the very first authorities in London, among whom, Harborow of 15, Cockspur Street (near Charing Cross), "makers to the Royal Family," and all the *élite* of the town, rank as the chief, and who alone "keep touch" with the best styles. Second-rate authorities will land him in all manner of ill-judged purchases; the sixpenny necktie made up, for example; shirts at 5s. 6d. apiece (you cannot buy a shirt of fine linen for



"By the way, where do you get your Shirts?"

"From Harborow's—the best Shirt-makers in London."



5s. 6d.); silk and cotton handkerchiefs of the flimsiest; ill-cut gloves; scarves of the music-hall fashion; and socks that shed tears of crimson dye in summer weather.

In the matter of Jewellery, a gentleman of fashion can hardly wear too little. Very little of watch-chain; not too much of watch; never diamonds but in evening dress; only a small quantity of gold ring, and the plainer the better; no immodest bracelets, curb fashion, or in any fashion; a bashful show of scarf pin (a single stone preferable: an opal and diamonds on a black ground, or, better, a single pearl, say, illustrating one of Harborow's choicest scarfs); no trinkets, seals, conundrums of any kind.

Now for the professors of the Art of Dress in London, in the department of a gentleman's wardrobe. First and foremost there is Poole, whose lead however is less admitted now than formerly; and then we should be inclined to name Hill Brothers, of 3 & 4, Old Bond Street, of long-established repute among Army men, Naval men, all classes of men whose ideal in the way of Dress is of a high order, commanding respect among students of the *mode*.

Add to these our old friends, Whitaker & Co., of 43, Conduit Street, flourishing in their business, first-rate artists, well-up in all that is transpiring in the "best sets" of London, Boston and New York, capital cutters of coats, unfaltering in the method of the trouser, very discriminating in the selection of material of the choicest; capital fashioners of a gentleman's costume adapted (as he will) to the promenade, the road, the course, the cover, the field, or (principal consideration of all perhaps) the drawing-room. Mr. Whitaker, whom we have personally known for many years, and take leave to recommend, can advise you upon all the latest proprieties of dress, and turn you out in faultless style if you elect to consult him; and, withal, you will find Mr. Whitaker himself courteous and obliging, ever ready to communicate to a patron all that is transpiring in the West End world of Fashion in respect of patterns and style.

Nor should we omit to add the names of Smalpage & Son, of 41-43, Maddox Street, New Bond Street, of the first rank and reputation. Having likewise known this firm for above twenty years, and availed ourselves, from time to time, of its aid and advice, before perhaps we had so deeply studied the Philosophy of Clothes as is now the case ; we are the better able to commend it to the patronage of others. But the other day, during the dismal prevalence of the "influenza" epidemic we turned to Smalpage & Son for help. The result was a two-fold friend in the shape of a "coat-rug," which we found an admirable companion, whether walking the London streets, or travelling by rail. It may be made useful by all journeying by land or by water ; and is only one example among many of capital up-to-date clothes "turned-out" for a gentleman's advantage by our old friends of Maddox Street.

J. W. Doré's, Conduit Street (No. 25), is one of those convenient general trades in the business of tailoring, every way worthy the notice of the thrifty and discriminating—a place where you may find good choice of material, good "cut" and fashion, general attention, and withal the rendering of a fair bill. "A Fiver," Mr. Doré assures us nowadays, "pays for a good suit," presupposing no credit is sought and ready-money passes ; which is always the best and most economical way in ordering clothes. He is particularly good in material (tweeds, cheviots, home-spuns, etc., etc.), for travelling and country wear—knock-about suits, so to say, "ulsters," shooting, and overcoats, yachting-suits and the like ; while giving due attention to the passing caprices of Fashion as noticeable in "the Park," the Drawing-room, and so on. In the matter of the dress-coat he is allowed to be of authority, as well in adaptability of material as in nicety of finish. We all admire ourselves in dress-coats. The fact admitted, it is well to stand advertised of Mr. Doré's willingness to help us to admire ourselves more than ever. Joking aside, among those of West End Tailors, his establishment is by no means to be passed by.

Of other fashionable tailors of the West End of London the following may be considered a fairly representative list: Wolmershausen, of 48 and 49, Curzon Street, Mayfair, first-rate makers of gentlemen's and ladies' clothing, and much appreciated by leaders of Fashion; William Buckmaster & Co., 3, New Burlington Street; Cutler & Reed, 24, 25, St. James' Street; Davis, of Waterloo Place; Kerslake, of Hanover Street. At either of these establishments the visitor may be sure of being turned out "one of the best-dressed men in London," if that should be an object of his ambition. As for prices, a ten-pound note will carry a man a long way in securing a suit of clothes made in the latest fashion.

Those journeying Citywards, or having avocations in the City, will find Woodman & Bailey, of London Wall (No. 43), a noticeable building on the right side, three or four doors east of Moorgate Street, deserving notice. They have a numerous and influential *clientèle* among stockbrokers and merchants of the City, and we need hardly remind the reader that such gentlemen do not undervalue the advantage of being well-dressed before the world. Woodman & Bailey's advertisement is to be found elsewhere; but we may add, that their business is very fairly carried on. The firm gives its customers the full advantage their ready-money merits. They choose their cloth, they see its price marked in plain figures, they give their order, and, on its completion, they get 10 per cent. discount on payment of their account. And what is more, the cloths, cut, and make of this firm are very good indeed.

An American friend of long standing speaks highly of Mr. Hagelmann of Argyll Street, near Regent Circus, as a maker of "very durable and fashionable clothing," such as all of us are glad to possess, whether with well-filled or ill-provided purses.

The foregoing addresses allow of ample latitude in the selection of your tailor. We might publish a thousand more; but an extension of the list would only perplex the reader, who, if he cannot make up his mind may, for purposes of selection, turn to the

pages of the Post Office London Directory, or walk through any of London's streets.

Messrs. Harborow's, of Cockspur Street (No. 15), as we have heretofore noted, may be recommended as one of the leading shops in West End London for shirts, collars, handkerchiefs, scarves, gloves, and all other the necessary equipment of a gentleman in these particulars. It is extensively patronised by a class of well-dressed men, with whose appearance even the most fastidious and correct eye would find it difficult to detect a flaw. You will nowhere buy better things than they supply. They show excellent taste, and what they sell is thoroughly to be relied on. This is one of the oldest firms in London.

Its principal competitors are Beale & Inman, 131 & 132, New Bond Street; Capper & Waters, 26, Regent Street, Waterloo Place; Lodge & Oliver, 156, Regent Street; Henry Ludlam, 174, Piccadilly; Sampson & Co., 268 & 270, Oxford Street; Sandland & Crane, 55, Regent Street; Thresher & Glenny, of the Strand; and Wheeler, of the Poultry.

Hook, Knowles, & Co., 65, 66, New Bond Street (probably the first maker of ladies' boots in London); Thomas & Son, of St. James' Street; Dobbie, 198, Piccadilly; Hoby & Co., of Pall Mall; Lobb, of St. James' and Regent Streets; Osborne & Co., of 387, Oxford Street, good



makers and charging moderately—all first-rate manufacturers of English boots.

We may dismiss the subject of the Hat thus: If westward, by all means go to Mr. Herbert Johnson (son of the late managing partner of Lincoln, Bennett, & Co., and himself for seventeen years with that firm), who has his place at 45, New Bond Street. His father was one of the best known and appreciated of leading West End tradesmen; always courteous and obliging; and the son is no less so and every way deserving of your patronage. He is a most capable and painstaking professor in this department of Dress, and is credited with being one of the most successful.

In the other direction, eastward of Regent Circus, at Nos. 105-107-109, Oxford Street, you will find Henry Heath's larger establishment; a veritable magazine of Hats and various kindred parts of a gentleman's wardrobe, where every style of head-covering may be studied, and every whim of a purchaser is duly taken account of in the matter of fitting and adapting. A wise man will always have his hat made for him, and not purchase it ready-made. Heath's is a large manufactory of hats, and therefore at once admits of the most liberal order being readily completed.

In the "delicate" and costly matter of jewellery, we cannot but call to mind Mr. George Edward, of Piccadilly (corner of Albemarle Street), as a man of knowledge and excellent taste, fair dealing, and well known to many customers in London and the North: a gentleman who always has an attractive show of the prettiest things suitable alike for a gentleman or a lady.

Thus much on the essential parts of a Gentleman's dress, and the Shops known to us in London where he may be sure of being dealt with fairly and honestly if he takes his custom their way.

In respect of other matters, on which we have been from time to time consulted during the past six years, we venture our opinion with perhaps more diffidence. Still, if the Reader

ask for it, what can we do but give him the best within our experience?

For cigars, Fribourg & Treyer, of the Haymarket; Benson & Co., of 61, St. Paul's Churchyard; Benson & Hedges, of Old Bond Street; Carlin, of Regent Street; Grunebaum, of Old Bond Street, are among the best-known retailers. Mr. Benson, of 61, St. Paul's Churchyard, keeps a capital stock of the most popular brands.

Of Lunn & Co., Oxford Circus, all the paraphernalia of outdoor, and other, sports and games may be bought. Especially do they take note of every requirement in the now fashionable game of Golf, played on almost every available stretch of common-land around London. We are advised that Lunn & Co. are of first-rate repute in their particular line of business, and make note herein of their name and address accordingly.

At John Piggott's (117, Cheapside) you will find a huge store-house of almost everything, retailed on the "No credit" system; which in plain English means moderately or cheaply. It would be difficult to say in what John Piggott does not deal. His is a kind of "Store" now in London so known, where most things in the way of gentlemen's clothing may be had, ready-made or otherwise: coats, trousers, hats, boots, hosiery, umbrellas, waterproof and rubber goods; and bags, portmanteaus, articles of the toilette, cricket, football, and lawn-tennis requisites, colonial outfit, etc., etc. His illustrated catalogue is a publication worth looking through, alike by the economical, and those needing such things as we have enumerated "on the instant," as people say. Neither Ball-room tents, nor photographic apparatus come amiss to John Piggott, who is one of the more enterprising traders of London of To-Day.

If you want to purchase anything in the carriage line, it is hardly necessary to advise you to look through Long Acre.

For fur coats, rugs, and the like; or for a little present of Russian sable, black fox, or silver otter, or any other matter of dress in the same line, for wife, sister, cousin, or any one else,

you cannot do better than to go to 163-165, Regent Street, the International Store which every one knows.

For field-glasses, telescopes, opera-glasses, and optical instruments generally, there is Mr. Steward, Optician, of the Strand, long and favourably known to riflemen, sportsmen and others for his excellent field-glasses, etc.

For fishing-tackle, fishing-rods, and so on, there is the little shop in the Strand facing the Courts of Justice.—What is the name of the firm?—Bowness.

For guns, there are the well-known firms of Purdey & Son, of South Audley Street; Westley Richards, of Bond Street; Grant, of St. James' Street; Bland, of the Strand (corner of King William Street); and J. & W. Tolley, of Conduit Street. We believe Purdey has the first reputation in England.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT. (Regd.)

OETZMANN & CO.,

67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, & 79,

HAMPSTEAD ROAD, LONDON,

(Near Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station,)

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Illustrated Catalogue, the best Furnishing Guide extant, containing, "How I Furnished my House for £120," and other Articles on Artistic Furnishing, reprinted from *The Lady*, together with detailed description and prices of every item required in **COMPLETE HOUSE-FURNISHING**. Over 2,000 Illustrations. Post FREE ON APPLICATION.



HANDSOME INLAID WALNUT DAVENPORT.

Fitted for Stationery, and with Drawers at side, top lined leather, 58s. 6d.



HANDSOME WROUGHT-IRON TABLE LAMP, fitted with rich glass Container, best Duplex Extinguisher, Coloured Globe, &c., 38s. 6d.

OETZMANN & CO.,

Cabinet-makers, Upholsterers, Decorators and

Complete House Furnishers,

HAMPSTEAD ROAD

(Near Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station).

SHILLING CAB FARES from Charing Cross, Euston, King's Cross, St. Pancras and Waterloo Stations, Regent Street and Piccadilly Circus.

WOMEN IN GARDENING. THE
GARDENERS' COMPANION
FOR 1851.
BY
CHARLES J. HARRIS,
LONDON:
SOME OTHER
SHOPS OF NOTE.



YARDAGE, 30/-
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IRISH LINENS SUPPLIED IN LONDON

On precisely the same terms as in BELFAST, by

WALPOLE BROTHERS,

TRADE MARK



PURE
FLAX

WALPOLE BROTHERS,

Irish Linen and Damask Manufacturers,
89, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON;

BELFAST AND DUBLIN.

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1776.

Priced Catalogues, Samples, Estimates, etc., Post Free.

Crest, Monogram, or Coat of Arms Woven
into the Best Irish Damask Table Linen,

FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE,

BY

CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS—From 2/6 per doz.
DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS—2yds. sq. from 4/- each.
DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS—2½ " " 6/6
DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS—Larger sizes, at Proportionate Prices.

DAMASK BREAKFAST NAPKINS—From 3/6 per doz.
DAMASK DINNER NAPKINS—From 6/6 per doz.

HUCKABACK TOWELLING—From 7d. per yard.
LINEN SHEETING—3 yards wide, 1/6 " " " " " "

LINEN SHEETING—2½ " " 2/6 " " " "

LINEN SHEETING—3 " " 3/6 " " " "

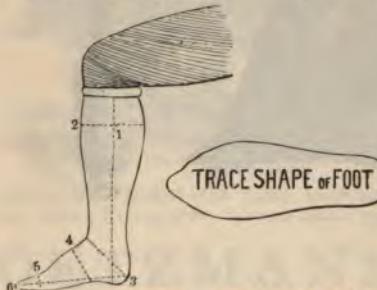
PILLOW LINEN—11d. per yard.

Crest, Monogram, or Coat of Arms Woven
into the Best Irish Damask Table Linen,

FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE,

BY

ROBERT DOBBIE, BOOT MAKER,



REFERENCE TO FIGURE FOR MEASURING.

INCS.

- 1 Length of Leg ...
- 2 Round the Calf ...
- 3 { Round the Heel
and Instep .. } ...
- 4 Round the Instep ..
- 5 { Round the Joints
of the Toes .. } ...
- 6 Length of the Foot ...

198, PICCADILLY, W.

All descriptions of Military, Naval and General Outfits executed.
LASTS SPECIALLY MADE FOR EACH CUSTOMER.

BOOTS WARRANTED NOT TO CREAK.

All kinds of Scotch Brogues, Highland Dress Sandal, Balbirnie, Golfing, Shooting
Hunting, Racing, Polo, Military Wellingtons and Military Regulation Boots.

TREES, SPURS, LEATHER CASES.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SOME OTHER SHOPS OF NOTE.

THERE are, as a matter of course, other things one may want in London besides articles of Dress. We might enumerate not a few within the compass of our own requirements ; but to gratify all his wants one must needs be possessed of more than a fair share of money. There is hardly a street in the West End of London that does not daily tempt to an opening of the purse, if prudence did not stay the hand. Regent Street alone might empty it every day for a year ; and leave nothing to expend on the innumerable attractions and novelties of Bond Street and Piccadilly, Oxford Street, and the adjacent streets westward. Wigmore and Orchard Streets, for example, make a very fascinating show of pretty things ; and even in the unfashionable district of Tottenham Court Road, much is exhibited to the wayfarer that he might be reasonably pardoned for desiring to possess. In Messrs. Shoolbred's establishment alone there is great temptation to the breaking of the commandment against covetousness. Who could pass Messrs. Elkington's shop in Regent Street, or Messrs. Lambert's in Coventry Street, or Messrs. Streeter's in Bond Street, without a longing eye at some one or other of the many beautiful and artistic examples of gold and silver work, by which each hopes to attract purchasers ?

It is impossible in a book of this kind to make note of every shop worthy the notice of the visitor to London. All its shops are deserving his attention ; if not as magazines of art, as examples of enterprise and industry, or respectable evidences of personal effort on the part of their several tenants, in the not too easy work of earning a livelihood in London of To-Day.

If we knew exactly on what particular point the visitor might require to be informed, we take leave to say that he might be met with our ready and personal service. We yield to none in the local and general information at our command respecting London, in the honesty with which we strive to retail it, or in our desire to render the Reader all the aid in our power, in return for the three shillings and sixpence he expends upon the purchase of this book. But since we cannot foresee all his possible requirements, we can but trust to the chance of aiding him, by a few hints gathered from our own knowledge and experience.

The visitor will find no better place in London for buying English furniture of the best workmanship, than Johnstone, Norman, & Co.'s, of 67, New Bond Street. They are manufacturers of the first reputation, and may be entirely relied upon in the execution of the most princely or the most modest commission. Their show-rooms exhibit some capital examples of English work in chairs, cabinets, tables, sideboards, etc., etc., and not a few excellent decorative designs and specimens of upholstery.

Other firms of the first rank in this line are Gillows, of Oxford Street; Collinson & Lock, of the same thoroughfare; Gregory & Co., of Regent Street; Hampton & Sons, of Pall Mall East; Morris & Co., of Queen Square, Bloomsbury.

In the line of what may be termed "General Furnishers" Oetzmann & Co., of Hampstead Road (67 to 79), a continuation northward of Tottenham Court Road, occupy a prominent position. We believe theirs is the largest "Proprietary" furnishing establishment in the world, as yet untouched by all-pervading limited liability. Oetzmann's exhibit a well-selected stock at more moderate prices than commonly rule at the west-end of the town. Though finding its larger share of general trade among the "middle" and "upper-middle" classes, so called, the Firm has done excellent and tasteful work in several hotels, clubs, and large mansions. This may be fairly recommended as one of the best of the large London furnishing stores appealing specially to

the economical tendencies of the householder. There are those who run astray in seeking "furniture on the hire-system"—a system which we believe to be in the long run of very doubtful economy to the hirer, and not always honestly carried on by some who practise it.

Wardour Street had once a reputation for old furniture; but we cannot say much for the reputation now. Some good bits of old furniture may occasionally be picked up at Litchfield's in Bruton Street, Bond Street, with other interesting matters of ornament.

Messrs. Farmer & Rogers' successors (Gulley & Co.), 117-119, Regent Street, have a most interesting Indian department, full of rare and beautiful things; Oriental embroideries, rugs, porcelain, bronzes, carvings, cabinets and curios of various kinds, carefully selected, and in some instances unique.



Liberty & Co., of Regent Street, are perhaps the most popular firm of London of To-Day, at all events with ladies. Their windows are fitted up with consummate taste, and comprise one of the attractions of the main thoroughfare. It is difficult to say what Liberty & Co. do not sell. Our houses are decorated with Liberty fabrics, or Liberty wares, of one kind or another. More than one fashion has originated with Liberty, which has outlived a season: their children's dresses, for example, than which few prettier have been designed.

They sell draperies, art fabrics, and curios of all kinds, collected from all parts of the world; carved Indian black-wood chairs, tables and flower-stands; Benares brass work; Japanese embroidered satins, and lacquer and enamel cabinets, bronze vases and ornaments and porcelain jars; Chinese carved work, porcelain and enamels; Arabian carpets, rugs, lamps; Turkish embroideries, jewellery and so forth. This place is, indeed, most captivating among the shops of London.

Every Londoner knows Mr. Lambert, of Coventry Street, the silversmith, who has a fine collection of antique ware, and a fine taste in its selection. The amateur of Church Plate, for example, will find much to interest him here. He may see some admirable examples of ancient designs, no less than of modern workmanship. Lambert's is one of the few London silversmiths whose shop-window is sure to arrest the attention of the passer-by. And we doubt not that Mr. Lambert would welcome him within, if he be curious in such matters as Corporation maces and plate, loving-cups, patens, cruets, chalices, silver christening basins, and so on.

Thornhill's, of New Bond Street, Barker of the same thoroughfare, and Leuchar's, of Piccadilly, are institutions of fashionable London—places where one may satisfy his (or her) taste, fancy or craving in the matter of *bric-a-brac* to the full, if one has the money.

Cremer, in Regent Street (210), is the principal dealer in children's toys, of which his establishment shows the best

collection in London. Lunn & Co., of Oxford Circus, is a good *depôt* for the purchase of out-door and in-door games' appliances—as for example, racket and lawn-tennis bats, golf clubs, and so on, for which they have a reputation, as much recognised by the thrifty as by those of ample means.

The china and glass galleries are among the attractive show-places of London. The great English china factories of to-day are—Minton's, which has familiarised us with gigantic decorative pieces for halls, and, in the way of tiles for staircases, for walls and floorings, and such perfect imitations of some of the master-pieces of bygone ages, that it requires the eye of a very well-trained connoisseur to distinguish them from the original; the factory at Worcester producing the most fashionable class of china just now; Copeland's (the successor of Spode), famous for its statuary in porcelain, or rather Parian, ironstone, and earthenware; the Wedgwood factory, recalling old associations with the name; and the Doulton, turning out, perhaps, the most original and distinctly English ware of any, and notable for its colouring. The factory at Lambeth well deserves a visit. It employs a number of lady artists, and there is a museum and library attached to the fine buildings, which are of a very ornamental character.

Among the best-known dealers in Glass and China in London are Goodes of South Audley Street, Phillips of Oxford Street, Oslers of the same thoroughfare, and Mortlock's of Orchard and Oxford Streets. Their several collections of these always charming accessories of the boudoir, the drawing-room, the dining, and breakfast rooms, are, for artistic excellence and variety, not excelled by those of any firms in London.

Mr. Henry J. Allen, of 24, Jermyn Street, has a charming little *depôt* for china, collected with excellent taste and care. He has some beautiful examples of Dresden, Sèvres, Vienna, Danish, Coburg and English ware, in the shape of candelabra, clocks, figures and vases, well-deserving the attention of the collector, or any one looking around London for a few pieces to carry

home as presents. We have seen many "a lovely little bit" in Mr. Allen's store, and we commend it to the notice of the collector.

The picture shops and galleries afford a pleasant retreat from the bustle and confusion, and sometimes, truth compels us to add, the dreariness, of London streets. Be the day never so gloomy and cheerless out of doors, one may always find brightness and entertainment within in looking over their treasures.

Assuredly, there is no lack of choice of such places in London of To-Day. The galleries of Messrs. Boussod-Valadon & Co. (Nos. 116, 117), New Bond Street, will transport the visitor to continental cities and scenes; at those of Messrs. Dowdeswell (No. 160) he will find himself for the most part occupied with glimpses of English scenery and English life. At the galleries of the Fine Art Society (148), New Bond Street, exhibitions are periodically held, mostly of the works of modern painters. There is Mr. Agnew not far away, who usually has on exhibition during the Season one or two pictures of exceptional merit; and the Continental Gallery (157), New Bond Street, with some noteworthy examples by Norwegian, German and French painters, and specimens of porcelain. At the French Gallery (120), Pall Mall, of the Messrs. Wallis, an interesting assemblage of works by continental painters is to be seen during the season. Mr. McLean, in the Haymarket (No. 7), is a well-known collector of the works of modern English artists. Mr. Tooth, his near neighbour, is also well known in the picture trade; and Mr. Obach, of Cockspur Street, has a fine collection of engravings.

Messrs. Colnaghi, of Pall Mall East, devote most space to examples of the old masters of engraving. Mr. Graves, of Pall Mall (6), sells the best examples of the modern school. Mr. Lefèvre (1A), King Street, St. James' Square, another well-known London printseller, also shows favour to the work of *living artists*. We should judge that there is no more com-





A POPULAR CORNER OF REGENT STREET: THE LONDON
STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY'S WEST-END PREMISES.

petent authority on the subject of engravings, old or new, than Mrs. Noseda of the Strand (No. 109). One never passes her place without seeing in the window two or more that deserve a frame of durable oak or lustrous ebony, and a place of honour in the library of the collector.

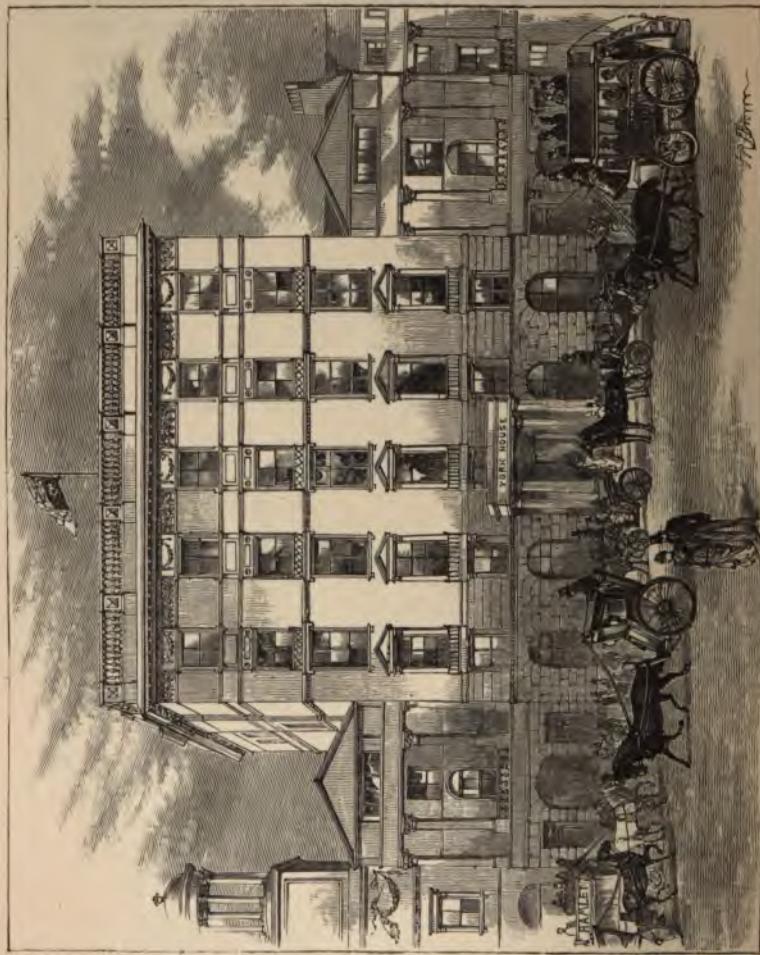
There is one attraction of the London streets which we should not fail to notice. In many of the shop-windows (those of the handsomely built frontage of the London Stereoscopic Company, 106 & 108, Regent Street, most conspicuous of all) are to be seen photographic views of picturesque places and scenes, and portraits of the more distinguished persons of the day.

Visitors interested in Photography, and amateurs of the art, cannot do better than pay a visit to this establishment, the contents of which comprise one of the most attractive exhibitions open to the public. The several suites of rooms, rising to five floors, connected by a lift, and comprising reception-, dressing- and instruction-rooms, studios and the like, are of fine proportions, and handsomely furnished in the modern style. Innumerable examples of photography, portraiture, landscape, interiors, etc., may be studied on the walls; and the amateur may occupy himself with the facilities the company provide for the practice of his art. These are sufficiently liberal, including dark-rooms lighted by electricity, and combining all the more modern improvements for developing negatives. For the use of these facilities the Manager informs us no charge is made; and such as become purchasers of the company's apparatus may be made proficient in its use in a few lessons and without additional charge.

Seeing that Amateur Photography has now become the fashionable amusement—nearly all the members of our Royal Family are experts in it, and the Emperor of Germany seldom, we are told, travels without his camera—it may be useful to the reader to know whereabouts in London he may find instruction in the art, and study the best examples of professionals and

amateurs alike, and watch if he will the methods of both. Nowhere will he find more favourable opportunity of doing so than at the London Stereoscopic Company's place in Regent Street. Its several departments are the completest of their kind in Europe; and every variety of Photographic Work is to be found exhibited within; and not a little also to interest the by-passers may be seen from without.

“ THE STORES.



THE JUNIOR ARMY AND NAVY STORES, YORK HOUSE, REGENT STREET.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE STORES.



NO one to whom London is familiar can be unfamiliar with the "Stores," those well-known establishments in Westminster, in the Haymarket, in Regent Street, and in the City, where no small part of the general retail trade of London is daily transacted.

Originally started on co-operative principles, some thirty years ago, by a few economical officials of the Post Office, the "Stores" have long ceased to have any real connection with the co-operative system, as understood by the Rochdale Pioneers and Mr. George Jacob Holyoake and his friends; and are neither more nor less than large, general trading establishments, formed on

"limited liability" lines, governed by a directorate and responsible heads of departments, but offering facilities of buying, not merely to duly-qualified shareholders, but to all who, by the purchase of a half-crown ticket (not a very difficult operation) constitute themselves members of such stores.

Theoretically, none but officers and retired officers of the navy and army, and civil servants, and ex-civil servants, their widows, sons, daughters, and relatives, are supposed to deal at the "Service Stores," originally started for their benefit; but every one knows that, in practice, it is not impossible to extend such qualification, so as to include an almost indefinite number of the friends of "relatives," which elasticity of qualification brings these establishments within the extensive limits of open trading.

London, however, is so vast in itself; its ordinary residents and periodical visitors number so many millions of people, and the tendency of to-day is so entirely in the direction of amalgamating businesses, so as to bring them together under one roof and under one responsible management, that, after all, the Stores are but following the fashion of the times, and if they do attract no inconsiderable share of public patronage, there is still amply sufficient left to satisfy the just expectations of such large firms as Shoolbred, Debenham & Freebody, Marshall & Snelgrove, Lewis & Allenby, Liberty, Whiteley, Maple, Tarn & Co., Peter Robinson, and others that might easily be named.

In the initial stages of their history the Service Stores met with strenuous opposition from the West End London traders; mainly on the ground that those employed by the State had no right to engage in business outside their ordinary daily occupation. The State, it was insisted, paid its servants sufficiently well; and it was unfair that they should be allowed to compete with those whose profits are taxed to help pay (among other national liabilities) the salaries of Government officials.

Time has softened the asperities of this one-time famous feud, in the settlement of which the aid of Parliament was once invoked, but to no purpose. The Stores are no longer a novelty,

and ordinary retail traders have found a way, if not of lessening the serious competition to which they are subjected, at all events of meeting it by greater enterprise on their part, and by the lowering of prices, which their former prejudicial system of long credits to customers rendered impossible.

Into the merits of the case on either side it would be uninteresting now to enter. One of Lord Chesterfield's "Axioms in Trade" is "that all monopolies are destructive of trade." But neither of the Stores can, or do, claim anything approaching a monopoly, even in respect of the custom of those for whose especial benefit they were originally founded.

For certain articles of every-day domestic consumption, as, for example, groceries, and wines and spirits, the Service Stores may unquestionably command a very large sale, and not restricted solely, as we have hinted, to their own members. But in materials and articles of Dress for ladies and gentlemen both, furniture, upholstery, and other departments of trade that might be enumerated, the ordinary retail establishments of London—such as Lewis & Allenby's, Debenham & Freebody's, Marshall & Snelgrove's, Liberty's, Shoolbred's, Maple's, Whiteley's, Wallis's, Tarn & Co.'s, and similar well-known firms—more than hold their own. The Stores enter into no competition with such businesses as Poole's, Whitaker & Co., Hill Brothers, Cutler & Reed, Tautz, Harborow and Doré, for gentlemen's dress,—simply because



such firms give more attention than the Stores could afford to give to the personal requirements and whims of fashionable customers. The Service Stores have seriously affected the once very profitable business of the old-established naval and military outfitters of London; but most other tailoring and outfitting firms they have left untouched.

Still, it must be admitted that the Stores have a very powerful fascination for no inconsiderable section of those daily engaged in Shopping. So far as our experience warrants an opinion, we admit their usefulness for the purchase of articles of daily consumption in the household. We go farther, and say, that they have wrought an enormous and beneficial reform in London in lessening the immense evil of long credits and high prices, whereby the purchaser over the counter for cash was too frequently made to bear the trader's losses incurred by doubtful debts or defaulting debtors.

But that they are of unmixed benefit to busy every-day purchasers of all things needful, we take leave to question. Than the Stores of the Civil Service Supply Association in Queen Victoria Street, City, no more perplexing labyrinth of intricate shopping, sufficiently irritating to nerves and temper, and wasteful of time, could be entered, at least by a busy man. To save, perhaps, a couple of shillings, and waste an hour in trying to effect it, is very much as if one should save sixpence on a purchase and expend a shilling in carrying it home. Yet these Stores are perhaps the most popular, in the wider acceptance of the word, of any.

The curious stranger will find little difficulty in entering any of the "Stores," whether he be a member or not, if he choose to be at the pains of finding the way. The Civil Service Co-operative Society, 28, Haymarket, and the Junior Army and Navy Stores, York House, Regent Street, openly invite travellers from the Colonies and America to avail themselves of such shopping facilities as each affords. A ticket (price 2s. 6d.) from the Secretary of either will confer the privilege of membership, *on proper introduction from an elected member*, the one

condition exacted being that all purchases are negotiated for cash. No departure from this rule is allowed at any of the Stores in London. In return, fair discounts and reductions are conceded to purchasers, duly set forth in full in the bulky official Price-lists of each association, which can be had on application. The several departments, arranged under one roof, exhibit articles multifarious, adapted to almost every requirement, personal or domestic, one might name ; selected with discrimination and taste, and with due regard to the passing fashions of the day. The Army and Navy Stores in Victoria Street, Westminster, is truly one of the sights of London on a busy day in the Season ; and those of the Junior Army and Navy, at York House, Regent Street, are no mean rivals of the older establishment steadily working to the fore and increasing the numbers of its members. It is on the whole the most enterprising of the Stores.

Messrs. Spiers & Pond, Limited, have recently opened to the public a large retail establishment on the plan of the Stores in the rear of Ludgate Hill Railway Station. It includes a fine range of separate shops for the sale of meat, poultry, fish, fruit ; a chemist's establishment ; and overlooking all a large building for the retailing of everything ordinarily to be purchased at the Service Stores. Access to this establishment is free from the primary charge usually exacted for membership elsewhere ; and it is unquestionable that the Provisions Stores are found a great convenience to dwellers in the southern suburbs. The food to be found there is generally much more varied and fresher, and withal daily retailed at more moderate prices than commonly rule elsewhere.

CHAPTER XLV.

FACILITIES OF TRANSIT IN LONDON.

TO its millions of inhabitants and many thousands of occasional visitors, London affords, as might be expected, extensive and ready means of going from place to place. We take now up, first of all, those available within the limits of the Metropolis, City and adjoining districts.

There are the District and Metropolitan Railroads (Underground), to begin with, affording the quickest and most convenient means of transit in around and about London. Next in order come the Trams, connecting various parts of the suburbs, north, south, east and west, with the City and Southern Thames Embankments and bridges, as Westminster and Blackfriars. Added to these, we have innumerable Omnibuses and Road Cars available to passengers, and traversing every leading London thoroughfare from morning till midnight. Lastly, there are numberless Cabs within hail of any one with a shilling to pay the driver's fare; not taking account of the considerable number of well-furnished and convenient conveyances under supervision of the railroad companies, which may be hired by family parties or individual passengers going to or from the several principal railway stations.

A useful book might be compiled on the easiest means of transit within and about and around London. Comparatively few Londoners themselves are familiar with all the numerous opportunities of locomotion from point to point; and a man may even live a lifetime within the limits of the vast Metropolis and not know, for example, that he may reach, let's say, Richmond, in Surrey, without being at the trouble of first crossing Waterloo Bridge to travel by the old route of the South Western Railway.

It would require, however, a clear head, and a painstaking hand, and no little patience, to write a succinct and really useful handbook of directions to the quickest and most direct ways of getting about in London ; of going, for example, from Streatham in the south to Hampstead in the north ; or from Richmond in the west to Stratford in the east.

We, unfortunately, could not venture upon so intricate an enterprise, adding so considerably to the already-sufficient work in connection with this publication ; but we may advise the reader how best to inform himself upon such means of transit, as seem to us calculated to meet any ordinary difficulties likely to occur to a stranger temporarily staying in London of To-Day.

Let him do what we (old Londoner as we are) do : buy, namely, the small and useful District Railway Country Map of the Environs of London, published by W. J. Adams & Sons, 59, Fleet Street, and obtainable at all District Railway stations, price 3*d*. That will help him to understand the District Railway system which extends all round London, the City and Metropolis both, and connects also various of the principal suburbs.

By its aid he will find that he may enter one of the carriages of that railway company at New Cross, in Kent, in the south-east, and travel in it to within measurable distance of Windsor in Berkshire lying westward.

With the help of another map, "The District Railway Map of London" itself, he may inform himself upon the several routes and stations between the City and West End of the town. This map is also published by Adams & Sons, of 59, Fleet Street, and is obtainable at the District Railway Company's stations, price 6*d*. and upwards.

Briefly, visitors to London will find railway stations convenient for travelling to all parts of the inner and outer area of the Metropolis ; and where the "underground" system does not serve central London, omnibuses are run by the railway companies in connection with their trains.

If these directions are not sufficiently explicit, the stranger,

walking by way of the Embankment from Blackfriars to Westminster Bridge, will find at the Temple Station and Charing Cross (underground) Station means of reaching by train any part of London. A new electric railway is opened, with its City terminus in King William Street. But at present it only extends to Stockwell in South London.

CABS AND CABMEN.

There are more than 10,000 cabs licensed for hire in London. In the eyes of not a few persons this means a grand army of cabmen always bent on demanding more than their legal fare, and ready with a volley of abuse in default of getting it. During an experience of London now extending over more years than we care to tell, we have never had one serious "row" with a cabman. Our practice has been, if in doubt, to yield the sixpence rather than expend any superfluous energy we may have in a wrangle; if certain as to the fare to be paid, to yield nothing, but simply to pay and walk away. "Hard words break no bones," and in skirmishing with cabmen, discretion is the better part of valour.

It should be generally understood, however, that the safest plan when in doubt as to a cabman's fare, at a railroad station, hotel, theatre or other public place, is to ask the hall-porter, attendant or policeman on duty, to inform you of the legal fare. Tables of fares are posted conspicuously outside all railroad stations, and in hotels and the entrance-way of theatres; and there is really not the slightest necessity for a stranger submitting to any extortion from a cabman, if the suggestion here made be adopted.

OMNIBUSES.

The most convenient and the cheapest form of travelling from one London street to another, or from point to point, in the suburbs, except where both rest on a direct line of District or Metropolitan railroad, is by omnibus (*anglice*, "bus"). These useful vehicles traverse the streets, north and south, east and

west, central and otherwise, from 8 in the morning until 12 at night, and the fares are exceptionally cheap—one penny from Charing Cross to Broad Street Station within the City for example.

TRAMWAYS

are to be found in various parts of London connecting the City with the suburbs, as, for example, Blackfriars (south side) with Brixton; Westminster (south side) with Clapham; Westminster (south side) with Greenwich; Vauxhall with Camberwell, etc., etc.—an inexpensive, easy, and speedy way of reaching such places.

STEAMBOATS ON THE RIVER.

The accommodation provided in the river steamboats is sufficient for the wants of the public; but the steamboats themselves are of the shabbiest description, considering the wealth and population of London. Londoners have been waiting long and patiently for some enterprising company to give them river steamboats such as New York, Boston and other American cities provide. The river is as handy for Westminster, the Strand, the Temple, Fleet Street and the City, as road or rail, while there is a vast riverside population for whom it is far handier than any other means of communication. It wants a little enterprise to make the now purified Thames what it once was—the chief thoroughfare of London.

During the summer months steamboats run to Kew, Richmond and Hampton Court, from Chelsea Pier, starting at 11 a.m. Fares to Kew, 6d.; to Richmond, 1s.; to Hampton Court, 1s. 6d.

COMMISSIONAIRES.

The Corps of Commissionaires, whose headquarters are in the Strand (in a little court, by the Adelphi Theatre), was founded in 1859 by Captain Sir Edward Walter, whose object was to furnish employment to deserving soldiers and sailors after being retired from the Queen's service. Originally these pensioners were

engaged as street messengers only, to carry a message, letter or parcel; but the Corps has long since outgrown this notion, though it still supplies the public with trusty men for that purpose, at the rate of 3*d.* per mile, or 6*d.* per hour, with a small extra charge for parcels over 1*4* lbs. To enumerate the different employments for which the Corps undertakes to find competent hands, at wages varying from 2*2s.* to £3 a week, and even more, would be hardly less difficult than to mention an ordinary employment to which the uniform of the Commissionaires is entirely unknown.

A Boys' Messenger Corps is another useful institution of London of To-Day, stations of which may be found in many of the leading thoroughfares.

REDFERN

DRESS AND HABIT MAKER

BY APPOINTMENT TO

H.R.H. PRINCESS OF WALES, ETC.

26, CONDUIT STREET,

AND

27, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

CLOTH SUITS AND JACKETS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Riding Habits and Costumes for all Outdoor Purposes.

CARRIAGE AND OPERA MANTLES.

EVENING AND COURT DRESSES.

Seal and Astrachan Coats of Tailor Cut and Style.

FUR-LINED WRAPS OF LIGHT WEIGHT.

Messrs. REDFERN respectfully solicit an inspection of their exclusive materials and designs which have always been remarkable for their exceeding good taste, and if favoured with a visit, they will be pleased to offer suggestions as to the suitability of the different styles and colourings to the individual wearer.

PATTERNS AND SKETCHES ARE ALSO SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION.



"Mr. Whitaker can advise you upon all the latest proprieties of dress, and turn you out in faultless style if you elect to consult him."—See Chapter XLII., page 407.

WHITAKER & CO.,

TAILORS,

43, CONDUIT STREET,

BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

The utmost care taken in the execution of orders. Messrs. WHITAKER & Co.'s is one of the best-known firms in the West End of London for excellence of material, fit and workmanship.

Proprietors of "The Repressus," a capital invention for pressing trousers and renewing their shape. Simple, effective, handy and cheap. Awarded the Silver Medal, Brussels Exhibition, 1888.

AGENTS IN THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF
THE UNITED STATES OF
AMERICA.

London of To-Day.—Advertisements.

MORLEY'S HOTEL, TRAFalGAR SQUARE, LONDON.

THIS old-established, comfortable Hotel is the most centrally situated in the Metropolis. Its position, overlooking Trafalgar Square, with a south and west aspect, is unrivalled, close to the Houses of Parliament, Parks, Theatres, leading Shops, etc.

EVERY COMFORT, COMBINED WITH MODERATE CHARGES.

JAMES BROTHERS, Proprietors.

The Post Box in the Hall is in Direct Communication with the Post Office.

London of To-Day—Advertisements.

[See Chapter II., Page 49.]

The Westminster Palace Hotel,

Next the ABBEY, within view of the HOUSES of PARLIAMENT, five minutes' walk from St. JAMES'S PARK, and centrally situated at the West End of London,

Near all the THEATRES and PLEASURE RESORTS, WHITEHALL, the STRAND, REGENT STREET, &c.,

And CHARING CROSS and VICTORIA RAILWAY STATIONS (for the Continent).

THIS spacious and well-known Hotel, largely patronized by Members of Parliament and their families, Colonists and American Visitors (being most convenient for those having business to transact at the Crown Offices and Legation), is one of the most comfortable in London ; quiet, well-located, and admirably adapted for Visitors coming to London either for Business or Pleasure.

The Hotel is one of the few really Fire-proof Buildings in London.

It is fitted with the Electric Light.

And the Sanitary Arrangements are as perfect as can be.

The Tariff is moderate. Cuisine well managed. Wines excellent.

Table-d'Hôte Dinner at Separate Tables, 6.30 to 8.30 p.m.
Price 5/-.

The Westminster Palace Hotel is a 2/- Cab-fare from Euston, St. Pancras, or King's Cross ; 1/- Cab-fare from Charing Cross or Victoria Railway Termini.

Hy. GASCOIGNE.

**THE (RESIDENTIAL)
HOTEL BELGRAVIA,
74, VICTORIA ST., S.W. (The Station End).**

This imposing eight-storied stone edifice (at corner of PALACE STREET)
affords either Temporary or Permanent

HOMES WITHOUT A HOUSEHOLD CARE,

The Perfection of English Comfort, Privacy and Freedom.

TO BE LET by the WEEK, MONTH or YEAR,

HANSOMELY DECORATED and FURNISHED

Enclosed Suites of Rooms, each with Bathroom,

With PORCELAIN BATHS and constant service of Hot Water.

An Efficient Staff of Men and Women Servants, and

AN EXCELLENT CUISINE BY FIRST-CLASS CHEF.

Meals served in each Resident's or Visitor's own Home-Suite,
or, at their option, at separate Tables in the

SUPPLEMENTARY SALLE À MANGER,

Having a **SMOKING** and **READING ROOM** attached, for the
use of the Residents only.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. NIGHT PORTER.

AMERICAN "OTIS" ELEVATOR.

Telegraphic Address—"BELGRAVIAN, LONDON."

BURLINGTON HOTEL,
CORK STREET,
AND
OLD BURLINGTON STREET,
LONDON, W.

OLD Established, Quiet, and Economical. A few steps from Bond Street, Piccadilly and Burlington House; adjacent to all the principal Clubs, Theatres, Picture Galleries and Public Buildings.

Public Dining and Drawing Rooms. Handsome New Smoking Room. Very moderate Tariff.

The Hotel is Electric Lighted, and its Sanitary Arrangements are under the supervision and periodical inspection of the "London Sanitary Protection Association," of which the Duke of Argyll, K.G., is President.

The Burlington Hotel, also the Buckingham Palace Hotel, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W., are under the personal supervision and management of Mr. GEORGE COOKE, to whom all communications should be addressed.

WOODS' HOTEL,

Within Furnival's Inn,
For Families and Gentlemen.

OLD ESTABLISHED.

**PERFECT QUIETUDE
AND HOME COMFORTS.**

*Charles Dickens wrote a portion of the PICKWICK
PAPERS in Furnival's Inn.*

Very old Cellar of Fine and Curious Wines.

JOHN WHALEY, PROPRIETOR.

~~~~~  
Telegrams: "Woodsdon," London.

*London of To-Day.—Advertisements.*

# RIDLER'S HOTEL,

**HOLBORN, E.C.,**

**NEAR THE HOLBORN VIADUCT,**

**FOR**

**FAMILIES & GENTLEMEN.**

**The Oldest Established Hotel in London.**

**LADIES' COFFEE ROOM.**

*Moderate Tariff and Home-like Comforts.*

~~~~~  
Telegrams or Letters, address:

"JOHN WHALEY, Proprietor."

ROYAL HOTEL, LOWESTOFT.

THE ROYAL HOTEL is known to be the best Hotel on the East Coast. Lowestoft is situated about Three Hours from London. The air is considered very bracing.

GOOD BATHING AND FISHING.

Oulton Broad is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ Mile from Lowestoft.

Letters or Telegrams, address :

“ THE PROPRIETOR.”

London of To-Day—Advertisements.

LIVERPOOL.



COMPTON HOTEL, CHURCH STREET, LIVERPOOL,

Opposite the Gardens of the Pro-Cathedral.

THIS Hotel occupies the finest and most central position in Liverpool, unrivalled for its comfort, excellent Cuisine, and *MODERATE CHARGES*.

Contains a large number of single and double-bedded rooms, and private sitting rooms, handsomely furnished and arranged to afford visitors, travelling on business or pleasure, every convenience and home comfort.

Spacious coffee-room for ladies and gentlemen, with the ladies' drawing-room adjoining; also the largest and finest arbitration, billiard and smoking-rooms in the City.

Adjacent to the best Shops, Banks, Law Courts, St. George's Hall, Theatres, Railway Stations, etc., and an easy distance from the River Landing Stage where the American and other Steamers land and embark their passengers.

APPLICATION FOR TARIFF SOLICITED.

Bedrooms from 2/6. Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone, No. 58.

W. RUSSELL, Proprietor.

WEST CENTRAL HOTEL, LONDON.

This Hotel, which is the most successful and best patronised Temperance Hotel in London, was established to meet the requirements of ladies, gentlemen, and families desiring First-class accommodation, apart from the high charges and associations of licensed houses. It is Central, Quiet, and Exceptionally Clean. The Hotel has been enlarged six times since its opening, and is highly commended by the Press and thousands of Visitors. The Proprietor having travelled in all parts of the British Isles, the United States, Canada and Europe, is able to afford full information to guests as to best routes, &c.

SPACIOUS COFFEE ROOMS,
VISITORS' DRAWING ROOM, PRIVATE ROOMS, HOT & COLD BATHS, &c.

Equally convenient for the City or West End—for Business or Pleasure.
OMNIBUSES PASS THE DOOR.

T A R I F F.

Breakfast or Tea, 1s. 8d. to 2s. Bed Rooms, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.; Service, 9d.
Special Inclusive Tariff, including Apartments, Service, Meat
Breakfast, and Meat Tea, \$1 75 per day.

Printed Tariff and Guide to London free on application to
FREDERIC SMITH, Proprietor.

75, 79, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105,
SOUTHAMPTON ROW, RUSSELL SQUARE.

BEST HAVANA CIGARS AT IMPORT PRICES.

THE GREATEST CONNOISSEURS, THE KEENEST BUYERS, AND THE
BEST JUDGES OF VALUE NOW PURCHASE THEIR CIGARS AT

BENSON & CO.'S,

61, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON.

Regular Shipments of CHOICE FOREIGN CIGARS, same as supplied
to Army Messes, Clubs, etc., 15/- to 22/- per 100, and upwards.

Samples 5 for 1s. (14 stamps).

Cigars to suit the most Delicate Palates.

**JESSE SALISBURY,
BOOKSELLER AND EXPORTER,
11, NEW COURT, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.**
(Established 1884.)

Books, Newspapers, and Periodicals supplied by mail or
otherwise to all parts of the world.

N.B.—Morning Papers, etc., posted by earliest mails.

Commissions at Auctions, etc., faithfully executed.

Telegraphic Address—"HELPFUL," LONDON.

THE LEADING HOTEL IN BOURNEMOUTH.

Patronized by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, H.I.M. the Empress Eugénie, H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, H.M. the King of the Belgians, the Late Lord Beaconsfield, etc., etc.

CAUTION.—THE ONLY HOTEL or Licensed Establishment on the "EAST CLIFF."



ROYAL BATH HOTEL.

BOURNEMOUTH.

UNRIVALLED POSITION.

Overlooking the Bay, and completely protected by Pine Woods from North and East Winds.

STANDS IN ITS OWN CHARMING GROUNDS OF FIVE ACRES.

Sea Frontage of 1,000 feet. Due South.

Three minutes' walk of Pier and Post Office.

EXCELLENT TABLE D'HÔTE AT SEPARATE TABLES.

Hotel Private Omnibus meets Trains. Night Porter. Sanitary Arrangements Perfect. Livery Stables, and Laundry attached.

MODERATE FIXED TARIFF. COMPARISON INVITED.

"The Charges will be found most moderate, being no higher than those of other Establishments wherein there cannot be obtained the superior Cuisine, recherché Wines, and excellent service, or any of the Home Comforts and amenities of this Splendid and Unique Hotel."—*Court Journal*, August 16th, 1889.

SUPERB BATHING. LOVELY CLIMATE. CHARMING SCENERY.

VISITORS TO LONDON SHOULD NOTE
EPPING FOREST,
LONDON'S GREAT HEALTH RESORT.
ONLY HALF-AN-HOUR FROM THE CITY.

ROYAL FOREST HOTEL, CHINGFORD,



Is charmingly situated in the Forest, close to QUEEN ELIZABETH'S HUNTING LODGE, THE CONNAUGHT WATERS, and THE GREEN RIDE. It is the key to all the principal places of interest in the Forest, including the BRITISH AND ROMAN ENCAMPMENTS OF BOADICCA and Suetonius. There are many delightful and interesting drives in the neighbourhood.

The Hotel contains about 60 Rooms available for guests.

RESIDENTS will find the GREATEST COMFORT at a very MODERATE TARIFF (post free on application) in the luxuriously furnished apartments.

A few gentlemen received on PERMANENT BOARDING TERMS.

The Cuisine of the Hotel and Wines are particularly good.

SMALL OR LARGE DINNERS of the most *recherché* character can be served on short notice. The Hotel has achieved a reputation for its WEDDING BREAKFASTS, for which it possesses unusual facilities.



THE NEW QUEEN'S PAVILION,

with the CORPORATION, RANGERS and BEDFORD HALLS, offers unrivalled accommodation for DINNERS and FESTIVALS, BALLS, etc.

NINE TENNIS LAWNS, BOWLING GREEN, etc. SPLENDID HARD TENNIS COURT.

The whole under the immediate personal direction of the Proprietors.
FULL PARTICULARS ON APPLICATION.

A Four-Horse Coach runs Daily during Summer for Drives through Forest. Particulars on application to the Hotel.

The Hotel is the Headquarters of the ROYAL EPPING FOREST GOLF CLUB, and the Links adjoin.

WAYMONT'S PARISIAN RESTAURANT.

188, Regent Street, W.

LUNCHEONS AND DINNERS *à la carte.*

Wines, Spirits & Liqueurs.

LADIES' ROOMS.

UNITED STATES HOTEL, BOSTON.

Pleasure Parties, Ladies, and Families,

Visiting or passing through **Boston**, may secure ROOMS, WITH OR WITHOUT MEALS, and will find every attention at the **United States**, the nearest first-class Hotel to all the great Retail Stores; having Waiting and Toilet Rooms, Ladies' Package Room, and every convenience.

2000 Horse Cars Pass Three Sides of The Hotel,

Connecting with every Railway and Steamboat, and all Places of Amusement and Interest in the City, Suburb, or Seashore, giving facilities for Conventions, Clergymen and Teachers' Meetings, Excursion, Pleasure, and Theatre parties,

WHOLLY UNEQUALLED BY ANY HOTEL IN BOSTON.

**Passengers to and from all Southern or Western Points,
by either Boat or Rail, save all Carriage Fares.**

REGULAR TRANSIENT CHARGES WILL BE FOR

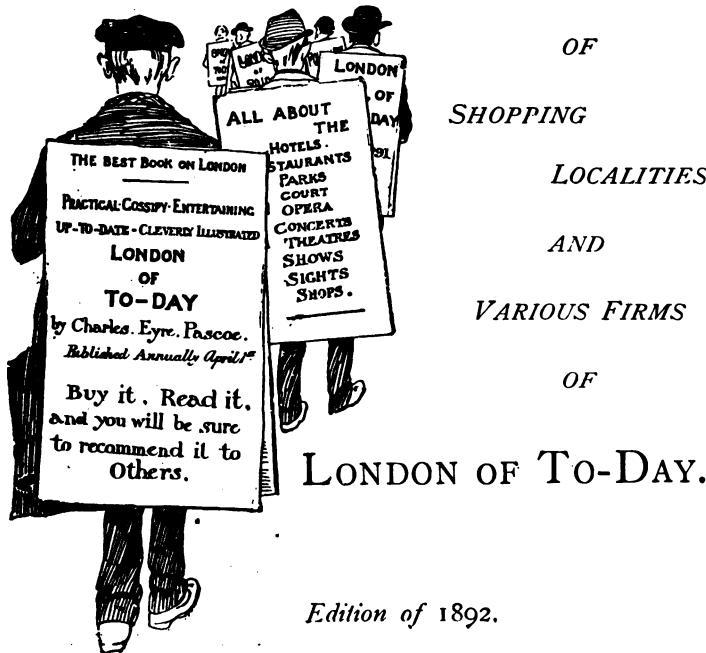
Rooms only	• • •	\$1.00 and upwards.
Single Meals	• • •	.75
For Full Day's Board	• • •	2.50 and upwards.

According to Size,
Locality and
Convenience, and
whether occu-
pied by one or more
persons.

*For Special Rates, full particulars will be given, with maps, circulars, etc., on applica-
tion to* **TILLY HAYNES, United States Hotel, BOSTON.**

THE
INDEXED SUPPLEMENT.

Classified
Advertisements.



DRESSMAKERS.

*Bond Street
Dover Street
Regent Street
Conduit Street
Burlington Street
Langham Place
Oxford Street
Wigmore Street*

MILLINERY.

*Bond Street
Regent Street
Conduit Street
Oxford Street
Wigmore Street
Buckingham Palace Road
Knightsbridge*

BOOTS AND SHOES.

*Bond Street
Piccadilly
Regent Street
Oxford Street
Sloane Street
Langham Place*

**“LONDON OF TO-DAY.”**

To be had of all Booksellers and at all Bookstalls.

JEWELRY.

*Bond Street
Piccadilly
Regent Street*

LADIES' TAILORS.

*Conduit Street
Maddox Street
Sackville Street
Regent Street*

BONNETS AND HATS.

*Bond Street
Regent Street
Oxford Street
Wigmore Street
Sloane Street
Knightsbridge
Buckingham Palace Road*

Patronized by

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS MARY ADELAIDE, DUCHESS OF TECK.

THE

Art
and
Bric-à-Brac

ÆSTHETIC GALLERY,

Bakers
and
Confectioners

155, NEW BOND STREET

Gentlemen's
Tailors

(Nearly Opposite Conduit Street).

Clothes

Specialities in

Artistic Manufactures,

Umb
Make

Cushions, Fans, Lamps, Lamp & Candle Shades,

Gauze Wraps, Handkerchiefs,

Table Centres, Window Draperies,

Embroideries, etc., etc.

PROPRIETOR: F. B. GOODYER.

HENRY JAMES ALLEN,

(Successor to RITTENER & SAXBY, 41, Albemarle Street, London, W.,)

24, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.

ROYAL SAXON CHINA DEPOT.

By
Special
Appointment
Sole Agents.



Exhibition of
1862.

IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF
DRESDEN, SÈVRES, VIENNA, BERLIN, & ANTIQUE PORCELAINS.
VALUATIONS MADE.

WEDDING CAKES.

WILLIAM BUSZARD,
CONFECTIONER.

WEDDING CAKES OF FINEST QUALITY ONLY.

Cakes of any Magnitude Always Ready.

Prices from 1 to 60 Guineas.

SPACIOUS SHOW-ROOMS,

Where a Large and Varied Assortment can always
be seen.

Illustrated Catalogues sent **Gratis** upon Application.

**WEDDING DÉJEUNERS, RECEPTIONS,
DINNERS & BALL SUPPERS SUPPLIED.**

Menu and Estimate forwarded per return of Post, also
General Price List.

197 & 199, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

*Bakers
and
Confectioners*

*Gentlemen's
Tailors.*

Glovers.

Hatters.

*Umbrella
Makers*

London of To-Day.—Advertisements.

MACHINE-MADE BREAD.

J. & B. STEVENSON, BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS.

—•••—
English, French, and Vienna Rolls.

CAKES, BUNS, and PASTRIES.

Birthday and Christening Cakes, 5/6, 7/6, and upwards.

WEDDING CAKES of FINEST QUALITY only,
10/6, 15/-, and upwards.

J. & B. S. use only the FINEST INGREDIENTS in the Manufacture
of their Goods, and Guarantee them to be ABSOLUTELY PURE.

J. & B. S. Deliver Daily, by their Own Vans, to Families
in the N., N.W., W., S.W., S.E., W.C., and E.C. Districts
of London.

~~~~~  
Price Lists post free on application.  
~~~~~

DEPÔTS THROUGHOUT LONDON.

— All communications should be addressed to —

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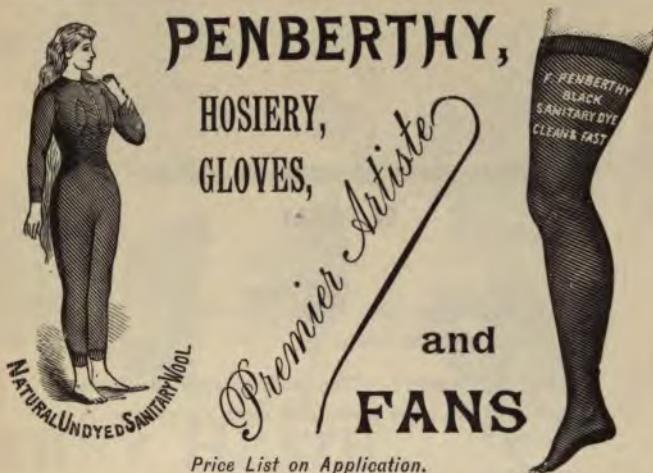
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